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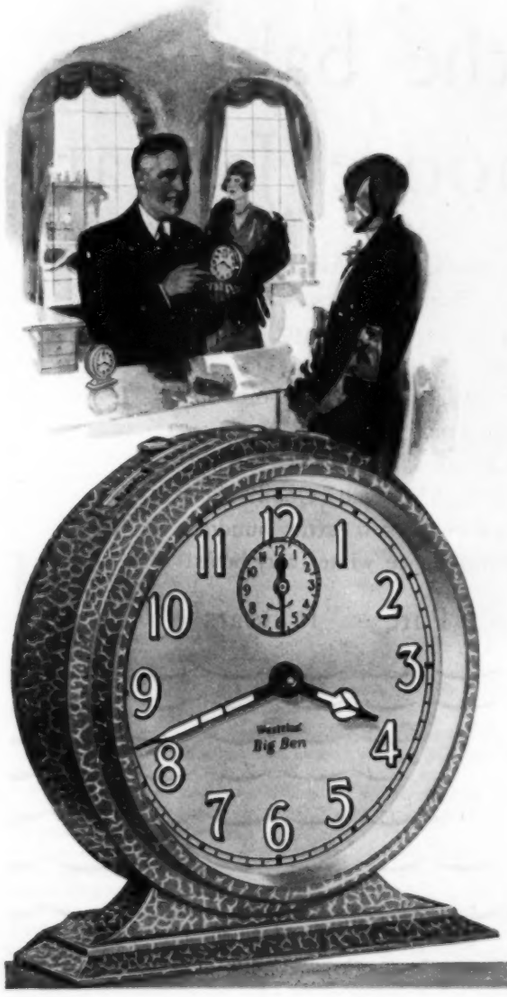

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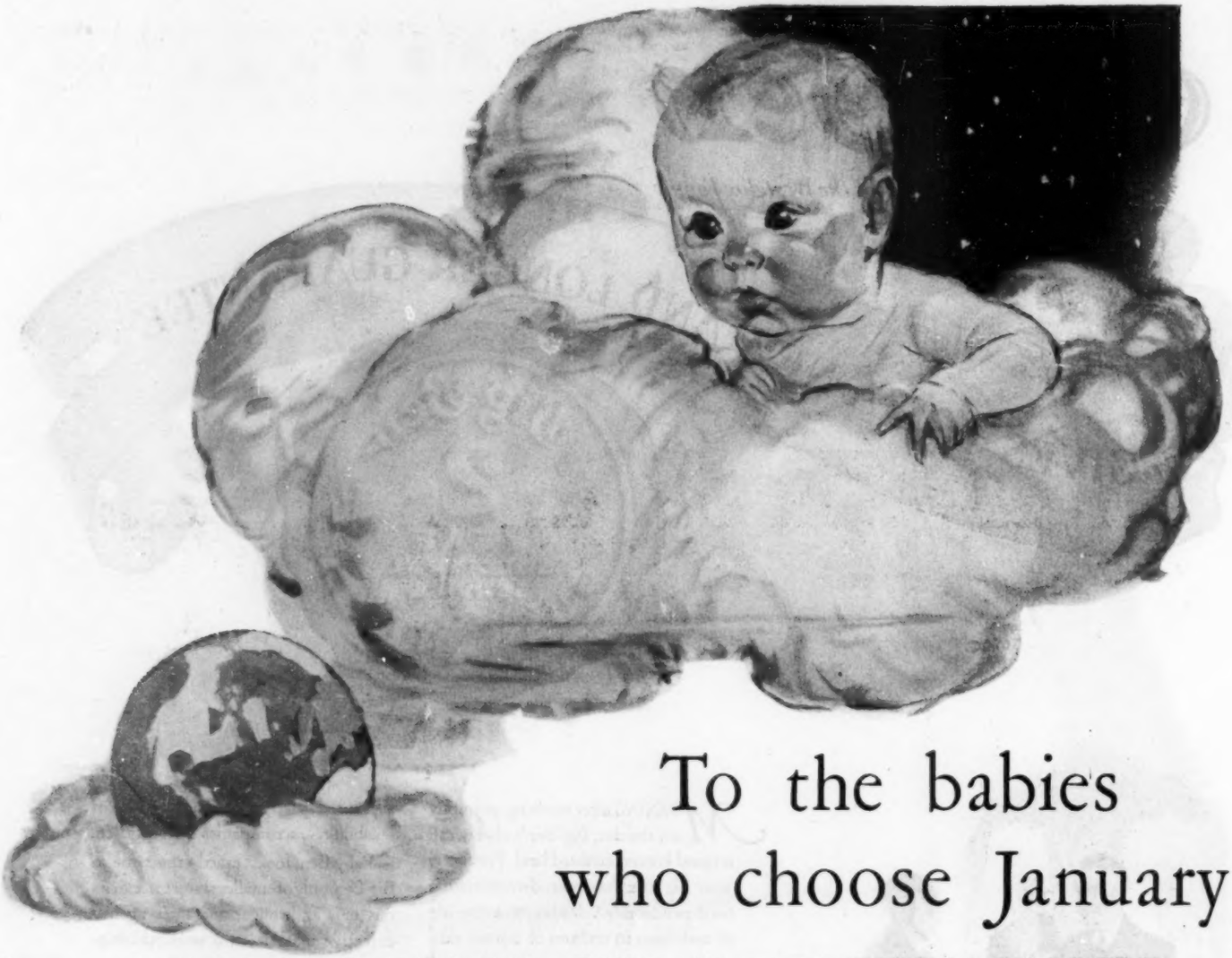

To the babies who choose January

Lend us your pink ears, babies. This is I-V-O-R-Y on the air for a beauty talk.

The time is coming, fledglings, when you're going to have the thrill of your first soap-and-water bath. You can't be too firm with nurse. Don't let her forget what the doctor advised. Demand your rights as an American. Cry for an Ivory bath!

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BIG RICH

By CHARLES BRACKETT

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

All Merriment Left Shad's Face. "If You Know What's Good for You," He Said, "You Won't Mention My Name or Miss Spruance's in Your Rotten Sheet"

"HEY, Bill," Joe Davis said, looking in at the club reading room, "I've had an S O S from Shad. Someone he was expecting for dinner has given out. You don't mind about the theater, do you?"

"A summons from royalty, huh?" Bill commented.

"I sort of hate to refuse Shad a thing like that. You see, it's well past seven now."

"And maybe it's not a bad idea to keep in with the boss anyway," Clive Evans remarked.

"Shad's more than Joe's boss," Bill said. "He bought him body and soul about three years ago, and do you know the price? Ten thousand dollars. That's pretty cheap for Joe just as beef on the hoof."

"You step to the devil, Bill Hardcastle," Joe said, looking like an abashed version of the gentleman who guards the clock over the Grand Central, and, in the smallish room, giving an impression of being about his size. "You know the truth of that story, don't you, Clive? I'd been out of college about two years and marking time in the securities statistics department of a commission and investment house. Shad Hermann heard me crabbing about how much money I could make if I had some money to make it with, and let me take ten thousand dollars of his to see what I could do with it."

"Shad's estimated income being about one million, five hundred thousand a year," Bill interpolated.

"Well, who else would have let me have a bean?" Joe asked.

"And after Joe had turned it into fifty thousand dollars in two months ——" Bill took up the tale.

"Forty-eight thousand." Joe insisted on accuracy.

"I'll settle for forty-nine," Bill told him. "Well, whatever the sum, Shad called into conference half the financiers in New York and decided that Joe was worthy to manage a trust fund in which he has some despicable fraction of his fortune tied up for income-tax reasons. And since then, Joe has turned down about four better offers ——"

"I get a darned good salary," Joe interrupted, "and my job with Shad doesn't keep me from having customers on the side. The result is that I've made a very sweet little pile of sugar for myself, and that I think, when Shad asks me an extremely small favor, it's up to me to do it."

"Small favor, huh?" Bill snorted. "Since when has going to a formal dinner been something you'd rather do than get a leg amputated? Let's see: didn't I read in the papers that covers were being laid for two hundred people?"

"You did not," Joe said. "If it had been as big a party as that, he wouldn't have bothered about a man at the last minute."

Bill saw he'd made Joe nervous, however, and pressed his advantage: "Oh, he would for a dinner of this sort. Exact balance is essential, and you couldn't expect a woman to

face such an occasion alone. Yes, covers for three hundred guests. You'll probably sit at the head table, just to disguise when you were asked, and be called on for a few remarks. I passed the house tonight, and they didn't have just a plain red carpet out in front. It was covered with gold roses, and there were diamonds in the awning posts."

"Do you want a sock in the jaw?" Joe asked his friend.

He knew perfectly well Bill was being funny, but in spite of that fact, he'd turned a little green.

"Whereas you and I, if you'll take this simp's place," Bill continued, turning to Clive, "will dine right here, and then go and see Jake Farrell's new contribution to America's art, which is called Loose Leaves and is opening tonight."

"Swell." Clive accepted his invitation.

"Lucky hounds," Joe called them.

Bill was in a rhetorical mood.

"You do right to envy us," he stated. "I don't mind the rich—in fact, I'm doing my best to become one of them—but Lord preserve me from the Big Rich. Get along, you social climber, or Shad'll have to warm up that soup again, and then he will be mad."

Joe groaned and went to his room.

The adaptation of the château at Blois which Shadwell Hermann's grandfather had built stood on Fifth Avenue. On the way up, as though to tantalize Joe with the possibilities of a life free from formal dinners, he was vouchsafed a small adventure.

He had taken an open taxi and it had stopped for a red light. Joe was lounging back, thinking of very little, when suddenly a feminine voice said: "Why are you so distrait, my dear?"

Joe roused abruptly. The voice had come from a limousine the traffic had halted beside him, and had not been addressed to him but to a girl who sat between him and the speaker. She was an enchantingly pretty girl, with a look in her eyes which redeemed her from being just pretty. "Distrait" was not the word Joe would have used to describe it; "distressed" would have been nearer.

As Joe looked, she answered the question, but idly, without turning to the questioner.

"I was thinking," she said, "how lucky it is that girls nowadays aren't taught to expect knights to ride up and rescue them from dragons. We know we must rescue ourselves and anyone else we want rescued."

It was an odd, brave, little speech, and if Joe hadn't had an iron-clad engagement he might have told his driver to follow that car and, when the girl alighted, have jumped down and said: "I happened to hear you. Is it a dragon I could deal with?"

Even though it never came to anything, it would have been a perfect way for him to waste that rose-gold spring evening.

As it was, the girl never looked at him, and his taxi slid down a lane ahead of her car, and it was just one of those short stories without any point or any ending.

While Joe had hardly credited the gaudy statements of Bill Hardcastle, he was relieved to see that there was no marquee whatever before Shad Hermann's house.

"Very late, Otto?" he asked the footman who opened the door for him.

"No, Mr. Davis. The guests are in the small library."

That indicated a smallish party. The drawing-room was really too depressing for gatherings of under fifty people. In its vast white and goldness, a dozen or so looked like the survivors of a polar expedition waiting, not very confidently, for a dog team to mush across the acres of parquet and Savonnerie with serum and provisions.

"How many, Otto?" Joe was emboldened to ask the footman.

"Eight, in all, I believe, sir."

That was unhoped-for luck.

The small library was a really cozy room only forty by fifty. Its walls were painted apricot and there were panels by Hubert Robert. Flat, brilliant crystals hung from its chandeliers and side lights like a pest of frozen butterflies. Jade green brocade was drawn across its long windows.

Entering it, Joe saw that most of the guests were people he'd met at Shad's before—both the Mercers, Nan Halstead, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong. There was also a man he recognized from reproductions of paddock photographs as Fred Heusen. They were standing about, talking to Shad, or, more probably, listening to him.

Joe Wished He Were One of Those Amusing People Who Can Make Girls Laugh at Will. As He Wasn't, He Just Said Something He Thought She Might Like to Hear

Shadwell Hermann III was one of those persons to whose christening all the desirable genii must have been asked. Besides his other advantages, he was good-looking in a clear-cut, distinguished way, and possessed a good deal of wit. In his presence, Joe had a tendency to feel like a tongue-tied lumberjack.

"Hello, Al," Shad greeted him, and turning to the people nearest him, he asked: "You all know the albatross, don't you?"

"The albatross?" Mrs. Armstrong repeated.

"Named out of a sonnet by Baudelaire," Shad explained. "Don't you remember that one about the creature that is all grace in the air or on the sea, but which turns into a figure of fun on the deck of a ship? A French instructor at college used Joe as an illustration of it, and we all called him Al after that."

"Most people have forgotten it, I'm glad to say," Joe said.

"You may be glad"—Shad laughed—"but I should think you'd be puzzled."

Certainly the trait to which the French instructor in question had referred had not vanished, and Joe got a little red.

"I know the sonnet," Betty Mercer said, "but why does Joe illustrate it?"

"Well, Joe's native element is the football field or the hockey rink. In more intimate surroundings he's been known to do things which are best not talked about."

Joe hoped passionately that Shad would let it go at that, and Shad did. Even when Betty Mercer asked, "What sort of things?" he only answered: "Oh, things."

Then a gray-haired woman with black eyebrows entered and Shad went forward to greet her, and the dangerous moment was over.

As a footman had just proffered a tray filled with small mosaics of gray caviar, anchovy paste, egg yellow and heart of artichoke to Nan Halstead, Joe walked over and took one too.

"Hello, Joe Davis," Nan greeted him in her throaty, enthusiastic voice.

"Hello, Nan. Been playing much tennis lately?"

"Can't talk. Mouth too full. My game's got moss all over it. People see me on the court and think it's a live oak. How's yours?"

"Pretty bad."

"What do you know about this dinner party? Are we going to be in at the death?"

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you heard that the great Shad hunt is supposed to be nearing its end?"

"You mean matrimonially? Who's the girl?"

"She's just come in. When you see her you won't be surprised."

Joe turned.

Beside Shad was the girl of the limousine. Behind her stood a great alabaster urn, its blotched ivory filled with the yellow roses called Souvenir de Claudius Pernet, and, as though she had known about the room—indeed, her mother had spent forty minutes on the telephone ferreting out its colors—her dress was of primrose tulle.

She wasn't as pretty as Joe had thought; she was twice as pretty. Although about her lips there hovered a polite little smile, in her eyes there was still that romantic look, and her blond coloring and the texture of her skin were so brilliant that she created the effect of having been cut by some incredibly deft sculptor from materials that almost sparkled.

At this second vision of her, Joe simply went limp within. He had the ridiculous feeling that he was going to drop his glass, or at least spill part of its contents, and while Nan rambled on he reached out to place it on a near-by table, miscalculated his distance and dropped it squarely on the head of Pansy, a sallow, elderly and ill-tempered English bulldog who was dozing in what she fancied to be the shelter of the table's legs.

Instantly hurly-burly broke loose. Startled by the biff of the glass, Pansy gave a yelp and sprang at Joe, and if

Shad hadn't made a flying leap at her collar, would have sunk what teeth she had left in his calf.

"Zowie!" Nan Halstead cried, and jumped back, upsetting a big chair.

Louder than Pansy's frenzy, however, or Nan's screech, or the crash of the chair, was Shad's roar of laughter.

"Ha-ha-ha! That's my albatross, all right. What you trying to do to the poor old pup? . . . Thinks you're a battleship, I guess, Pansy."

Joe was maroon with tanned embarrassment.

He leaned over and tried to apologize to Pansy with a caress.

"Keep away, Al," Shad warned him. "There's as much elephant as there is bulldog in this lady, and she'll remember this vindictively to her last snort. . . . That's just his way, Pansy; nothing personal. Why, I've seen him stuff a whole plateful of ice cream down the back of a poor old professor's wife. Ha-ha-ha!"

It was one of the anecdotes Joe most hated to recall. Every circumstance had been painful. There was something contagious about Shad's ecstasy in the remembrance, however; and sensing the interest of his audience, Shad went into detail.

Feeling as though he were clamped in the stocks, Joe stood directly above Shad and wondered if that talented raconteur was ever going to stop. Then somebody moved toward him from the other side.

"Can you tell me what that picture over the mantelpiece is?" a voice asked.

It was the girl.

"It's the Sargent of Shad's mother," Joe told her.

"Could we look at it?"

They moved down the room, away from Shad's exultant voice and the gusts of appreciative laughter.

"It's a good portrait," Joe commented when they were within studying distance.

"Sargent's satirical vein," the girl said. "He might as well have painted price tags on those roses she's holding. I saw it in the exhibition of his things. I thought you might want to get away though."

"I did."

She didn't say anything, but looked at him very directly. He had an impression that she felt there was some bond between them. He'd been right about her eyes; at least they were unusually grave for a girl's eyes, even now.

Joe longed to do something about that. He wished he were one of those amusing people who can make girls laugh at will. As he wasn't, he just said something he thought she might like to hear.

"I'm awfully grateful to you, but it was up to you to help me out. You made me drop the glass."

"I?"

"You see, you happen to be the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life."

It had the effect he'd hoped for. She smiled, eyes and all.

"I suppose it's just art on your part," she said, "but you do it so well that it doesn't sound like just a line."

"You know it isn't just a line. I saw you in your car on the way up here, and almost fell out of my taxicab."

"Oh, you were the one."

"Did you see me?"

"No, my mind was miles away, but mother said afterward someone had stared."

Joe got up his nerve.

"Is there a dragon I can do something about?" he asked.

"Oh, you heard that!"

The lady with the iron-gray hair and black brows moved over to them.

"Did you intend to be rude to Shad?" was asked in an impersonal tone which somehow had the effect of not being impersonal.

The troubled look came back to the girl's eyes.

"No. Was I?"

"It seemed so to me. You might —— Oh, dinner is being announced."

Terriss had bowed portentously to Shad. The gray-haired lady started toward the rest of the party.

It gave the girl an instant, and she turned to Joe.

"Do you mind staying near me whenever you can this evening?" she asked hastily.

"Do I?" Joe answered, delight compressed in the two words.

Seeing that they weren't with her, the gray-haired lady had stopped.

"I don't know any of the people here very well," the girl went on in a casual voice. "New people frighten me rather."

"One should never make that sort of remark," the gray-haired lady stated, "unless wearing white muslin with a blue silk sash."

"Did I sound ingénue?"

Shad was waiting for the girl. When she reached him, he started for the dining room.

Joe's place was beside Betty Mercer.

"You must have been the funniest boy at college," she greeted him.

"I was," Joe said. "Who is she?"

"Susan Spruance?"

"With Shad?"

"Yes, that's Susan Spruance."

Joe found the syllables hard to credit. She should have been called Corisande, or Lilith, or Jennifer, with a surname out of Poictesme or the Old South.

"Lord, isn't she pretty!"

"Wonderfully for that type," Betty Mercer agreed, pronouncing it "teep." After all, Betty had been considered the great beauty some five seasons before. She had the sort of thin, throaty loveliness which was most chic just then. Now she was going in for being thought intelligent, which is one of the strange penchants of the beautiful.

"What do you know about her?" Joe asked.

"Only that she's supposed to have the most terrible mother complex—or do you call it mother domination? If you want to make any headway with her, I advise you to be nice to the lady on your left."

It was the gray-haired one, of course.

"Thanks," Joe said, wishing desperately that he had a better technic with ladies of a certain age. And picking up his napkin, he saw the roll it had contained bound straight into the plate of soup which had just been set before that battleship-color dowager.

The soup didn't splatter a great deal, but the effect on Joe's morale was appalling. For one terrible instant he actually stretched out his hand to recapture the roll, but caught himself in time.

"I'm sorry as the deuce," he moaned.

Instinctively, Mrs. Spruance had drawn back a little and sat dabbling at her lap with a napkin. Terriss, the butler, rushed up with another.

"What's happened now?" Shad shouted down the table.

"I shot my roll into the soup," Joe called back.

(Continued on Page 102)

It Was Joe's Turn to Redden. "A Picture of Miss Susan Spruance," He Said

War on the Street of the Peace

By ELEANOR KINSELLA McDONNELL

ONE of the most interesting factors in the war going on between women—American women especially—and the French couturiers is that it is proving to be what Paris calls an affair of long breath.

Since the first shot fired in the exclusive salons of France's greatest dressmaking houses, when the styles for the 1929–30 season were presented to an audience of American buyers, many of whom seem still to be suffering from shell shock occasioned by the unexpected character of the onslaught, there have been several important skirmishes, but no decisive victory.

Students of costume history—the reporters at the battle—are on the *qui vive*. This, to them, looks like the big noise; a Big Bertha detonation with a repercussion promising to be as epochal as that other great explosion in style annals when the French barged in and destroyed a mode of dress which, with few and inconsequential variations, had prevailed for more than fifteen hundred years. That occurred back in the eleventh century.

FROM OLD PRINTS SUPPLIED BY CULVER SERVICE

A Page From Le Coquet, 1881

Women With Minds of Their Own

THE initiative which the French showed then gave them a supremacy in the fashion world which has endured to this day. But it took them almost two hundred years to consolidate their position.

Today they are attempting pretty much the same sort of *coup* as they succeeded in making eight centuries ago, but with great difference. Then they were fighting to gain a coveted position; now they are fighting to hold it. Then their obstacles were slow transport, difficult means of communication; their objective a herd of cowed, medieval women daring to call neither their souls nor their bodies their own, therefore the resistance was almost nil. Now—well, we all know how fashion photographs and sketches can be radioed from Paris in the wink of an eye, and as for what the twentieth-century woman calls her own—well, we all know something about that too.

French Simplicity of the Mauve Decade

The obstacle today is not any difficulty in circulating an idea or in finding people who will proselytize for it, no matter how retrogressive it may be, for fools have abounded in all ages. The rub now comes in the changed character of the objective: Millions of women who have learned how, and who do not fear, to be obstreperous.

Considered symbolically, the difficulty today is that of getting the canary back into the cage—a rebellious, untamed bird who, fifteen years ago, in an unwary moment when the cage was left open, decided to step out and spread herself a little. The gesture was intoxicating in the comfort it brought her. Her master, being engaged elsewhere, forgot the cage; or, if he remembered, smiled with easy tolerance. The bigger business of killing off his fellow man was holding his attention. But now that bigger business has collapsed. Fancy-cage making is, he realizes, a very profitable peacetime affair—for him, anyhow. The advantages to the canary do not precisely jump to the eye. That, perhaps, can be arranged, however—a lot has been learned about propaganda in the last decade and a half. With a few docile canaries as decoys—chic, svelte birds who look well in cages and do not find them too confining—the others, perhaps, can be lured in. He must have them in—and in large numbers, too—if he is to prosper in his ancient trade. And determined to prosper he is, or die in the attempt. For it has come to that.

The Long Skirt and the Nipped-In Waist of 1905

New Modes

THIS war, then, is no little flash in the pan, of Balkan proportions, but a large-scale conflict the outcome of which may determine social consequences so disturbing in their influence on the customs of the race as to make it comparable to the communist revolution or the Fascist experiment.

I speak seriously. The fight involves issues as important as the freedom of the seas or the right of an overgrown people to seek territorial expansion. The freedom of the female torso, the right of the female diaphragm to rise and fall as Nature meant it to, is gravely menaced. The threat aims directly at the physical comfort of one-half of the world's population. The cradle, not of political liberty this time but of the unborn race, will suffer the brunt of the attack should the French sartorial specialists win; for, bent on evolving a style so complicated and intricate as to foil American copyists, they have, with reckless courage, which may in the end destroy them, launched a mode restricting the pelvis, thorax and legs of women who for two generations have eased their bodies in the exquisite abandon of the *robe chemise*.

Will the American woman, en masse, accept the long skirt? The nipped-in waist? The propped-up bust? Don't jump to the rapid conclusion that she has already accepted these because you see long skirts in some fashionable gathering places and on the Broadway stage; or because of the illustrations in the smart fashion magazines which devote themselves exclusively to French styles.

They have formidable opposition. And ringside observers in Paris know that the Rue de la Paix itself is far from believing that all is over but the shouting. There's a noticeable air of *malaise* over the salons; a kind of mental biting of the finger nails; a state of mind prevalent which is comparable to that of a nervous hunter watching a trap set for a valuable but dangerous prey which may discover him and attack him, instead of walking blindly in.

This uncertainty is expected to last some little time yet, for no retrogressive fashion change has ever been put over as a *coup de foudre;* and the French dressmakers know it. It's easier to free a serf than to reënslave him. Next summer, tacticians believe, should determine victory or defeat for the *grande couture* of Paris. A few trailing skirts accepted for winter wear by bored novelty seekers will not bring the relief which the French trade must have if it is to live healthily. What it needs is a long, unbroken period

with expensive, difficult clothes triumphant. What will the American woman do next summer? Will she remember the *robe chemise*, with its knee-high skirt and complete absence of sleeve, so admirably adapted to her torrid climate? The French tremble to know the answer.

Meanwhile they are working, working; giving interviews as they have never given them before; creating diligently a success atmosphere. They must have the stamp of American mass approval on their wares. They haven't got it yet. And they are nervous at the possibility of their never getting it at all.

I mention specifically American women as the protagonists because they are, in truth, the chief actors in this drama in which millions of women and millions of money are embroiled. What the American woman accepts in the sewing salons of the Rue de la Paix and the Champs Élysées, what she later wears on Fifth Avenue and ultimately on Main Street, has come to mean success or failure to the world's style makers.

A Fashion Sketch by Redfern, 1898

Failing to attract that immense over-sea market of at least fifty million women—the most dress-conscious, the richest, and, some say, the most beautiful in the world—France's great de luxe industry cannot flourish, for, apart from the actual shekels taken for the clothes she exports to America, the loss of prestige suffered by Paris throughout the world when New York rejects one of her style originations is calculable in millions of francs.

Visitors to Spain and South America are amazed at the closeness with which the women of these Latin countries now follow the American fashion lead. English and German women, too, since the great post-bellum inrush of prosperous, beautifully accoutered American tourists to their countries, conform noticeably in their clothes selection to the American taste—a taste which owes a great deal to French inspiration, but which has been unflinchingly sacrilegious in clipping the wings of that inspiration when it showed a tendency to soar into overfanciful realms.

Thus, not only by what she has bought but by what she has refused to buy, has the American, since the war, established herself in the position of arbiter. Let it become noised about that one of the latest conceits in lace and ostrich feathers and five dozen useless buttons has had no takers on Fifth Avenue, and it becomes immediately predictable that this latest model will find small sale in Barcelona, Buenos Aires, Berlin and London.

Intricacies

PARIS has been resenting this check for some time now—resenting it with all the baffled rage of the sovereign who once imposed and is now forced to solicit. For the past few years she has wanted desperately to do something about it. But effective action has been impossible up until now, due to the handicaps which the World War and the disorganization following it laid upon her.

For several seasons she drifted. Then suddenly she came alive to the realization that the clothes she was designing were too easy. Buyers from across the Atlantic—first-generation Americans, rapacious and unscrupulous, so she describes them—had only to look at her little models and go home and turn them out with the speed and facility of an overall factory. With amazing vitality, but with wisdom still to be proved, she struck. Weeks before her 1929–30 openings there were whispers pregnant with the rumors of surprises to come. Paris buzzed, for clothes are a burning passion with the Frenchwoman, and the Frenchman can describe the technic of a gown with the expert knowledge of an American discoursing on his latest roadster.

On the whole, however, the secret was astonishingly well kept. And when the American buyers arrived, with a suave gesture she ushered them into her salons and promptly floored them with the shock of her offerings. Creations impossible to standardize. Intricate clothes which she alone can make at a profit, for she has thousands of women at her command bred in the tradition of skillful needle wielding, and who work dirt cheap.

When the American buyer came to he was baffled. He'd have liked walking out without buying a thing. But he couldn't; the canny Frenchman had seen to that. Entrance to this show was contingent on the purchase of at least one dress. That rule came into being when the French found that their new copyright laws for clothes did not protect them abroad, infringement being difficult to prove and expensive to prosecute.

For years the American buyer had come into their salons, a free, unhampered creature. With him he was likely to bring a sketch artist, without her block and pencil, but with two bright eyes of photographic accuracy. The several dresses which especially pleased him he bought. There were dozens more which he did not buy, but the details of which greatly engaged his fancy. This one had an enchanting cuff, that one a neat collar arrangement, a third a perfectly charming *veste*. The sketch artist watched with birdlike intensity. Later those admired points were put down in black and white. Still later, on lower Fifth Avenue, they were adapted. It was very simple. And a visit to Paris was really immensely enjoyable and profitable, especially when the franc was falling.

Parisian Evening Dresses in 1857

Who Wants the Wasp Waistline?

BUT now! Well, at the last openings the buyer bought his one obligatory dress in each of the great *maisons* at a fancier price than he had ever paid in France before. But as for nice little adaptable ideas! His brain was in a whirl. It would take an Einstein to untwist these ideas for copying purposes. The buyer's factory was not equipped for turning out these clothes. Even if it were, his clientele, he was sure, would never accept them. Dresses trailing like lace curtains around the feet! A wasp waistline which reminded him of Fritzi Scheff in Mlle. Modiste. Not one woman out of a hundred could wear these dresses with any sense of satisfaction or comfort. Most women had either no curves at all or rolls of fat in the wrong places. Where would these styles lead to? Corsets? Pads? Try to get that bucking bronco, the American woman, back into a corset! Try to slip a pad into her hollows when she isn't looking! These French had gone crazy.

The French have tried to be very gentle, very tactful. They have spoken really beautiful words to the American fashion writers in Paris—words which dwelt with lingering flattery on the perfection of the American woman's contours. She had been created, it would seem, expressly for the difficult wearing of the princess gown. How could she have been content for so long to hide her magnificent gifts from Nature beneath the plebeian folds of the *robe chemise?*

A protesting murmur that Nature's gifts, from the femur down, at least, have had ample revelation

(Continued on Page 143)

Les Modes Parisiennes for the Conservatory and Ballroom. From Peterson's Magazine, January, 1877

EDDIE AND WALTER

By Sophie Kerr

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

Walter Scrambled to His Feet and Departed Without a Word

GWEN MURRAY called Dina Roper on the telephone just before luncheon: "Listen," she said, "Eddie Sands wants to bring his cousin to your party. D'you mind? It'll be an extra man."

"But for heaven's sake who is he, what's he like? I didn't know Eddie had a cousin anywhere around."

"I haven't met him. Eddie simply called me up and asked me if I'd ask you if he could bring his cousin ——"

"Why didn't he ask me himself? Honestly, Gwen, I think Eddie's gone moron or something lately. Mooches around without a symptom of enjoying himself. Oh, I know he does everything he ought to, and his manners are about 200 per cent better than most of the boys in town, but he doesn't put any pep into it. He simply says the words and makes the gestures! He wasn't a bit like that when we were kids."

"I hadn't noticed."

"No, you wouldn't; you don't notice anything since you've been engaged to Bill, which is right and natural, I dare say. Oh, well, why argue? He can bring his cousin. Will you tell him, or shall I?"

"Probably if you called him up he'd feel better about it."

As Gwen rang off, Lois Roper, Dina's mother, came downstairs, looking pale and carrying her salts. "Luncheon is ready, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, but why didn't you stay in bed? I was going to bring up a tray for you."

"My head's better, really it is, Dina. And you have enough to do, with Millie off today and your party tomorrow."

"I'll talk to you about that later." She seized the telephone. "Bristol, four seven nine. . . . Hello, Mrs. Sands. Is Eddie there? This is Dina Roper; I want to speak to him. . . . Thank you, mother's got one of her headaches and she won't stay in bed and let me wait on her; she's simply the limit. I think I shall beat her presently. . . . Yes, you mothers need discipline. . . . Oh, hello, Eddie. . . . I hear you've a stray cousin in town and I want you to bring him on the party tomorrow. . . . It's perfectly all right; an extra man is grand. What's his name? . . . Spell it. . . . Yes—Walter—I got that. . . . C-h-i-c-h-e-r-i-e. What is he, Slovak? . . . Well, it's all right by me, I shall call him Walter anyway. . . . Is he young and handsome and does he like parties and girls? . . . I hope he's not listening. . . . He likes anything exciting. . . . Then I'm afraid he won't get much kick out of my little party. Now listen, don't be late tomorrow, or I'll shortchange you on sandwiches. . . . Is that so? Good-by!"

She hurried into the dining room. The other members of the family were already at table: Jerry Roper, her father, gentle, scholarly, utterly unsuccessful in material affairs; Lois, lovely, frail and suffering; and in startling contrast to these shadowy creatures, the three children, Amy, fifteen, a redhead with a skin of cream; James, eighteen, and much to his annoyance quite marvelously blond, and Dina, twenty-one, with a clear vivid beauty neither fair nor dark; all three markedly robust, strong, intensely alive. Their parents assured them they were changelings, and they looked it. Dina sometimes felt that they had drained Lois and Jerry of force and vitality, that their youth and strength and brilliance had been somehow passed on to them by their father and mother because they had so little else to give them.

For there was no blinking it, the Ropers were poor. Poor and proud and delightful people with no ability to make or use money. Jerry Roper was an editorial writer for the least flourishing of the three newspapers their small city supported, but his real interest was prehistoric man, obviously not a lucrative subject of study save for an occasional field explorer. Lois was another dear incapable. She couldn't sew, she couldn't cook, she couldn't manage a servant, she couldn't keep a house clean and orderly, no matter how hard she tried. She did try, so desperately that it ended in fainting fits or torturing headaches or absolute exhaustion. Yet, even so, Jerry and Lois were, as Dina at the age of ten had assured them, "very entertaining parents."

To Dina, growing up, there had come a deep realization of Lois and Jerry, and their powerlessness against the world. She had realized, too, how distinguished were their minds and tastes, and how rare and harmonious their relation with each other. She flung herself with a fierce protecting tenderness into their difficulties, and led James and Amy to do the same. The house was run now almost entirely by the two girls, with James to wrestle with the decrepit furnace, clean the walks, take care of the yard and do the minor repairs. But except in vacation they had to have a part-time maid, for Amy was in high school, and so was James—his last year—while Dina for the past two years had had a job; not much of a job, to be sure, but one she liked and did well, superintending the outdoor sports and games, and teaching dancing at Miss Garry's Academy for Young Girls, an old-established private school which drew a smart clientele from a dozen towns and cities round about.

Dina had wanted to learn stenography and typing and go into advertising, but Lois and Jerry so loathed the idea that she had discarded it. She had her bad moments of hankering for French frocks and ermine wraps and a car of her own like Gwen Murray's, and she longed for a chance to travel, and she wanted terribly to repair and renovate and refurnish their shabby old house and just have a good time in it, as the other girls she knew had in their own homes. This party she was to give tomorrow—what a lot of work it was! Yet it was nothing but a picnic out on the river beach, and she had asked only the people to whom she was most indebted, and they'd go and come in her guests' own cars; but still, there were twenty for whom she must prepare sandwiches, salad, cakes and drinks! The bare material for the supper had ruined her tiny savings. If

she could only call up the local caterer and order ad lib! "But it wouldn't be as good as my own cooking," she thought. "And anyway I can't afford it and I knew it all the time."

"What's on your mind?" asked James. "You've not said a word all through luncheon."

"That pack of hungry wolves I'm feeding tomorrow's on my mind. And Eddie Sands wishing another man along at the last minute. That means at least ten more sandwiches!"

"Counting sandwiches—there's the generous hostess!"

"I'll help you, dear," said her mother.

"No, mother, you will not. You're going back upstairs and take another tablet and lie perfectly still all afternoon. James will slice the bread ——"

"Say, you don't seem to remember that school's started."

"I'm going to make cake after luncheon and I'll wait until you get back from the afternoon session to begin on the sandwiches. Amy likewise."

Amy had been listening. "I saw Eddie Sands walking down South Street with a perfectly gorgeous fellow this morning, dark and mysterious and sort of Russian princeish. Is he the cousin? If he is he's a thrill!"

"I don't somehow see any cousin of Eddie Sands as a Russian prince," said Dina. "And I've got a good bit to do before I find out, so I'll have to stand the suspense. Mother, you go right upstairs—no fooling. Father, you make her do it." She rose and began to clear the table. "And make her swear she won't come down until dinnertime."

"Eddie's a good lad himself," said Jerry Roper. "He might have something for a cousin much better than a Russian prince. Come along, Lois, we've got our orders. There's no telling what our powerful child may do if we disobey her."

"That's the way to talk," said Dina. "And please, James and Amy, hurry home and help your sister like a couple of angels."

Out in the kitchen she went swiftly and unhurriedly to work. The dishes were first washed and put away. Then she assembled her pans and her groceries, built up the fire and proceeded to make cakes, big, little and medium sized, with the easy hand of one who cooks by instinct instead of by rule. Her thoughts went round with the egg beater and spoon. Thoughts of the party and of the people she'd asked to it, of the frock she would wear, and the other girls' frocks, practical thoughts, quick and light; and other thoughts, wondering, vague thoughts about herself: What was she doing and where was she going and what was life going to bring her and why didn't she fall in love as all her best friends did? Three weddings last June and two engagements this summer! Soon she'd be the only single girl left in her own special set. It wasn't because she hadn't had chances, there had always been men hanging after her, waiting for an encouraging nod. "But I can't give it," thought Dina. "Not to anyone I know. I'd like to. I'd like to pick out somebody rich and good-looking and nice, like Bud Myers, or Caspar Grange, and be crazy about him, the way Gwen is over Bill Haines; but they simply don't click. I suppose I'll end by going blah over some poor homely derogatory simp without a nickel to his name. It's a queer thing, love. We ought to be able to direct it and make it sort of—useful—but so far as I can see no one ever does. Maybe it's impossible. I'd like to fall in love the way father and mother did; they care so much and they always have and they're so easy and sweet and funny to each other."

She stooped to the oven, drew out a sheet of spicy cookies and set them on the table to cool. Her thoughts skittered away from all aspects of love, present or future. What now mattered was only how would the rest of her baking turn out, and what sort of weather would there be tomorrow. If the day should be muggy, or if a late thunderstorm came along—well, they'd have to have the picnic in the house, "and mother's headache will last for a week."

The weather man may have been touched with sympathy for aching heads, for he spared Lois Roper a picnic in her house and offered a day of September perfection without a cloud, and with just enough heat to be cooled by just enough breeze. It gave Dina a great lift, that day. It tossed her up into a high gay mood of anticipation. Anything might happen on a day like this. She knew she was going to enjoy the party even if there shouldn't be sandwiches enough and the punch ran dry. Having put on a white sport frock, pulled a red beret on her head and laid a red sweater and her bathing suit where she could snatch them at the last minute, learned from the mirror that she had never looked better in her life, she pranced about impatiently waiting for her guests.

It Was—it Was—— She Managed to Put Out Her Hand Even if She Couldn't Say Anything

They were prompt enough. The cars came rolling up and the Roper porch and yard became a bedlam. "Ruth's brought a phonograph, Dina." "Bill's got his portable radio." "Caspar said to tell you he'd be late, he had to go out to Sadlerstown for his father." "Are we going to have those heavenly cream sardine sandwiches, Dina?" "The grill's in my car." "I had to go back for my bathing suit." They milled about noisily.

Eddie Sands pushed through the jam and caught her arm. "This is my cousin, Walter Chicherle"; and Dina, turning, began to smile and say, "Oh, the one who likes anything exciting ——" But something strange happened to her, she caught her breath and was silent. This tall young man looking down at her with dark intensity of surprise and pleasure, somehow she had known him for years and yet just found him. It was—it was—— She managed to put out her hand even if she couldn't say anything.

He was romantic, alien, Amy's description of him as a Russian prince wasn't half bad. His hand covered Dina's, held it, raised it to his lips, and only the ridiculous memory that he had kissed it exactly where the cat had bitten it last summer brought Dina to herself.

Moreover, Eddie was speaking: "Tell me how you want the stuff set in the car and I'll start loading for you."

So like Eddie to be decently helpful! It struck Dina vaguely—not that it mattered—that Eddie looked very serious for a young man at a party. Maybe he didn't want to be bothered with the boxes and baskets, but he had offered to load them; he was waiting for her answer.

"It doesn't matter how they go in, only keep them right side up," said Dina, with a foolish consciousness that she was sort of warbling the words. It was impossible to speak casually with those dark eyes fixed on her and that warm hand lingering against hers.

"You're going with us," said Walter Chicherle. It was not a question.

"I don't know," began Dina; but that was as far as

(Continued on Page 62)

"He's Simply Trying Out His Line. And it's Not So Bad, I Must Say!"

Everything Was All Tied Up

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Well, I'm Awfully Sorry, Mr. Merrill"

"Tell Him I'm Good and Sore at Him"

MISS ANN PERKINS answered the telephone in the office at Earthworm City, Illinois.

"This is the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company," she said. "This is the sales and service department."

"I want to talk to Gilbert Henderson, the sales and service manager," said the voice that came over the wire.

"Mr. Henderson hasn't come to the office yet this morning. Who is speaking, please?"

"This is Vincent Merrill, of the Merrill Mining Company. I'm talking from Merrill, Colorado. Who are you?"

"I'm Miss Perkins, Mr. Henderson's secretary."

"And you say Henderson hasn't arrived yet?"

"No, Mr. Merrill; but we expect him any moment. Can I take a message?"

"You certainly can. Tell him I'm good and sore at him. When I bought that Earthworm tractor from you people a couple of years ago, I supposed you were a reputable company. I supposed I would get a good machine, and that you would give me reasonably good service on it. And now the tractor turns out to be absolutely no account at all, and the service doesn't amount to bug dust."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Merrill ——"

"That's what you all say, but you don't do anything about it. Here it is after ten, and Henderson isn't even in his office yet. Is that any way to do business? I suppose he arrives about eleven, takes two hours for lunch, and quits at three."

"He must have been delayed this morning, Mr. Merrill. He's usually here at eight. If you'll tell me exactly what is the matter I'll ask him to attend to it as soon as he arrives. You have one of our sixty-horse-power Earthworm tractors, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And you use it to pull some sort of ore down from the mountains?"

"It's not ore. It's a rare mineral. Merrillite is the name of it. We get it from a mine up at the head of the canyon fifteen miles from the railroad here at Merrill. To keep up with our schedule that tractor has to bring down one six-ton load every day."

"I see."

"And it did it all last year, and all this summer. But now, just as winter comes on and the canyon is so blocked with snow that we can't get through with horses, the old baby breaks down."

After Considering the Situation for Several Minutes She Called the Office of Mr. Julius West

"Well, I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Merrill. But any piece of machinery, no matter how good, is apt to need repairs once in a while."

"Once in a while! This piece of junk keeps going to pieces all the time."

"Oh, it does?"

"Yes. A couple of weeks ago the rear bearing on the bevel pinion shaft went out. Well, that was fair enough. As you say, you've got to expect trouble once in a while. And besides, I had an idea the operator hadn't been oiling it properly. So I fired him, got a new operator that is a swell mechanic, ordered a new bearing, and had him put it in. And the next day the new bearing broke up. My own operator couldn't see any reason why it failed, so I called up Henderson and told him I wanted some of that high-grade service he was yawping about so loud at the time I bought the machine."

"Yes, I remember your calling Mr. Henderson."

"I told him I wanted another bearing, and I wanted him to send me a regular engineer that could check up the whole transmission. There's probably something out of adjustment or out of line some way that causes the bearing to go out. I wanted a man that knew his business—somebody that could find the basic trouble."

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Merrill. We sent you the bearing, and we sent a man—Mr. Joseph Mullin. He left last Saturday."

"Yes, and he arrived here on Monday. But he's no good."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Just plain ignorant, I guess."

"Oh, you must be mistaken about that. Joe Mullin is one of our best service men. If he's there he'll fix things all right. You won't have any more trouble."

"We won't? Well, we have."

"Oh, you have?"

"Yes. Your man Mullin got here Monday morning—day before yesterday. My man took him right up to the mine, where the tractor was broken down. They had to go on snowshoes. The drifts are too deep for anything but snowshoes or a tractor. And this Mullin said he would put the bearing in and drive the tractor down with a load yesterday. Well, he didn't."

"What happened?"

"All day we looked for him, but he didn't show up. And this morning my operator came walking in on the same old snowshoes. He started from the mine yesterday, got caught in a snow storm, spent the night in a cabin halfway down the canyon, and came the rest of the way this morning."

"Mr. Mullin stayed at the mine?"

"Yes, but he sent a note asking me to call you people and order a new bearing just like the other one. It's for the rear end of the bevel pinion shaft—No. 7762 radial thrust bearing."

"What does he want another one for?"

"Because he has ruined the one he brought with him—the poor ignorant saphead. He put it onto the machine on Monday afternoon, and when he started up yesterday morning, it went to pieces in no time at all just like the others did. This makes three bearings that have gone out in the same place on that machine."

"That certainly is funny."

"Yes. Quite laughable. And for two weeks we've had exactly one day's work out of that tractor. Our whole business is tied up. We're way behind on our deliveries, and our customers are wiring in every day asking why we don't ship the Merrillite. I'm run ragged with this business, and I want you to tell Henderson I want some action out of him, and I want it right now."

"I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Merrill, that you have been having so much trouble. And I'll see that the bearing is shipped you at once. I'll have it sent by air mail."

"Well, you'll have to do more than that. You'll have to send me a man that knows how to put it in so it will work."

"But we've sent you Mr. Mullin already."

"Good Lord, woman, how often do I have to tell you that this Mullin guy is a complete flat tire as far as this job is concerned? He has put in one bearing, and it went out right off the bat. And he has no idea why it went out; he told my operator so. He admitted he was completely puzzled. And all he can think of is to put in another bearing—which will go out just like the others. You tell Henderson I want a real engineer, not just an ordinary ignorant mechanic like this Mullin. I want somebody that can get to the bottom of this trouble, and I want him right now—just as fast as he can get here. Is that clear?"

"All right, Mr. Merrill, I'll tell Mr. Henderson. He ought to be here any minute."

"Be sure you tell him exactly what a mess this is. Tell him I want some action, and I want it quick, and no more of this funny business."

"Very well, Mr. Merrill. I'll tell him."

Miss Perkins hung up the receiver. A moment later the bell rang. She put the receiver back to her ear.

"Isn't There Anything You Can Do?"

"Hello," said a voice. "Is this Miss Perkins? . . . Well, this is Doctor Johnson speaking. At the Earthworm City Hospital. Mr. Henderson has been brought in here. Got smashed up in his automobile on the way to the office this morning."

"Is he badly hurt?"

"No, nothing really serious. But he's pretty well bruised and shaken up. He asked me to call you and tell you he wouldn't be around until this afternoon or tomorrow. He said for you to run the office and take care of any matters that came up."

"All right, Doctor Johnson. Thank you for calling. I'm awfully sorry about it, but I'm glad it isn't serious. Tell Mr. Henderson not to worry. I'll attend to everything."

Again she hung up the receiver. After considering the situation for several minutes she called the office of Mr. Julius West, chief engineer of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company. She explained that Mr. Henderson was absent, and asked if it would be possible to send an engineer to Colorado to handle a repair job that was too difficult for the regular service mechanics.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. West, "but we are very busy right now getting the new ten-horse-power model into production. Can't spare anybody. But what's the idea? Why do you want an engineer?"

"The customer asked for one."

"He's crazy. There's no sense in wasting the time of some high-salaried engineer on an ordinary repair job. You should send him a service mechanic."

"But apparently this isn't an ordinary repair job. We did send a service mechanic, and he can't handle it."

"Probably he's no good, then. Send another one."

"We haven't another man available. They're all out on other jobs. And the customer is in a hurry."

"Then I guess he's just out of luck. I'll tell you what you might do, though. You might ring up Gus Liebe down in the final-inspection and repair department. He has some good mechanics, and he might be able to spare one."

"All right, Mr. West. I'll ask him."

She called Mr. Gus Liebe and explained the situation. "Mr. West couldn't spare anybody," she concluded, "and he suggested that I ask you."

"And who," asked Gus, "is this so-called mechanic you say you have already sent out on this Colorado job?"

"He's Joe Mullin."

"Quit your kidding."

"I'm not kidding, Mr. Liebe."

"Why, Joe is one of the best mechanics in the business. He used to work for me down here, and I know. You can't tell me that he has called up and said he was stuck on any such job as fixing a tractor."

"He didn't call up. He's out at the mine, where there apparently is no telephone. It was the owner of the tractor that called. He said Joe wanted him to order a new bearing. And he also said that Joe didn't seem to know how to fix the machine so it would stay fixed, and he wanted somebody that knew more about it."

"Well, you better tell that tractor owner that he's full of asparagus. If Joe can't fix his machine nobody can—let alone one of them guys from the engineering department. That certainly is a hot one; imagine you trying to get an engineer to go out and show Joe Mullin how to repair a tractor. Wait till I tell the boys down here. They'll die laughing."

"Then We Grabbed Him"

"I don't see anything so funny about it."

"Probably you don't know them engineers like I do. They wear white collars. They're all blue prints and logarithms and high-sounding language. But when it comes to changing a spark plug they're about as much use as a flock of sick hens. And even on theory they ain't always so hot. There was one of them down here the other day horsing around with some of the tractors. He had to fill 'em up with gasoline. He wanted to know how much it would take to fill three tanks holding fifty gallons each, and he was absolutely helpless until he went and got his slide rule. Then he slips the little stick back and forth a while, and finally he looks very wise and says, 'Three times fifty is exactly one hundred and forty-nine and nine-tenths.' Can you tie that? And then he says, 'We'll call it a hundred and fifty.'"

"Well, that's very amusing, I'm sure, Mr. Liebe. But I've got to do something about this man in Colorado."

"All right, young lady, that's easy. If Joe wants a bearing you just ship it out to him, and he'll do the rest."

"Then you haven't got a man you could send?"

"I have, but I won't send him. It would be foolish. He wouldn't know any more than Joe—probably not as much."

"Then you think Joe can handle it?"

"I know he can."

"Well, I'm awfully glad to hear you say that, Mr. Liebe. I'll send the bearing, and let it go at that."

Miss Perkins jiggled the receiver on the hook, and when the factory operator answered, she called Mr. Frederick R. Overton, head of the parts department.

"I have a rush order for you," she said. "Send Mr. Vincent Merrill, Merrill, Colorado, one No. 7762 radial thrust bearing for the rear end of the bevel pinion shaft. Better have it go by air mail."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Frederick R. Overton, "but that bearing is out of stock."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean we haven't any of them on hand."

"Aren't you the parts department? Aren't you supposed to keep a stock of all tractor parts?"

"Yes, but this is a special case. You see, this bearing is obsolete."

"Obsolete?"

"Yes. About two years ago they redesigned the tractor transmission. Since then they have used No. 7859, which is a larger bearing, in place of the old No. 7762 on the bevel pinion shaft."

"Well, you ought to keep a supply of the older bearings for the people that have the older tractors."

"We do. But there is so little demand for them that we don't keep many."

"I thought you just told me you had none at all."

"That's right. You see, we had a couple of them that lay around here for a year without any calls for them at all. But in the last couple of weeks we've had two orders and we're cleaned out. Joe Mullin was in here on Saturday and took the last one."

"Where do you get these bearings? How long will it take to get another?"

"They're made by the Heavy-Duty Bearing Company, Gary, Indiana. When the last one went out on Saturday, I ordered a half dozen more. They'll probably be along in a week or so."

"But we've got to have this bearing right away."

"I'm afraid you can't."

"Isn't there anything you can do? Are you all asleep down there?"

"Absolutely not. In this parts department we're right up on our toes every minute."

"You may be up on your toes, but you don't seem to be moving at all. Can't you hurry up this order?"

"I marked it rush when I sent it. There's no need to get excited. Those bearings will be along. They may be here in less than a week."

"That isn't soon enough. Can't you get one somewhere else? From a jobber or supply house or something?"

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"Wait Till I Tell the Boys Down Here. They'll Die Laughing"

THE BIGGER THEY ARE—

By Edwin Lefèvre

FOR all the talk about the new era in American finance, the parallelism between all bull markets was never more strikingly shown than by the most recent one. Compare it with the sound-money boom that followed the defeat of Bryan and Free Silver by McKinley in 1896. Old-timers recall that it was not so much the extraordinary prosperity that followed, as the market leadership of Governor Roswell P. Flower, that made the public buy stocks madly in 1898 and 1899. "Whatever he touched turned to gold!" That is to say, the stocks he openly bought went up.

After Governor Flower's death came the era of industrial consolidations, which he initiated with his Federal Steel. Where he had led, others followed, to become, in turn, leaders—men from the West like the Reids and the Gateses. They consolidated one industry after another, supplied the public's demand for stocks that were going up, became fabulously rich overnight, and paved the way for the formation of the trust of trusts, the United States Steel Corporation, and for the tremendous boom that ended with the Northern Pacific panic of May 9, 1901.

PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC.

The Steps of the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street on October 24, 1929, as the Market Experienced One of the Most Hectic Days of Trading in Financial History

Those Westerners of thirty years ago were really exceptionally able business men and not the reckless plungers that so many people believe. Daniel G. Reid, for instance, with his downright genius for trading and swapping, was a Hoosier country banker, a student of business men and methods, familiar with investments, and no stranger to ventures on the Board of Trade or the Stock Exchange. He knew the mechanics of these markets and he possessed nearly all the qualities that a successful stock speculator must have, in addition to those which made him one of the captains of industry of his time. John W. Gates, the most picturesque of all the steel and wire pioneers, was one of the greatest salesmen in the United States, and an executive of unusual ability. I once heard a conservative Chicago capitalist assert that anybody who could keep a steel company out of a receivership during the hard times of the 90's was not an able business man but a genius. He had in mind John W. Gates, not the plunger but president of the Illinois Steel Company. Gates was a veteran stock-market trader, a consummate poker player, and a horse-track better; but if his wagers were huge because his bank roll also was, don't forget his business side. These men lived in a cruder age. They could not lecture on economics and they never felt called upon to hand out copy-book maxims. But their frankness was not cynicism. It was that they knew all that it was necessary for men to know in order to play the stock market successfully at such a time; and they had the resources.

The Big Ten With the Midas Touch

THEY plunged and, for a time, won. Their stocks went up and the public bought blindly whatever issues they were reported to be interested in, because Americans crave action and these men always gave it. Their boosting purchases alarmed the conservatives and macerated the bears, but it also gave them blind followers by the thousands—just as similar operations by the Big Ten did thirty years later. The old-timers had their ups and downs, but their familiarity with stock-market speculation enabled them to retain the greater part of their winnings. They did not fatally overstay the market. Rich as they were, they knew that everybody was richer than anybody—something the 1929 leaders didn't; and that goes double for the stock-market bankers, whose blunders are otherwise inexplicable.

In the late bull market, as in the Flower boom, we also had several men who duly developed the Midas touch that creates a market following. They also were able business men, and they, too, had grown fabulously rich in a fatally short time. Few of them, however, had the stock-market experience of Dan Reid or John Gates—and that lack cost them many millions in November. Theirs was stage money like Reid's because it also had been made overquickly. They could not acquire the knowledge of what money can or cannot do that a man gets from making a fortune gradually, by hard work, with those ups and downs that insure the proper perspective. Their behavior in their own businesses and their stock-market actions in the stock market were not equally well informed.

A broker in whose office, during the past twenty-five years, several men of that type have had accounts, told me one day when it was obvious that the appalling secondary liquidation was by the multimillionaires:

"I have noticed that a man who makes a great deal of money very fast never gets really to own it. He is merely the custodian of it. Sudden fortunes have a habit of suddenly departing. A man who has not earned his millions risks them with much less thought than when he has had to sweat for them. We have had several such customers in this office, as you know—unusually able in many ways, but, like all human beings, subject to certain weaknesses. They are apt to develop a belief in the infallibility of their judgment and even in the power of money to achieve the impossible. Not needing help, a man of that class cannot see why he should ask anyone's permission to go about his own deals in his own way. He disregards warnings that Wall Street plays the game in accordance with certain old-established rules. There are, let us say, financial amenities to observe, personal feelings to consider, popular prejudices to regard. It must be, or at least seem, regular. The newcomer, however rich he may be, who disregards these things, will learn that Wall Street was in earnest when it said to him: 'You cannot play here unless you play our way!'"

It was after the bull market had been going for many months and the public had been buying stocks moderately, because the bulls still studied real values, that the Big Ten became a factor and the era of sensational advances dawned. It was no new era. Human beings were doing the same old thing for the same old reason, except that they used a 1928 aeroplane instead of grandpa's horse and buggy.

Humanity's immemorial craving to follow always demands and usually obtains a leader. Buying in partnership with Midas is the most easily accepted of all bull invitations. Several of the eminently successful men who composed the Big Ten received enough newspaper publicity to make them widely known, and not enough to kill the valuable mystery side that a leader must have to command blind followers.

These men stepped into the stock-market leadership with their very first avowed deal, because by that time the public had tasted blood. The bull market had lasted long enough for the piker army to make easy money. They were all bulls, so that it now was enough to hear that Fletcher or Topping or Conover was buying Midland Products or Velox Vehicle or Martian Manganese for the horde to do likewise. "Earnings be hanged! It's going up. Topping bought 100,000 shares. Remember how Universal Machinery went from 80 to 350 on his buying, and Western Warehouses from 90 to 600? That's good enough dope for me," the little bull would tell you, with the modest smile of a man who is aware of his real worth. There is no sense in finding fault with men for acting as men always have acted in Wall Street. Their fathers before them did the same thing.

Now, the first sign that should have warned those traders whose operations in 1927 and 1928 were based upon their belief in the market infallibility of the Toppings and the Fletchers and the Conovers came with the break of March, 1929. They saw no danger signal because they did not look that way. They did not wish to see any.

A Winner of Millions and Still a Loser

ONE day, shortly after the March break, I was in the office of one of the partners of a prosperous brokerage house. It was after the market's close, and several of the star customers sat chatting about the expected rally. A junior partner who, I admit, habitually leans toward the bear side had been scolding them because of their failure to heed the warning signals he had given them before the break. I heard him harangue that roomful in this wise:

"You fellows have all along followed the Big Ten. If someone told you they were buying this or that stock, you did the same thing. If you had no judgment of your own, you were right to take theirs. Now, you, for instance, Hicks, made a lot of money following Fletcher. You didn't give a hang for statistics, so long as you knew that Fletch was still bullish. Yours not to ask him why! Yours but to ape or die! I admit it worked. You told me last year that an intimate friend of his told you that he admitted having made $100,000,000 in this bull market. Knowing his dislike of talking for publication about his successes, I realize what exquisite anguish he must have endured in making that admission. I also remember your own reaction to it. You told me that anybody who could take that much out of the stock market was a wise enough bird for you to follow.

"Well, I don't think it showed great genius for Fletcher to make $100,000,000 when he could have made ten times more by merely holding on to the stocks he owned outright when he brought them out. If he had made $200,000,000 in 1928, the market still would have owed him about $800,000,000. But I am not trying to knock. The point for you to consider is this: The very man whose success induced you to buy some of the stocks you still hold has now shown that he is not what you thought him. You saw his pet stocks collapse like burned-out rockets. What you probably don't know is that Blank & Blank had to sell him out, and that sad necessity deflated him to the tune of $35,000,000—in two offices. Did you know that?"

"No, I didn't. I don't see why such a rich man would have to be sold out."

"Every man has to be sold out if he doesn't come across with adequate margins," interrupted the forward-looking junior partner sternly. "I cannot tell you how many firms have lost Fletcher's account because at one time or another they insisted upon his keeping up his margins. These big fellows don't take kindly to being prodded! Well, when Fletcher let Blank sell him out, Mr. Fletcher showed real market gumption. He has been cleaned out before, but being an optimist, he still does not know how to sell. His imagination, vivid but romantic, sees gardens everywhere and deserts nowhere. The magnitude of his paper profits in 1928 should have made him remember the lesson of 1921, when he took perfectly enormous losses by overstaying the market. He then held on too long to a stock that later sold far beyond his dreams. He saw too far too soon. That is almost as bad as not seeing at all.

"When he came to his senses the other day, he realized that his pet stocks had been bulled to death. An overloaded public no longer responded to his invitations to buy, not even when he put up the price ten points in ten minutes. All he did when he bid up one of his favorite stocks was to extend his own line beyond the danger point. Presently he realized that he had to unload or put up more collateral.

"His principal brokers, however, had only one need: More margin. They notified him. He paid no attention to them. The market became weaker. The stock began to break sensationally. Without Fletcher's supporting orders, it hit the toboggan slide. It had been a fine stock—while it was going up. The only statistics about it, anyhow, that had ever appealed to the public had been the record of the daily advances—that is to say, the reckoning of each little bull's paper profit per each twenty-four hours. On the way down it was friendless.

"The decline became serious. The market was too soft. The brokers, no longer fearing for Fletcher's profit but for their own bank account, sent him another and more urgent call for margin. He did not respond. They tried letters, personal calls from one of the partners, and untold telephone calls. The partner couldn't see him, and to all other messages the private secretary would say: 'I shall surely tell him what you say!'

"Then the brokers, made desperate by the panicky market, wrote him formally that unless he kept his margin up as agreed, they would be forced to sell him out."

Deflated

"THEY waited what they thought was more than a reasonable time, and still no word from Fletcher. Every time the brokers thought of the amount of stock he was carrying they nearly expired. The margin was getting slimmer minute by minute, so that they began to worry. If Fletcher lost by the liquidation more than he had up on margin, he'd probably be too poor ever to pay. That one firm had made, I am told, $3,000,000 out of him in commissions in two years. They thought a heap of him, but self-preservation compelled them to sell him out before they went broke.

ACME NEWSPICTURES

A Crowd in Front of the New York Stock Exchange

"Don't you see how clever he was? He knew he had to liquidate. If he had given his brokers orders to sell, they would have done so, but probably not quite so carefully as when they themselves had to take the initiative. Knowing that they stood to lose money, you can bet their selling of his line was a mighty skillful piece of work. More than $35,000,000 of paper profits went up the flue in a couple of days, but Fletcher had a small balance when they got through. The brokers didn't lose a cent. That was really a triumph for Fletcher. Now, I ask you, Hicks, what in hell are you waiting for? To be deflated?

"There's your friend Richardson, another of the Big Ten. You all heard how much money he made in his pools. Well, yesterday Crawford, Chinn & Co. took over from him 300,000 shares of Richardson Reduction at a price, I understand, about thirty points below what his line averaged him. He has vanished from the picture. No longer will you see his stocks advance five or ten points after each announcement of an increase in the brokers' loans."

The grateful Hicks, who had made hundreds of thousands of dollars following Fletcher, looked at the junior partner and said: "Oh, shucks! He was sure to overstay his market. He always does. But I'm not going to sell at the bottom. When they rally, they can have mine."

They evidently didn't rally enough for him, because it was not until the following November that Mr. Hicks lost all his remaining paper profits as well as most of the $600,000 that he thought he had safely salted away in tax-exempt bonds. "All or none!" says the game—and it is usually all!

The greatest speculative following was that of Charles Topping. He shunned the newspaper pages. But the touts and the tipsters, the financial agencies and the customers' men in hundreds of commission houses, saw to it that the trading public was kept informed of what Topping was doing, and in what stocks. They didn't keep his books for him, and few men in the world know better how to keep their own counsel, but there was no dearth of statistics and ticker details. They mean commissions and advances.

In many respects Topping was the most unusual of the men who made stock-market history in Wall Street during the greatest of all bull markets. If half of what is told of him is true, it is a safe bet that no other man operating in stocks—which bars out bankers and promoters—ever made so many millions in such a short time. Throughout the last thirty months of the boom it was a blue-chip game in Wall Street, and Topping's limit was the sky.

A Specialist in Quick Millions

HE HAS no cronies that talk, no intimates that can help you to see the man as he is in truth. No character analyst of skill has ever had the opportunity to paint his portrait with care. He is a quiet, unassuming man, unimpressive in appearance, suggesting studious habits, personally shy, and the extreme opposite of picturesqueness. Of all the great stock operators I have ever seen—and this includes several who were self-defensively secretive—I have never known one less communicative than Charles Topping. He manages to keep his counsel without having to refuse to answer questions. He shuts not only his own mouth but also that of the interviewer by the simple expedient of regarding his business as exclusively his own, without argument or passion. It is much harder than people imagine to keep a closed mouth in Wall Street, else such a nickname as Henry Keep's would not survive fifty years as it has. Keep—who, by the way, was the brother-in-law of Roswell P. Flower—was a successful railroad man and a great stock operator in his time, but he is remembered today, not for his sensational coup in Old Southern, but because his contemporaries called him William the Silent.

Friends said that Charles Topping's taciturnity was due to his shyness. Others saw in it congenital caution. I do not think he is secretive in the sense that has given that word its offensive connotations. It seems to me logical that he should be saturnine, though he is not at all inarticulate. For years he had to keep his facts to himself—those facts on which he bases his

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A General View of the Interior of the New York Curb Market as the Battle Begins at 10 A.M. On the Floor are the Sixteen Trading Posts, Each Surmounted by its Electric Globe. In the Background are the Pulpit-Like Seats Occupied by the Telephone Clerks Who are in Direct Touch With the Various Brokerage Houses

ONE NEVER DOES

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

THE party had got all soggy. Toby Edge and Kay Baxter spun on the cleared floor of the long parlor to a tune from the phonograph, and Charlotte James, who was kindly disposed to any male, talked to young Tommy Rimmel in a corner. But the rest of the party was coagulated. Ailanthus could remember several like it, but none so bad as this. However, he had worked that silk thread from between the third and fourth toes of his left foot, and the sandwiches were good. He leaned on the round table in the dining room and fed himself.

"Go on in there and break that up," said Wally Warren.

"What for? It's kinda funny to watch."

"It's the sort of thing would amuse you, 'Lanthus. Look here! This is Saturday night. I've got to be back at Princeton tomorrow night. Go in and bust that up. Those squaws," said Wally, "will break away from him if you bust in. You're the best-looking he in town."

"Haven't got the time, Wally," Ailanthus yawned. "Got to pick dad up at the Argus office by quarter after 'leven. It's ten to, now."

"Oh, be human!"

Dinner jackets were now thick around Ailanthus, and Red Ransome's new shoes squeaked. It was really pathetic, Ailanthus thought, to see ten youths powerless against Bill Perrin. The plate in the phonograph stopped; Kay and Toby stopped; but the voice of Mr. William Perrin did not stop. Nine maidens drooped, wriggled, stood and curled close to the long man in the center of the blue couch beside the windows. Ailanthus wondered if this was comic. Supposing he had a sense of humor like anybody else, would he be grinning?

"Do somethin', Crazy," Red Ransome begged.

"Told you eight times I'm through bein' called Crazy."

"All right, I apologize. Only, do somethin'! Be patriotic," Red invited him. "You ain't goin' to see us all cut out by a lousy chauffeur, are you?"

"He wasn't a chauffeur," said Ailanthus. "He was Doctor Perrin's second cousin's kid. His name ain't Perrin, either. It's Hobson. Doctor Perrin let him change it. . . . Well, I'll try. Out the way."

He put his hands on the edge of the table and limbered his legs, then shoved hard and skated down the polished floor comfortably for twenty feet, arriving within a yard of Miss Evangeline Rimmel, who was sitting on a huge cushion almost at Mr. Perrin's unblemished shoes. He whistled as he came, and all the girls had to look around. Miss Rimmel slightly squawked.

"Got to go in a minute, an' I want one more dance. Who," Ailanthus asked, "volunteers?"

There was an adequate silence. Ellen Campbell frowned from her fine position at Mr. Perrin's left and drawled in her boarding-school voice, "Do be quiet, Ailanthus. Mr. Perrin's teaching us something worth while. . . . Please go on, Mr. Perrin."

Mr. Perrin easily went on, speaking deeply: "Anyhow, there was an Englishman who had a big power boat—almost a yacht—and one of us knew him, and he was decent about it and got us back to Deauville in time for dinner. But all the girls were sunburned so that they were utterly miserable. Those mud flats are awf'ly tricky. It's the mouth of the Seine, you know, and at low tide it's amazingly shallow. Can't say I like the Northern French coast places so much. The swimming's better on the Riviera."

The girls all listened to this revelation devoutly. It seemed to Ailanthus just like all the things Mr. Perrin had been saying all evening. If he wasn't speaking about summer resorts in Europe, he was speaking of restaurants and race courses. He was a good deal like the photographs in mother's female magazines, conversationally. He stated where he had been, and that appeared to fascinate. Or maybe it was his voice, or the twinkle of red ribbon in the lapel of his jacket. Girls were too young, now, to care that Mr. Perrin had been in the French army. They didn't ask him about the war. They just wanted to hear about Europe. Or perhaps, finally, it was that Mr. Perrin was thirty years old and that his black tie was miraculously smart under his chin with the wide cleft in it. He lived in New York.

"I suppose," said Miss Campbell, "that you go to Monte Carlo a lot?"

"One never does," Mr. Perrin answered, "except for two weeks. Rest of the time it's dreadfully overrun with Americans and tourists. Used to be very smart to stop there a month, but that's thirty years ago. People who want really to play high go to San Sebastian in the season. That's—what the devil's that?"

"Poor Percy! Was it All Cold Out in the Nassy Old Car?"

He sat up, and gowns flashed in all directions. But it was merely Percy B. Shelley. He had come in across a window sill and landed lightly six feet from Mr. Perrin with his tail fluent. His eyes notified Ailanthus that he was bored with his own company out in the car.

"Why, cat," said Kay Baxter cordially, "where did you come from?"

"He was out in the car. He's crazy about ridin' in cars," Ailanthus explained, "and he knows it's time to go for dad at the office. We'll go in a minute, Percy B. . . . Hey, Toby, stick a plate in the machine, will you? . . . Come on, Vangie. Give me one dance."

Mr. Perrin's spell was broken for the minute. Miss Rimmel swayed up into Ailanthus' arms, and Wally Warren more or less dragged Polly Ransome from an end of the wide couch. The party melted back into a dance, and Kay Baxter winked at Ailanthus over someone's shoulder. She came along out in the hall when Ailanthus carried Percy B. Shelley away and began hunting for his coat in the litter.

"You're an angel, 'Lanthus, even if your hair is red. Wasn't that getting silly?"

"It's silly seein' a man that old that got a Legion of Honor in the war jump clean out of his shirt when a cat walks in."

"Some people can't stand them. Did jump, didn't he? . . . Poor Percy! Was it all cold out in the nassy old car?"

Ailanthus did not want to encourage this girl unduly, because she was only seventeen and not at all old for the age, but she was very pretty and dad liked her. He therefore patted her black head and told her it had been a nice party. Kay took this approval too much to heart and insisted on buttoning his coat for Ailanthus and charmingly knelt on the mat at the front door to say good night to Percy. She was a nice kid and Ailanthus felt that she was improving. He walked down the flags into a coldish mist, smiling. Percy streaked ahead and hopped into the Westlund car's front seat.

"Fetched him out, Percy B.? Good cat! You can have a slug of milk when we're home."

"Gee, dad! Where'd you come from? It ain't eleven yet. I was just comin' over for you."

Mr. Westlund laughed, gently, inside the car's shadow. He was sitting in the back seat with some man who smoked a cigar. There were lots of voices in Blandyburg a little like dad's, but nobody else laughed that way.

"That's solicitude, Bob, ain't it? Pays to be sick in bed a couple of weeks. 'Lanthus is still nursing me."

"Why," Judge Ransome asked, "has everybody stopped calling the kid Crazy? 'Lanthus sounds so unfamiliar."

"Well," said dad, "we discovered that we were six feet just on Christmas Day and we're twenty years old and have to shave every week. So we issued a ukase about

"You Didn't Eat Any," Alan Welch Answered, "So You Don't Know How Sad Those Cakes Were. Girl, They Were Grim!"

being called by our own name. . . . Get in, baby, and drive home awful pronto."

"Take the judge home first, dad?"

"No. The majesty of the law is comin' out to the place for a cup of tea. He helped me write an editorial right now and he deserves somethin'."

"So d'I," said Ailanthus. "The sandwiches were all right, but Mrs. Baxter's cook dunno a thing about chicken salad. An' the coffee was foul."

"Sour party?"

"No. I had a good time. But the rest of 'em didn't—the men, I mean. 'Cause Bill Perrin sort of absorbed all the girls. . . . Move over, Shelley! How 'm I goin' to drive if you sit there?"

Light flowed down the walk while he shoved the brown cat with a thumb, and the Baxter door closed after a pair of male feet. A match scratched noisily on a box before Westlund sang out very jovially, "Hey, Bill! Want a lift?"

Mr. Perrin stopped on the sidewalk and pulled higher the rim of white muffler about his neck. He soon laughed.

"Not with that animal along, Mr. Westlund."

"Percy B.? What's wrong with Shelley?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Perrin, "except that he's a cat. One never does outgrow some things, I suppose. Dare say some cat scared me when I was a baby. I loathe them. Can't help it. Sorry. No, I'll walk, thanks. It's just three blocks to the Roosevelt."

"What makes you stay there, Bill?"

"Inanition," said Perrin. "I hate moving out of a place, when I've unpacked my bags. And I'll only be here a day or so longer, and people ask me about to meals. For a new hotel it's certainly rotten. How old is it?"

"Put it up in 1920. It's changed hands three times already. The bank's tryin' to run it. . . . What's the matter with your hand?"

Perrin's cigarette painted the broad bandage on his right hand pink.

"Skinned it falling over a fence out by the Warren place. Wouldn't think that buying in real estate could be so adventurous, would you? . . . I'll drop in at the Argus office and have a chat with you before I flit. So long. . . . Good night, Ailanthus."

"Good night. Oh, say, whatever became of that airplane you tried to make?"

"Airplane? What airplane?"

"Out of old iron an' wire an' stuff. It was in 1915—'bout August," said Ailanthus, remembering slowly. "You got all the iron an' wire down outa the loft of the doctor's garage—'member?—and he bawled you out to beat time for makin' a mess in the back yard. You remember?"

Perrin said nothing. A glow from the Baxter windows made his tall hat loom. He seemed amazingly high in the mist, a streak of blackness with a dash of pale face. Ailanthus remembered the lean boy standing with a round of wire on one wrist in the trim yard of the Perrin house, with Doctor Perrin scolding him swiftly from the green back veranda.

"What else do you remember about me, Ailanthus?"

"Oh, nothin' much. You've got two vaccination marks on your left arm—pretty near round, on a level. And you took a prize for drawin' in high school. You drew Jack Edge in his football stuff. . . . Lemme think. And you don't like strawberries."

Perrin said "My word!" and the syllables somehow clanked on Ailanthus. The boy flushed in the mist, knowing suddenly that Mr. Perrin didn't like this. He didn't like it at all. No, although he began to laugh soon. No, he didn't like being remembered.

"Aren't you going in for a profession, Ailanthus? Not going to be a lawyer or something? I say! You shouldn't waste a memory like that around here! Why aren't you at college?"

"Didn't want to go. Dad can't run our place and the Argus too. 'N' I don't like any of these professions. Useda want to be a sailor. But dad took me to Cuba for a week last year. I don't want to be a sailor. I'm an awful good farmer anyhow."

"He is," dad said. "These little patches of self-assertion don't mean a thing, Bill. He's just habitually honest, and never saw a joke in his whole life."

"If you run a farm," Perrin said, "as well as you dance, 'Lanthus, you'll end up by being Secretary of Agriculture. I suppose you remember what you had for breakfast last Sunday?"

"Yeh. An' the sausage was lousy. Sure you don't want a lift? . . . G'night. Move over, Percy B. 'At's a cat!"

Shelley moved twelve inches into his proper share of the seat and Ailanthus slammed the door. The car jogged abreast of Mr. Perrin for a moment, then gathered speed and rolled away from his shadow along Campbell Street. Ailanthus was glad to be rid of this elegant image. It was uncomfortable to be stared at so, by the blue eyes that were cat-green in the light of the cigarette, and to know, so very sharply, that Mr. Perrin didn't like him. Or didn't like his memory. Came to the same thing. Dad must feel that way when someone saw that his left sleeve was empty and put on that scared, disliking look which recognized a mutilation.

"'One nevah,'" said Judge Ransome, "'does outgrow some things.' But he's worked up a fine little English accent. The word 'never' has an *r* on the end of it. . . . Drive slow past the Perrin house, 'Lanthus."

Ailanthus slowed at the turn out of Campbell Street. Dead Doctor Perrin's house was a bulk in the cool haze, across from Judge Ransome's lighted place. These two big houses were twins, but one was lifeless on its corner behind the high brick wall painted dim green. Moving between the two, Ailanthus glanced at the pale rear fire escapes of the Roosevelt House, wondered if traveling salesmen looked down from windows into the ruined garden where Bill Perrin once had been scolded for littering grass with wire and rusty iron. Then the car came into the Square, and General Ulysses Grant was solemn on his iron mushroom in the middle of the empty fountain, and the lighted clock of the police station said ten minutes after eleven.

"Move along, baby."

The car drifted down Market Street, scared a pup under the last lamp of Blandyburg, beyond the railroad tracks, and so swung up the valley. Dad and the slim little judge had nothing to say to each other, behind him, and Percy B. was purring for more speed beside him. So Ailanthus bounced the car along. He had something to think about. The something fitted itself together in his head. Its first piece was last Sunday, when he told dad that Bill Perrin had appeared at the Roosevelt and was looking for real estate around the town. On hearing that, Mr. Westlund had stopped lighting his pipe in the office of the Blandyburg Argus, turned from the gas jet and said, "The hell he has!" then altered the phrase to "He is!" in a milder tone. It wasn't like dad to be surprised because a Blandyburg boy came home after being gone a year or ten years. Dad took everything very lightly, even Mrs. Westlund's poems. But he had certainly been surprised. And now it was plain that Mr. Perrin didn't like being accurately remembered. Maybe he was a little ashamed of having been a poor relation who drove old Doctor Perrin's car around and raked the lawn, with his sleeves rolled up past those two vaccinations, and took orders from Doctor Perrin's sumptuous daughter.

"Dad?"

"Mmhuh, son?"

"Where's Mrs. Held—Aline Perrin—live now?"

"She don't, sonny. She floats. Abroad, mostly. Her address is a bank in New York. Mr. Held's some kind of invalid. They hang out on the Riviera lots. He was gassed in France, as the judge remembers it. They've no kids."

"She's some older than this fella?"

"Lord, yes! Aline is—I'm forty-two, nearly. Aline would be forty—or thirty-nine. You wouldn't remember so much about her, baby. She was away at college or school mostly when you were beginnin' to take notice. . . . By the way, 'Lanthus, what was that you were readin' in the New York paper week before last about first editions of Walter Scott's books?"

"A lot of prices in an auction, dad."

"Ran pretty high, didn'tthey?"

He's excited. Running his words together. He's been getting excited all week. Ailanthus muttered, "Yeh," and swallowed down a feeling that

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Nine Maidens Drooped, Wriggled, Stood and Curled Close to the Long Man in the Center of the Blue Couch Beside the Windows

CHARCOAL

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

Dick Stood in the Doorway of the Untidy Kitchen, His Mind Running Wild. What in the World Could He Do Against the Lot of Them?

THE two charcoal burners were plodding single file up the blistering white sand of the key's outer beach when the shots clapped out smartly from the jungle beyond, at the right. The older man, walking ahead, turned his blackened face alertly toward the two white puffs of smoke drifting upward in the crystal sunny air from the clearing they had hacked among the tough sea grape and old mangrove. He grunted and quickened his slouching stride. The younger man did not look up from the turtle eggs he carried in his hand or change the shambling listlessness of his gait.

Ahead, as the beach curved, a strange boat lay in the streak of blue water, a wandering channel that led among the lime-green shallows of the sound from the sapphire edge of sea and Gulf Stream eastward, beyond the reefs and smaller keys where sea gulls lifted in the windy silence. It was a big black cabin cruiser, salt-streaked and frowsy. A man, waiting by a small rowboat on the sand's edge, stared up at the charcoal burners and called out once, sharply.

The first charcoal burner turned quickly into the path they had cut to the clearing. The second man, seeing the boat at last, stared dully and stopped behind a bushy sea grape. He heard a voice he did not know cry something angrily, and then a shout. There was another shot, sharp, startlingly near, that made him blink and tremble. The feet of a man running, a tall black-haired fellow in stained khaki, a revolver in his hand, thudded down the sand toward the boat. The boat was shoved off hastily, so that the runner floundered a foot or so in water to haul himself over the stern. Once he looked back over his shoulder. The charcoal burner, motionless among the sea grape, stared after him and for a long moment, very clearly, saw his face.

The black cruiser in the channel way showed a man already standing by the anchor line. The two in the dinghy scrambled up and over, and instantly the unmuffled thunder of powerful engines filled the still wind with uproar. The calm lime-green water churned to milk under its propeller as it leaped forward, its anchor just lifted, and it was away, following the thread of deeper water out of sight among the maze of keys to westward. Its mutter was suddenly cut off by some intervening land. The little waves that had dashed against the sand were quiet again before the second charcoal burner, still clutching his turtle eggs, walked with a stumbling caution to the opening of that clearing in the brush. Once he cried out, "Hey, Charlie!" in a croaking sort of shout that sent a sea gull veering back to sea. At the silence that followed, his dirty forehead puckered with fright. He went forward timidly.

The older charcoal burner lay sprawled like an empty gunny sack, face downward in the trampled sand. His dirty hands clutched at the leaves with no force. His blackened and patched overalls, from which his broken shoes emerged, might have had nothing in them.

The live man, fantastically like, in dirt and patches, to the figure spread-eagled there, dropped his turtle eggs with a sort of squawk and went forward in panic. "Charlie!" he cried out again, and hunched over, reaching out a hand to the inert shoulder. There was a pool of bright new crimson under the ragged shirt. Seeing it, he drew back and stood up, his face contorted, his look desolate and terror-struck, as if here were something too dreadful for his comprehension. He looked wildly about him. Stillness hung over all the light-drenched clearing. The leaves rustled in the steady wind. Along the sand the edges of the water rustled. The sun was hot upon his face.

He crouched again over the body, wincing at the blood, but presently touched the cooling shoulder, touched and shook it, shook it harder, until its unresponsiveness carried conviction to his blank eyes. He left off and stood up again, to move uncertainly up the path to the clearing, where the piled wood waited, for the firing—nearly a half month's work.

In the middle of the open space, on the hacked and trampled underbrush, he almost stepped on another body, a pile of dull blue rags, a coil of black coarse hair and one bony, yellow, clutching hand. He leaped back from that in horror, glancing about. There was another flung blue bundle by the farther edge of the clearing.

He backed away from both of them, down the path where the older charcoal burner lay, and stood there helplessly, his empty, dirty hands twitching by his slack knees. Presently he crouched and turned the limp weight over, arranging the knees and arms with an awkward solicitude. His throat tightened with a subdued, desolate cry.

Suddenly a shadow moved smartly up the sand. "Well, look what's here," a voice said loudly above him. "Too late, Bill; they must of got off. . . . Hey, you, what're you doin' there? Get back from that. . . . Look here, bos'n; this ain't a Chink."

The charcoal burner got to his feet and stood blinking. Three men in white, with cartridge belts and drawn automatics, stood looking at him. Vaguely he was aware that it was the Coast Guard. Charlie had shown him the Coast Guard once in Key West. A seaman knelt and fumbled at the body.

"A clean shot," he said, getting up. "Got him the first time. You guys charcoal burners? D'you shoot him?"

The charcoal burner stared at him with that desolate wild look in his eyes. "No, no; I didn't shoot him," he said slowly, as if his tongue were unaccustomed to human speech. "No—it was a man—he was running—he shot them." He pointed with his blackened hand.

The three went forward. "Chinks," the bos'n said. "Both dead too. I knew that boat was runnin' Chinks. If we could 'a' made anywhere like half the time they was, we'd 'a' caught him cold. Two. That's all, I guess. We were gettin' too close for him, so he ran in here. Hey, you there. What did he look like? Did he get your buddy? Could you identify him again?"

The bos'n had out a notebook, making observations rapidly. The two men gathered up the bodies of the Chinese and carried them to the beach, searching them for papers. The charcoal burner stared and shrank as they passed, stared and shook his head at the bos'n. He could not understand so many questions.

"You're a bright one, all right," the bos'n said to him. "Hey, Bill, this charcoal burner's a bright one, all right. He don't hardly understand English."

"Yay," said Bill, coming back and staring at him. "These charcoal burners. I seen him and this other one up at Tavernier one time. They're all dumb as dogfish, livin' the way they do. This one's dumber'n any."

"All right then, dumby," the bos'n said briskly. "What's your buddy's name?"

The charcoal burner looked around at them all slowly. "Charlie," he said.

"Charlie what?"

"Charlie—Bethel."

"Did you see that guy shoot him?"

"I only—I heard the shot."

"Where was you?"

He pointed.

"This guy was ahead a you and turned in here and saw that guy shoot those two. . . . Hey, Bill, that's what

happened. This guy Bethel saw that guy shoot those two, so that guy put a hole in him to keep him from squawking. . . . Then wha'd he do, dumby? You there, wha'd the guy do then?"

"He ran down to the boat. There was a man in the little boat. The black one went up toward Card Sound."

"You ever see that guy before?"

The charcoal burner shook his head. He was growing easier with these clean white men. The wild look was leaving his eyes. He gesticulated suddenly, as if choked with a crowd of impressions he could not find words for. "Tall," he burst out. "He was tall, black hair—and his face was—his face was ——" He rubbed a finger up and down the middle of his forehead and he stammered, at a loss for words.

The bos'n was writing it all down. "What's your name?"

The charcoal burner dropped his hands and stood a minute. "Dick," he said.

"What's the rest of it?"

He shook his head.

"Hey, what's the rest of your name? . . . Gosh, he's dumb, Bill. He wouldn't be any use as a witness. We won't bother with him. . . . Come on, Dick; what's the rest of your name?"

His face was twisted with the effort, but he shook his head. "I can't remember."

All three were staring at him now. "Say, are you white or colored?"

"White," he said instantly.

"This guy Bethel—is he white or colored? . . . You'd think they'd wash once in a while. . . . Is he white?"

"I don't know." Dick shook his head doubtfully. They could see he had never thought. "He's from Key West," he volunteered.

"You from Key West too?"

"No," he said; "I, no."

"Well, go on. Where are you from?"

"Morton," he said abruptly, with something like a light breaking through the smudge of his face. "Dick Morton—that's my name. I remembered. Dick Morton. Dick Morton's my name."

"Well, don't you go and forget it again, then. Where'd you say you're from?"

But he could not think of that; only shook his head with the dullness back in his eyes.

"He don't talk like a conch," the other man said reflectively. "Nor yet like one of these upstate Florida crackers."

"Well, I guess that's all," the bos'n said. "You better take this body back to Key West. I'll make a note of it for you, so's you won't get into trouble." He wrote rapidly and tore off a leaf of his notebook. "Give that to the chief of police down there. And if you ever see that big guy that shot him, you run and tell the chief or the immigration officer at Miami. He's in the Federal Building. Can you remember that?"

"The Federal Building," Dick said quickly. His attention was strained. "I'll come and tell you—at Miami, the Federal Building. If I find him I'll bring him—I'll find him and I'll bring him ——" He was shaking with intensity and excitement.

They all laughed. "That's the stuff. You bring him yourself. That'd be better than anything. Bring him right along. . . . Hey, Bill, d'you hear that one? That's great. . . . You're all right, Dick. You do that, hear? You'll make a bunch of money. There'll be a reward out. . . . Or just his name and description will do. . . . Well, that's all. Get those bodies aboard."

Just as they were shoving off toward the gray boat lying where the black one had lain, the man Dick started suddenly and ran toward them. "Hey!" he shouted. "I remembered! It was New York. Hey, it was New York!"

They did not hear him. And presently, as the gray boat swung away from the key the eager light died out from his face. The words "New York" still hung on his lips, but they did not mean anything. He went slowly back and stood for a long time staring at the clearing, the paper clutched in his hand.

The man in white had told him to take Charlie's body back to Key West. But it wasn't time to go back to Key West. Not until the woodpile was half as big again and had been fired, the slow, green-damp fire that would make their month's work into charcoal. The empty sacks were in their own boat, around to westward of the key. He could not go with empty sacks. Yet the man had told him to go. He stood first on one foot and then on the other, torn with uncertainty. Ever since he and Charlie had been together, Charlie had decided everything. The indecision was a little horrible to him.

At last, because it was the only thing he could decide to do, he half lifted, half dragged the inert body into the shade of a sea grape and covered it with branches. Then he went back to the clearing where he had left his ax, and went on cutting down a stout mangrove.

The sound of the ax lifted clear in the windy silence. The top of the tall tree shivered with every blow he laid, accurately and cleverly, at its trunk. The ax head flashed smoothly in the sun over his torn shirt, where the good muscles coiled and flowed. So, chopping, with the sun on his already sun-darkened skin, he thought of nothing, forgetful of any change. It was as if he were strong and sure again, after chaos. When that tree crashed, he stripped it of its leaves and branches, chopped it into even four-foot lengths and hauled it to the woodpile. He stopped only to take a mouthful of water from the wicker-inclosed bottle hidden in the shade before he began, steadily, as if there were no such thing as fatigue, on another.

When the sun was exactly at its highest glare overhead, he thought suddenly of turtle eggs, and stopped. He had to shuffle in the sand where he had dropped them. He made a little snapping fire of twigs on the burned spot where they always cooked, and fried the eggs, along with the grits from breakfast, in the blackened frying pan. The strange fact of Charlie Bethel's death and of his own utter solitude came to him again, as sudden as a blow. But presently, sitting on the pile of leaves and old canvas where he slept, he began to eat, his eyes fixed, his jaw muscles working steadily in his dirty cheek. After eating, he tried to sleep, but the horror of bewilderment laid hands on him.

He got up and wandered back to the beach and stood staring at the foot tracks in the sand and at the calm, bright-green water where the boats had lain. His brow furrowed again and again with the unaccustomed agony of thought. Suddenly he went back to his ax and worked relentlessly hour after hour in the blazing afternoon. When he worked so, with his rag of shirt off and his body shining with sweat, he was delivered from confusion.

Just before sundown he threw down his ax again. The clearing was wider by many feet and the pile of wood for firing higher. He stood looking uncertainly at the sun. Long before this Charlie would have stopped his own ax and gone fishing, and the mullet or snapper would by now be almost ready for the pan. Now his thoughts stirred sluggishly to the urge of his hunger. He would have to do his own fishing. He had to think out painfully all the details of it. He could not remember if there was any bait. He walked slowly around to their dinghy on the sand, clumsily assembled the fishing tackle and rowed out to Charlie's favorite shallows.

He was unhooking the third mullet when, in a patch of brown water, he saw the reflection of his own face. His wild, shaggy hair,

He Hesitated, Staring. She Had Enormous Black Eyes and Her Olive Skin Was White With Powder. He Didn't Like Her, and Yet He Stood There, Staring

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The Man Who Avoided People

He Held Out His Hands as an Orchestra Leader About to Embark Upon a Symphony, Closed His Eyes, Threw Back His Head, and Then From His Enormously Opened Mouth Proceeded a Sound!

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE man standing on the first tee of the Lark Meadow Country Club had rather outdone the matter of growing upward and underdone the business of growing sidewise. One would have guessed that he nursed an ambition to be one dimensional and by some rigorous diet had almost attained it. He had no caddy and carried loose in his hand a midiron, a mashie and a putter.

"Odd citizen," observed Jefferson McTodd, the club's young professional.

"Odder than Dick's hat band," agreed Mr. Vance, the club's president. "You don't know the half of it."

"Is he dumb, by any chance?"

"Not dumb, but he seems to know no words of more than one syllable, and he uses those only in grave emergencies. I can't make out whether he's terribly shy or suffers from an acute phobia against mankind."

"He doesn't live in Hampstead?"

"I can't make out," said Mr. Vance, who, as president of the town's principal bank, felt himself entitled to know all that was to be known about every denizen of the community. "He appeared here a month ago and took a suite of rooms at the hotel. Whether he is permanent or ephemeral I can't discover. He has a considerable deposit in the bank, and my guess is that he has some project in mind. But what project is another matter. He made his deposit by mail—a certified check on a New York bank. But he never comes in. I was passing the hotel and stopped in to see him a week later, and he sent down word he was taking a bath."

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," said Jeff.

"Not when I come to call," said Mr. Vance. "The hotel people say he never speaks to anyone. My only communication with him has been curtly and by mail. I got a note from him which said, 'I want to play golf. Please fix it.' I answered that I should be glad to if he would call at the bank and discuss it. He replied, 'Can't call.' I give you my word, that was all his answer said. So, out of the goodness of my heart and a natural curiosity, I sent him a guest card and invited him to play with me. He thanked me for the card and said, 'I never play with people.' And there you are."

"Does he do any business?"

"I've heard of none."

"I wonder," Jeff speculated, "why he picked Hampstead."

"Or any place other than a cave in a lonely mountain."

"There must have been a reason," said Jeff.

"There you go, young man, always looking for motives."

"It would surprise you how many I find," said Jeff. "Mighty few aimless acts are performed. People have reasons. Put a thousand eggs before a man and tell him to take a dozen. He won't take any old dozen. No, sir. He'll select twelve, and he'll have a reason for his selection. . . . This man—what's his name?"

"Mortimer Spung."

"Well, depend upon it, he had his reason for coming to Hampstead."

"It's a beautiful town," suggested Mr. Vance.

"Maybe that's it, but Mr. Spung doesn't look to me to be a beauty lover." Jeff squinted his eyes and made a little noise in his throat. "What reasons are there for a stranger to come to a given town?"

"Millions of them," said Mr. Vance.

"Not so many," contradicted Jeff. "First in order, he would come because his business brought him. Second, because friends or relatives lived there. Third, for his health. Fourth, for a woman. Fifth, to hide. Sixth, because of some special equipment there for sport or recreation. Can you think of any others?"

"I don't seem to," said Mr. Vance.

"Well, then, let's eliminate. I think we may throw out the friends or relatives. There's nothing remarkably salubrious about Hampstead, so out goes health. And we're not a Mecca for sportsmen. That leaves three: Money, woman, concealment."

"You sound convincing, but aren't we rather prying into the affairs of a stranger?"

"If he's here to make money out of us, we have a right to know how. If it is a woman, fathers and husbands have a natural itch to know what woman. If he's hiding, good citizens will want to know why he should want to hide."

"You're a natural busybody," said Mr. Vance with a chuckle.

"Maybe," said Jeff. "Anyhow, if I see a question mark, I can't sleep easy until I've found the answer to it. I itch all over. And there's money in it."

"Are you mercenary?" asked Mr. Vance.

"You'd be surprised," said Jeff. "I've made forty-five thousand dollars since I came here, just by being inquisitive and asking for answers."

"I'll admit that. But you'll make no money out of this oyster."

"Never can tell. Maybe he's a pearl oyster. Anyhow, I won't make a cent by ignoring him."

"Here comes Abigail," said Mr. Vance as his daughter emerged from the women's locker room. "We're going to play nine holes before luncheon. Will you join us?"

"Thank you. I'll get my bag," said Jeff, who wished he had the moral courage to decline. But the will was lacking where Abigail Vance was concerned. He did his best to avoid her because he knew he was as a penniless urchin with his nose pressed to the pane of a bakery window, gazing hungrily at an unattainable dainty. The more he gazed, the hungrier he became, which was unpleasant to endure. He spent much time and a splendid vocabulary cursing himself for his idiocy—an idiocy very obvious to him—for what would happen if the golf professional of the club dared to make sentimental advances toward the daughter of the club's president? Toward a young woman who was the most élite of the élite in a town which prided itself upon its conservatism and its ancestry? He would, he realized, find himself out of a job and speeding away from town with a stinging sensation in his ear.

As he returned he heard Abigail ask a question of her father. "Who is the ambulatory lightning rod?" she said, pointing down the fairway.

"That," said Mr. Vance, "is one Mortimer Spung."

"It can't be," said Abigail. "Real human beings don't have names like that. And besides, he plays an odd game of golf."

"How, odd, Miss Vance?" asked Jeff.

"He does it on the adjoining property," she said. "I've seen him a couple of days, and his technic is always the same. He plays an iron shot off the tee; then he shoots his second over the fence onto the Gibbons farm—and he doesn't come back."

"Doesn't come back!"

"Well, eventually," she said pertly. "But not until he has wandered over the farm for half an hour. Then he emerges down toward the second green and carries on in the accustomed manner."

"Always the Gibbons farm?" asked Jeff.

"Always. I suppose part of the time he is on the Lambert farm, because that jogs in to touch the second fairway. The two farms fit together sort of like a pair of steps back there a ways."

"Yes," said Mr. Vance. "Originally they were one farm, but two generations back Old Man Gibbons left it to his twin daughters, who didn't speak, and when they divided the property, each of them tried to do it so the division would work as much damage to the other as possible. Their line is all full of gussets and angles."

"Maybe," said Jeff, "Mr. Spung is interested in jig-saw puzzles."

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Abigail, "I had the grandest morning."

"As how?" asked her father.

"I saw a champion—and what a champion!"

"You don't mean Mr. Tunney?"

"Nothing like. It was in the hotel. I dropped in to telephone, and there he was, with a medal on and everything, all surrounded by traveling men."

"Champion of what?"

"A champion hog caller," said Abigail with admiration, "and he was willing to give an exhibition. If the management hadn't dissuaded him, he would have gone right out in front of the hotel and demonstrated."

"What," asked Jeff, "does that species of champion look like?"

"Short and as round as a dumpling, and red, and he looked as if he were in his shirt sleeves even when he had his coat on. When he whispered the chandeliers rattled. He is the most evident man I ever saw."

"Odd," said Jeff, "that our two most recent visitors should be such opposites. One a shrinking violet, thin as a rail and tall as a steeple; the other eager to call hogs on Main Street, short and round and fat! Odd—very odd."

"Not so odd," said Abigail maliciously, "as a golf professional with a Deke pin. Did you major in university with a putter, Mr. McTodd?"

Jeff's face was that of a young man who has suddenly partaken of an unexpectedly red-hot dish.

"Deke pin!" he exclaimed in a strangled sort of way.

"I saw it," said Abigail. "It is a fraternity, you know. You go to college and you join one."

"Oh, that!" said Jeff, recovering after a fashion. "I found it."

"What luck!" exclaimed Abigail.

"You are annoying Mr. McTodd," reproved her father.

"Which," said Abigail, "I wouldn't do for the world."

For the remainder of that round Jeff shot a score which automatically should have won back for him his amateur standing. Indeed, it should have placed him near the head of that class. But Miss Vance seemed to enjoy the game exceedingly.

It was two days later when Mr. Vance stopped in the shop. "Has Mr. Spung been here today?" he asked.

"Not yet, sir."

"The cat," said Mr. Vance, "is out of the bag."

"What sort of cat is she?"

"A real-estate cat. Old Gibbons talked too much. It seems Spung is a real-estate developer in a big way—subdivisions and that sort of thing. He's taken an option on Gibbons' farm and is going to develop it into a high-class residence locality. It is to be cut into plots of not less than two acres and no residence under a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars will be permitted."

"Ah," said Jeff. "Adjoining the golf club?"

"Exactly. It seems Mr. Spung specializes on such locations. He takes vacant land adjoining exclusive clubs, beautifies it, puts in roads and trees and gas, and all that, puts up a number of houses to start the thing, and builds up splendid communities."

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As He Returned He Heard Abigail Ask a Question of Her Father. "Who is the Ambulatory Lightning Rod?" She Said, Pointing Down the Fairway

OLD-FASHIONED SAVINGS

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

THIS is a propitious moment to say a few kind words for old-fashioned savings. In most of its essentials the story is not new. It was just as pertinent a year or two ago, but it will receive a much better hearing now. For several years past, people had lost their interest in what they were pleased to describe as the cold-storage idea of investing money. Men and women alike turned to investments with a kick in them. The kick was there all right, but not always the kind the buyers had hoped for.

This is not a sermon on thrift. That sort of preaching has been repeated so often that it falls on deaf ears. Nor am I wholly concerned in expounding the advantages of the older and more time-tested styles in investments, although such superiorities as they may possess should appear without laboring the point. Rather, my purpose is to examine certain well-known and long-established methods of saving and investing in the light of changing social and economic conditions. The questions to be raised in this way have a direct personal application to very many men, women and children.

Prior to the great autumn crash in stocks there was a widespread feeling among all manner of folk that they did not want to put their money to sleep. Depositors in old-fashioned institutions such as savings banks were becoming investors direct, mostly in common stocks. As the idea was then expressed, people were becoming investment-minded in place of their old savings-minded state. The idea of a savings account as a reserve for emergency or rainy-day purposes was fast melting away. Why not, when the prevailing psychology was to the effect that the only sure opening to wealth, prosperity and happiness lay in the purchase of common stocks? It was action and profit that the people were demanding, and in the mental condition which then prevailed nothing else mattered.

An Investment That Never Shrinks

SO IT is not surprising that for the first time in twenty years the banks of the country showed a recession in savings for the year ended June thirtieth, instead of the usual enormous increase. The shrinkage was $195,000,000 as compared with an increase of $2,300,000,000 the year before. This was not due, as the reporting authorities remark, to drought, famine, unemployment or conditions outside the country; rather the lure of the stock market was the important factor. In April last it was found that out of a group, taken at random, of 711 checks issued by one savings bank in New York City, 23.5 per cent went to brokers and 42.9 per cent to commercial banks, from which the money was withdrawn in nearly all cases to pay for stocks.

Now, it is self-evident that the deposits in a savings bank belong to the depositors, who can withdraw their funds to buy stocks if they so choose. Such a bank is a place of safe-keeping, a secure repository until such time as the money may be called for and used for other purposes. If depositors feel that the savings bank is a reservoir for the accumulation of funds to use for other and more lucrative investments rather than for permanent investment in and of itself, that is their affair. But if their ventures in stocks prove unhappy, then the savings account is fairly certain to be looked upon as not such a bad investment in and of itself.

It is the peculiarity of the savings deposit that it is withdrawable at one hundred cents upon the dollar, whether stocks are up a couple of hundred points or down that much. No person who has even the most elementary and fragmentary knowledge of finance can be ignorant of the fact that a savings deposit is one of the exceedingly few known investments that never fall in market price. Even the best of bonds are affected by a number of influences which raise or lower price levels, and as for stocks, it is the experience of history that immense advances and declines are common even in the most potentially valuable issues.

If you have a thousand dollars in the savings bank today, it will bring precisely one thousand dollars, regardless of interest, a month from now. If you have a good bond today, it will bring in the market a month from now say ten hundred and twenty dollars, regardless of interest, or nine hundred and eighty dollars, and no man can predict in advance for certain which it will be. If you have stock selling at a thousand dollars today, it may bring five thousand a month hence, or a few hundred, and no man can be sure which it will be.

It is said that a savings account is not so much an investment as a cash reserve, to be used in case of sickness, unemployment, loss or other need. It is living insurance; it is something you can always get without sacrifice when you want it. All of which is literally true, but does not, in my opinion, make a savings account any the less an investment. On the contrary, such accounts have paid interest or dividends with a regularity and stability which surpass any other form of investment.

A number of savings banks have been at it for a hundred years or more, and I do not think there has been any break in their record of regular dividend payments. Unbroken dividend records are so common that it excites no comment. One before me is for seventy-eight years. In another case in New York City, and by no means the largest savings bank there, the amount of dividends or interest credited to depositors since the bank was founded is $122,676,201.51. Nearly $1,000,000 a day in interest is credited to depositors in New England, New York and New Jersey by the savings banks of those states. Nor is the rate of interest so small as to be sneered at. Most of the banks in Massachusetts are paying 5 per cent, and practically all in New York City pay 4½ per cent. In several states there is an advantage over many high-class bonds in that no state tax applies, so that a 4½ per cent savings account is the equivalent of a gilt-edged 5 per cent bond.

Probably it is a fair statement that no other type of banking or investment has become so seasoned, tried and tested over a century of time. It has made itself universally and completely the synonym for safety and integrity. In one state, where these banks hold $5,000,000,000 of depositors' money, it is the proud boast that no depositor has suffered loss in the past fifty years, or since the state laws governing the subject were enacted. In reality, these are trustee institutions—investment trusts in the accurate and literal sense of the word—and history reveals almost no real failures among them, wherever they have been adopted. Speaking of the competition from the stock market and from the newer type of investment trusts, a committee of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks made a statement last June which gives pause for thought:

"While the investment trust is comparatively new in this country, the stock market has been active for several generations, and while individual fortunes have been made in a sufficient number of cases to lure the victims on, the experience of the vast majority has always been such as to increase their confidence in and their loyalty to the old-fashioned savings bank, where their principal could be had on demand, with compound interest at a rate commensurate with the prescribed character of the investments." In other words, the savings bank is like a strong shelter in the middle of a field. When the sun shines and the weather proves fair, the shelter is deserted, but when the rain comes and the wind blows, people turn back. The shelter, however, is there all the time.

Now, in spite of these indisputable and indeed undisputed facts, there are those, even among the savings bankers themselves, who believe that the savings bank must in time go out of business. They wonder if the change in investment habits, regardless of ups and downs in the stock market, will not wipe out, in another generation or so, the demand for such services as savings banks are in a position to offer. This may seem a bit academic as a thesis, but the questions which it raises are of wholly practical character and of real personal application.

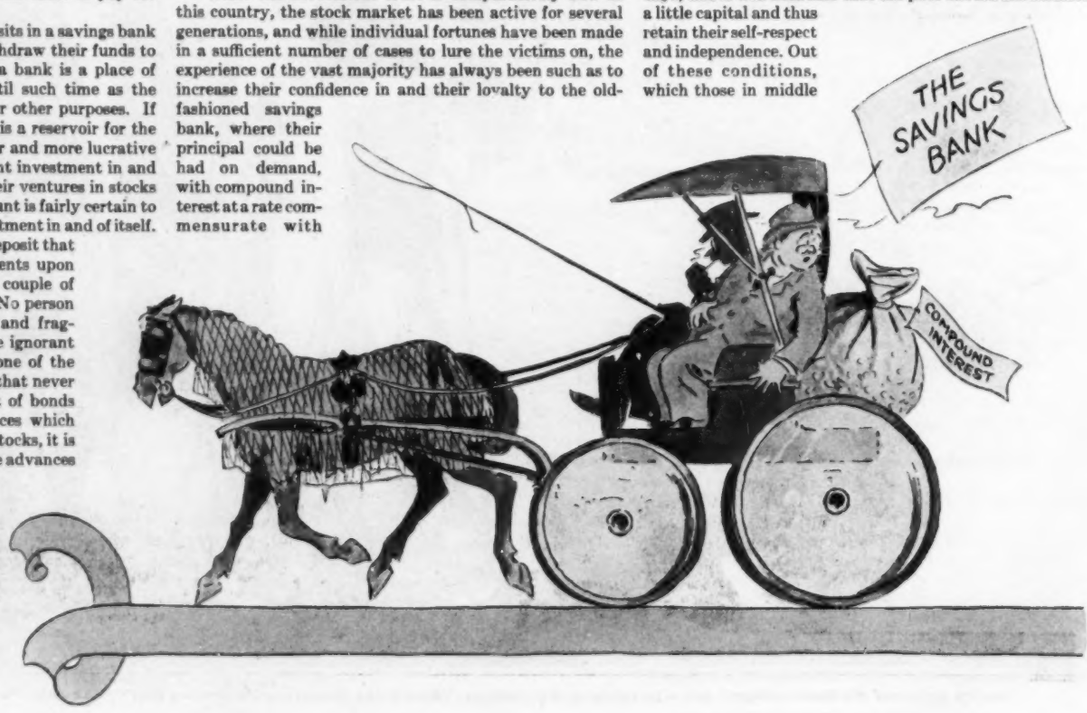
Yet it is not so much the change in investment habits which we must scrutinize as it is the growth of the whole banking system and alterations in social and economic conditions. Someone has said that the ideals or motives of the newfangled investment trusts are financial, while those of the old-fashioned savings banks are social. Certainly the savings-bank idea originated in the European philanthropic movement at the close of the eighteenth century and was quickly followed here.

Banks to Aid the Poor

THIS is not the place to repeat the early history of the mutual, or trustee, savings movement in this country; the story has been told again and again. Suffice it to say that the original philanthropic motive lingers until this day in the very names of the institutions. Even among the newer banks, one in Baltimore had its origin in the worthy efforts of a poor Portuguese sailor in a Quaker water-front mission to help his fellows keep their pay over Saturday and Sunday.

Not only did the savings bank start before other banks recognized the value of small accounts; it got well under way before there were many other banks and before they had any degree of stability. It was formed to encourage thrift on the part of the poor by providing a safe place to deposit their slender reserves. Industrial development had not yet spread wealth broadcast. The cities and towns were filled with poor sailors, laborers and artisans—many of recent immigrant stock. Women who were compelled to work as servants received diminutive wages and the lot of many people was meager indeed.

Thrift loomed large as a virtue in those rather barren days, and it was desirable that the poor should accumulate a little capital and thus retain their self-respect and independence. Out of these conditions, which those in middle



life still remember, there naturally developed the trustee, or mutual-savings, bank. The sacredness of the trust was emphasized by the very helplessness and need of the people served. The type of institution which developed from these circumstances is without profit-making motive. It has no stock, and its trustees receive no more compensation than trustees of a hospital board. The depositors are the sole owners of the assets, and the bank is run for their benefit only.

Despite the lack of the usual profit-making incentive, these institutions have reached enormous proportions, their deposits amounting to seven billion dollars in New York and Massachusetts alone, with many millions of separate accounts. In several states the law stepped in and carefully defined as well as restricted the investments which the banks might make with their depositors' funds. In other words, the states felt a keen and special responsibility for the integrity of these institutions, and threw about them every imaginable safeguard.

The result is that the word "savings" has come to have a sort of definite meaning, almost synonymous with that of a mutual-savings bank. At least it may be said that the standards of the most carefully safeguarded mutual-savings bank have come to be those by which this type of investment is judged. Then, too, no business has had a higher average of personal integrity devoted to it. Read, for example, the dramatic passage in the currently published biography of the late Myron T. Herrick, ambassador to France, which describes the reasons leading Mark Hanna to recommend him as secretary of the Society for Savings in Cleveland. Mr. Herrick later became president of the bank and held the position for many years.

He was selected originally because of his honesty in paying notes which he had indorsed and from which he could have escaped on a legal technicality, but which he assumed because he felt a moral obligation.

Stressing Safety at the Expense of Progress

UNFORTUNATELY, however, the very merits of the mutual-savings bank are in a sense its defects. As depositors grow in wealth, the old charitable and benevolent ideas seem rather out of date, and an institution based upon them looks peculiar in modern financial organization. Can it compete with new forms of investment? Indeed, in the past these savings banks have hesitated to compete even with themselves. The original philanthropic motive has somehow imbued too many trustees, officials and clerks with a feeling that they are the benefactors. Speaking of them, Charles A. Miller, himself president of a savings bank in Utica, New York, has said:

"Their general attitude toward customers was, perhaps, only one degree warmer than that of a poor-master to an applicant for outdoor relief, and one degree colder than that of a railway ticket agent to the traveling public."

Mr. Miller says that too much of a take-it-or-leave-it attitude still persists. Savings banks have been long on safety and dignity, and short on progressive service. With notable exceptions, of course, the higher officials have been picked for their high standing and integrity, but with little thought to their aggressiveness and technical accomplishment. The attitude still persists that depositors are poor, humble folk who should know their place, whose time and convenience are of no value, and who should sing songs of praise merely because their money is secure.

But those who were formerly poor are no longer poor, and there is no flood of immigration to fill the gap. As for humility, it has departed, for better or worse, along with class distinctions. A higher standard of living has affected practically all kinds and groups of people, and a broader securities market has reached down into the masses. The idea that there is one investment law for the rich and another for the poor, or one for the employer and another for the employe, is challenged boldly and rebelliously.

Competition in the Field of Savings

THIS, however, is only one side of the difficulty, and perhaps the least of it. People used to be told to put their savings in a mutual-savings bank because that was the place for them. This explanation did as well as any, because the commercial banks disdained savings accounts, and if the man with a small account wanted to go to a bank at all, he had only the mutual-savings institution to go to. There was a clear, sharp distinction in functions between the savings bank and those which were engaged in what might be variously described as ordinary, general and commercial banking.

But in recent years this distinction has been disappearing. Democracy has reached the banking business. Even in Great Britain large numbers of plain people have small checking accounts in banks which they would have been afraid to approach fifty or even twenty-five years ago. There is a tendency to keep savings in an ordinary checking account in a general commercial bank rather than in a special bank organized for the purpose or even in a special department of a general bank.

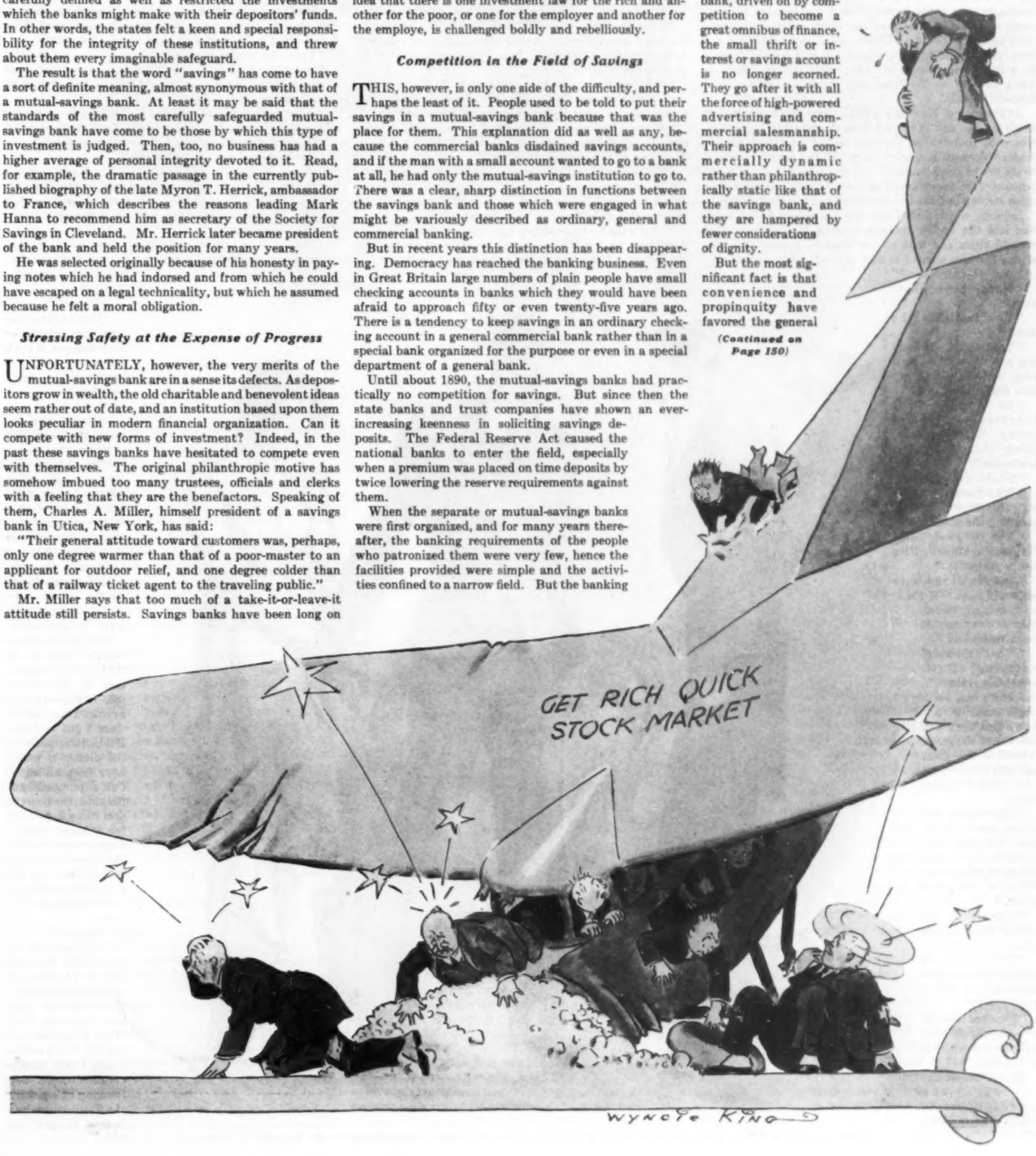
Until about 1890, the mutual-savings banks had practically no competition for savings. But since then the state banks and trust companies have shown an ever-increasing keenness in soliciting savings deposits. The Federal Reserve Act caused the national banks to enter the field, especially when a premium was placed on time deposits by twice lowering the reserve requirements against them.

When the separate or mutual-savings banks were first organized, and for many years thereafter, the banking requirements of the people who patronized them were very few, hence the facilities provided were simple and the activities confined to a narrow field. But the banking requirements of the savings-bank clientele have increased. Economic conditions have changed, earnings are larger and the variety of financial transactions which even a person of modest means must engage in is far greater. All these the ordinary commercial bank provides as a matter of course, but the savings bank, both because of legal restrictions and the traditions of the business, is slow to take them up.

With the growth of the departmental idea in general banking, it is natural that the ordinary banks should make a drive for savings accounts just as they have for trust accounts and for stock and bond business. In the larger cities they are actually absorbing bond and investment firms. To the general bank, driven on by competition to become a great omnibus of finance, the small thrift or interest or savings account is no longer scorned. They go after it with all the force of high-powered advertising and commercial salesmanship. Their approach is commercially dynamic rather than philanthropically static like that of the savings bank, and they are hampered by fewer considerations of dignity.

But the most significant fact is that convenience and propinquity have favored the general

(Continued on Page 150)



WHEN BEGGARS RIDE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

VII

LATE that night Mr. Herring was admitted into the presence of Miss Laura Dumont—only she called him Hal, which was short for Hallock. She occupied a spacious apartment in the Avenue Gabriel. To the south it overlooked the massed trees of the Alcazar, and to the east a lovely private garden. The reception rooms, in spite of the formal French architecture, had become drenched in an atmosphere which softened grandeur to a note of intimacy. Chairs, sofas and tables did not look as if they had been grouped, but as if they had grown in a formation of nature. One could imagine them as being present as the trees and plants are present in a friendly garden.

At the hour of Herring's arrival, however, they were but dimly lighted and he was led through them into a cozy den, where he found Miss Dumont seated in a deep leather *fauteuil* beneath a shaded lamp. In the hearth glowed a lively fire of sparkling soft coal, throwing out a surprising amount of brilliancy as well as heat. She had half undressed upon coming in from the opera and had wrapped herself in a *peignoir*, which added size but not weight to her bulk. She laid the review she was reading face down on her crossed knees and took off her glasses. Immediately her strong features seemed to leap out into bolder relief.

"Well, Hal, any news?"

"None—none whatever."

"You look like the devil."

"That's why. If there was any news I'd be flapping my wings and my face would blind you."

She laughed full-throatedly. "You're young, Hal; you're so young that no news is bad news."

"I hate a stalemate."

"Who doesn't? How's my excellent brother standing the strain?"

"Not so good," said Hal, seating himself. "He swore yesterday."

"And you told me there isn't any news! If Frederick actually swore, then it's serious; it looks really bad."

"What's the use of worrying? Until somebody rakes in the whole pot, not a single stake is lost. But I didn't come to talk about the grand revival of the great and only indoor sport for democratic kings."

"You surprise and please me. I'd almost forgotten you knew how to talk about anything else. What's on your mind?"

"Something so trivial that it will make you laugh."

"Then hurry. If there's one thing I'm starved for, it's a good laugh."

"I wanted to speak to you about that girl you saw with me in the Bois."

Miss Dumont did not laugh; she frowned portentously. "In the Bois? When?"

"You're sparring for time. You remember perfectly; you even know her name, because you've been carrying on a correspondence with her."

"What about? Please be clear and get on to the point."

"I like that! Her name's Nona Brent. She wrote asking who I was and you answered with a note over your own unmistakable sign manual. Now will you believe I know all about it?"

Miss Dumont's caution capitulated. "This also is serious. So the young thing was hurt, and ran straight to you to kiss the sore spot! Did she tell you exactly what I said?"

"Worse. She made me read it." He smiled. "Some note, Laura; it makes me grin every time I think it over. Took you about an hour, didn't it?"

"Never mind about the note," said Miss Dumont shortly. "You come here crying 'no news,' and you're packed to the gills with crucial information. You can't imagine how depressing it is to realize you've fallen at last."

"That's the first completely unintelligent thing I've ever heard you say," he declared with no outward evidence of excitement. "The reason I had the nerve to come to you about the Brent girl is because you liked her so much yourself. Just from reading the scrawl she sent you, you made up your mind she was worth while. If I'd felt guilty all I would have had to do would be to keep my mouth shut and you'd have brought her up as a subject yourself in your own time."

Miss Dumont laughed. "I would; I've got a memorandum about it on my desk. Well, what do you want? Who is she, what is she, and how shall we go about it?"

"That's for you to think out. Since you've got about a million other girls under the surprising spread of your wings, it didn't seem particularly cheeky to ask you to take in one more."

"It isn't cheeky at all. I'd do a thousand times more for you, and you know it. Who's her father? Is he dead?"

"Dead, divorced or absent—I don't know which."

"But there's a mother, isn't there?"

"There certainly is, and you'll know it if you ever see her. If the kid has anything, she got it from Mrs. Brent."

"Mrs. Brent? Not the Mrs. Brent who showed up that bounder, Melancours, and ran him out of Paris?"

"The very same."

"This is good—it's too good! I want to meet that woman; I've simply been itching to meet her." She turned her head abruptly. "Hal!"

"What?"

"Don't tell me you were the interloper they dragged in from the streets to fill the empty chair—don't you dare!"

"I was."

"You're the famous Mr. Herring?"

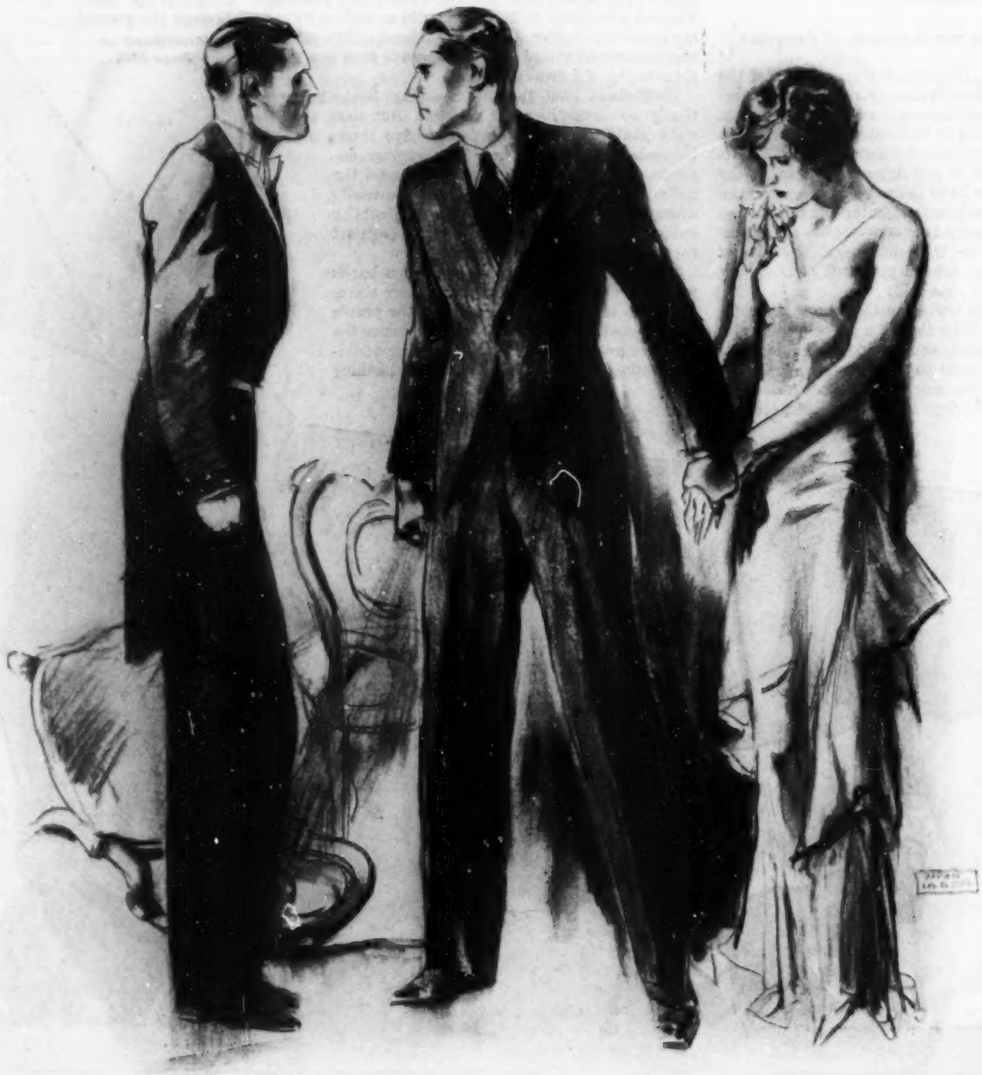
"I am."

"Hal, I hate you. You're mean, you're low, the lowest of the low. You're such a miser you didn't dare open your mouth even to an old friend for fear a precious golden egg would fall out."

"It wasn't that at all!" he protested. "I tell you the whole idiotic business of that dinner has bothered the life out of me. It's the only fool break I've made since I got to Paris. If it had stopped with the dinner it would have been all right, but I bumped into the kid in the Bois the first time I got out for a hack. No, I didn't bump into her; she chased after me and stayed by me with the sweet single-purposefulness of a leech."

"Brazen?"

"No, that's hardly the word, because she's the most straightforward, elusively sincere little beast that ever lived. When I look back at myself I have to laugh, I felt so efficient—like a dog thinking he's got rid of a flea because he's moved it half an inch."



"Are You Deluded Into Thinking Miss Brent Requires the Protection of a Guttersnipe?" He Demanded Hoarsely

"Why Do You Dislike Me, Miss Nona? I'm Curious. Your Face Draws Back When I Speak and Your Body Shrinks if I Touch It"

"I hope you won't think I'm altogether an imbecile if I suggest that you like her?"

"Like her? Of course I do; nobody could help it. But even if I didn't it would be just as bad."

"Why?"

"Because she would have pinned her suckers on me anyway. There's no such thing as freedom anywhere in the world except on a one-man desert island. I don't care who it is; if you see them often enough, the usual process of nature takes place and you're either the wall to their tentacles or the tentacles to their wall. It came to the point where I had either to enjoy her as a friend or dread her as an unconscious enemy."

"I can see that. I gather you want me to be nice to her?"

"Only mildly. She was horribly cut up over your brutality, and I said it really had the stamp of kindness, and that I was willing to bet she'd hear from you again."

At last Miss Dumont was rewarded; she enjoyed a hearty laugh. "You put it up to me to lay the corner stone to your reputation as a prophet!"

"Enjoy yourself," he answered coolly. "I can take care of myself, but I'm not so sure about you. In your place I wouldn't plan to see too much of her."

Miss Dumont stared at him, half in wonder, half in reluctant admiration. "That's turning the tables with a vengeance. Well, what shall we do about it? Shall I invite her to tea on the strength of her note?"

"Too bald. She isn't a fool, and I don't want her to guess I had anything to do with it. Think of something else."

Miss Dumont pondered for a moment. "What about the long way round through the mother? Do you know anything at all about her? Is she rich or poor, here for a week, a month or a year?"

"Oodles of money; her establishment would give you a jolt."

"Is it so richly vulgar?"

"Just the opposite; not one rococo lump sticking out anywhere, and that's what would surprise you. On a guess I'd say the house isn't leased; I'll bet she's bought it."

"Better and better. Where?"

"In the Rue Marbeau, overlooking the Bois."

"Of course, I remember now." Miss Dumont arose, went to her desk and began shuffling through a heap of papers. "Here we are," she said, seating herself and putting on her glasses. "What do you think of this? It's a form letter I've been working on, and it's just about ready to send out." She read:

Dear Mrs. Blank: This is a letter I am directing to a small group of women on a matter which requires no formal introduction. As a more or less permanent resident of Paris, you must realize that there is a crying need for some other link than the excellent extension bureaus of a few of our colleges for the orientation of the chance American girl of moderate means who is coming to Paris in ever-increasing numbers. It is a project which requires personal discussion even in its formative period, and I am issuing this invitation simply to find out if you would be willing to devote some of your time, and possibly of your money, to the organization of such an enterprise. I have set aside the tea hour on Thursday, the 12th, and will be glad to receive at the above address all those who may care to respond. Cordially yours.

"What do you think of that?" she asked, peering at him over her glasses.

"Made to order; if I hadn't seen you reading it I'd have said you were making it up as you went along. But I'm curious on the side. Do you think it's good policy to hit them for money like that, straight off the bat?"

"Infant! It's the keystone of my success. Not only does it save a lot of weeding out later on, but you're off to such a start that when you need it you get from three to ten times as much as if you'd postponed the blow to the second letter."

"I apologize for my excursion into your secret methods. I wish I could sit here and take some more lessons, but it's midnight and I've got to go."

"I'd forgotten that midnight could mean anything to anybody in Paris."

"You didn't think I meant it's late, did you? It's my rising bell—time to go punch the time clock."

"I won't try to keep you, or offer you a drink or food, or conform with any of the ancient shibboleths of hospitality. I'll save all that until the ordeal is over and you can give me a week or a month."

"Bravo! What the world needs is a mental Burbank—somebody who could take buds from your ample brain, and graft them where they'd do the most good." He saluted her from the far side of the desk and turned reluctantly toward the door.

"When will I see you again?" she called.

"Heaven knows."

"Just send me word and I'll break any engagement."

"I know, and thank you," Hal responded.

He let himself out and crossed into the gardens of the Alcazar, where he could not resist the temptation to sit on an empty bench under the dark dome of a tree for a moment of relaxation. But behind him was the constant thrum of the traffic up and down the Champs Élysées, and from his right came an equally incessant jangle of jazz from the Ambassadeurs.

He made a gesture of impatience, arose and proceeded up the Avenue as far as Berry's. The outside tables were only sparsely occupied, and a fairly comprehensive view of the interior produced nothing which prompted him to enter. The Select was equally empty and, after only a casual inspection of its frequenters, he crossed over to Fouquet's. There only the bank of seats against the wall was at all crowded, and that mostly with girls who had failed to arouse the interest of the few men scattered about.

An unusually assiduous waiter almost forced him to choose a seat and give his order, but on hearing an intimate French word murmured with an impeccable accent, the garçon winced and drew back apologetically to permit the hatless stranger to pass. He entered through the corner door, walked halfway down the section of the restaurant paralleling the Champs Élysées, changed his mind and went to the depth of the room on the Avenue George V side. There he chose a table where he could watch the street through the window and ordered a *café mazagran*.

As soon as his glass was cool enough to hold, he started sipping the thin coffee slowly, but before he had quite

(Continued on Page 126)

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 11, 1930

Where the Treasure Is

A SHORT time ago the air was filled with shrieks of anguish because the prices of stocks had fallen. A few people, relatively insignificant in number, were ruined. A few scattering suicides were reported, as were an occasional defalcation and the change in control of a business concern or two.

Episodes like these bounded the extent of actual tragedy, and yet people acted as if the skies had fallen. No doubt a good many thousand men and women felt poorer immediately following the crash in stocks. But they kept right on eating three meals a day, wearing clothes suitable to the season, living in houses and apartments, riding in automobiles, going to the movies, listening to radios and drawing the weekly or monthly pay envelope. There was no famine or drought, no earthquake or flood, no war or pestilence.

Our infant storybooks tell of the hen upon whose back fell a cabbage leaf. Whereupon she rushed through the barnyard in fright, calling out that the world was coming to an end because the sky had fallen. It was thus after the stock-market crash, and if one desires to become cynical concerning American institutions and tendencies, here is all too ample confirmation of such an attitude. For what shall one think after setting over against the absorption of the people in the temporary vagaries of stock prices their complete indifference, apathy and selfishness concerning the tide of crime that beats against the very foundations of national life?

One is a relatively petty incident, soon ended, and largely on paper at that, while the other is a ceaseless warfare against the integrity of society itself.

Everyone, from the President down, discussed the fall in the market and canvassed its immediate and distant effects. Stock quotations were the universal literature, except perhaps for a humorous skit on the emotions of a sold-out margin speculator, which, in slender book form, reached a circulation of hundreds of thousands soon after its publication. Yet injury to the country from the fall in stocks was highly problematical at worst. Men continued, as before, their agricultural, industrial, transportation, construction and trading pursuits. Outright owners of securities still had both principal and income just as before. Even the market values were not necessarily fixed at the lowest levels reached. In a few days, weeks or months they might easily attain quite other and higher planes.

Where the treasure is, there is the heart also. But what are the treasures of life? Surely among the most precious of them must be security of property and of life against robbery, burglary, larceny and murder.

How futile to concern oneself intensively with stock quotations on exchanges in cities ridden by gangsters and criminal rackets of one kind or other! Of what importance is it whether stocks rise or fall if the institution of property, of which shares of corporations are only one of many aspects, is not even moderately safe? What matters it about even the institution of property itself, if life cannot be better protected?

With very many people stock speculation is merely a game, something to give them a momentary thrill. But what is a game compared with the self-preservation of society?

All we have rests upon the enforcement of laws, upon the observance of the accepted rules of the business of living together. If crimes against property and person go on unchecked, the very vitals of social existence will be eaten away. We have homes, churches, schools, clubs, business concerns and many other institutions which seem priceless to us. All of them are like a defenseless babe in a jungle unless crime can be held in check.

There is much talk and fury about research and investigation into the causes of crime. But no solemn fact-finding commissions are needed to find out what is wrong. Crime will continue to become a more and more cancerous growth just as long as public lethargy exists. The citizen who does not care much what happens as long as it does not happen to him, who wants to be let alone, who thinks only of his own convenience and prosperity, and who is indifferent to the defects, the absurdities, the technicalities and the outworn quackeries of the law-enforcement machinery is responsible for the menace of crime. Police systems will be brought up to date, the states will coöperate on uniform parole, extradition and other laws, criminal procedure will be simplified, there will be better judges and they will be given more power, there will be less delay and fewer pettifogging technicalities, and penal institutions and systems will be more adequate, once the public becomes really interested in these issues.

What profit can it be to have high-powered, efficient big business if the legal machinery upon which personal and property security rests is half a century or more behind the times?

European countries have every reason to taunt us for our indifference to true values and real treasures. What does the stock market matter, anyway, if we are too lazy or apathetic to protect the foundations of society, without which stocks and bonds would last about as long as thistledown in a northwest gale?

New Political Tools

ONE of the newest, most interesting and possibly hopeful trends in political science is found in a few brief and inconspicuous sentences in President Hoover's recent message to Congress. Referring to the long delay in reorganizing government departments, the President asks that authority over the problem be delegated to the Executive, with the reservation of power by Congress to revise the President's action within a fixed, but limited, period of time.

This turns around completely the ordinary time-honored method of legislation, by which Congress acts and the President vetoes. In other words, Mr. Hoover asks that he be allowed to act and that Congress shall hold the veto power over him. It is almost a revolution in method, but one which the fast-changing conditions of modern life appear to demand.

Mr. Hoover has requested government by administrative action subject to legislative veto, which is a distinctly new relationship between the two branches of government. The reason lies in the slow-moving, ponderous processes of congressional legislation, impotent to meet many of the modern problems which face the country. But this new type of relationship, or new method of government, is not without precedent.

Already Congress in one instance has committed itself completely to the device which Mr. Hoover favors. For ten years Congress defied a constitutional mandate by failing to pass a reapportionment bill. Finally, some months ago, an act was passed which provided that the President report to Congress on December 1, 1930, a reapportionment of the House of Representatives, based upon the census to be taken in April, 1930, and that this report should automatically become law unless Congress itself should pass a law of its own by March 1, 1931, or within ninety days.

It will be understood, of course, that when the Executive, or the President, is referred to, there is no idea that the President shall do all the detailed work. Reapportionment will be worked out, naturally, by the Census Bureau, which is subject to the Secretary of Commerce, who in turn is subject to the President. Moreover, the experts in the Census Bureau will in turn have the assistance, no doubt, of an advisory committee of distinguished mathematicians.

In the same way, there must be in the government bureaus engineers with sufficient ability, in conjunction with outside advisory committees, to solve the problem of Muscle Shoals. Congress has sought to reach a decision on this vexed problem for ten years, but has failed to do so as yet.

The work of Congress in handling merely routine bills has become so vast that it has little time for great broad problems. It is difficult to get more than five hundred minds to agree. Each of the four hundred and thirty-five representatives is the theoretical equal of all others, and in the Senate delay is still greater because of antiquated rules adopted in other and far simpler days. But Congress is jealous of its prerogatives and, in a balanced republic, rightly so. It should delegate no authority to the Executive except subject to carefully defined principles. President Hoover's very statement in his message shows that final authority lies with Congress. The question is not one of rights or of prerogatives; that is already settled by the Constitution. The idea is to find a method of making government actually work, and a way having been found in the new reapportionment legislation, the President shows a practical, constructive turn of mind in asking that it be applied elsewhere.

Something Substantial Gained

IN CONSIDERATION of the heavy decline in stock values that recently terminated the long-sustained speculation in stocks, two important facts stand out in retrospect. It was not a panic, but it was the nearest thing to a panic that we have had since 1906–07, and this is to be said with full evaluation of the decline in commodity prices during 1920–21. The two facts which were related to the nonoccurrence of panic were stability of commodity operations and prices, and stability of credit.

At no time during the recent years have we had inflation of production, inflation of commodity business, boom in prices of goods. Had such inflation occurred, the deflation in security prices would have entrained a general disorganization of society. That one cannot divorce industrial and agricultural operations from commerce in securities may be admitted. But farmers and manufacturers may go wild on the stock market without going wild on the field and in the factory.

The second fact—that of credit stability—we take it, was due, perhaps indirectly more than directly, to the Federal Reserve System. Credit became dearer, but the volume of credit for industry, agriculture and commerce was not significantly contracted. The men outside of banking circles who placed their money on the call market did not seriously cripple their businesses. The volume of freight movement, the level of operations in outturn of goods, and the level of earnings indicated no serious lack of credit.

It is up to society to learn from this experience. The methods of study of economic occurrences were never before so good as now.

CONFESSIONS OF A DEAN

Sons of Divorce

ILLUSTRATED BY
H. WESTON TAYLOR

I Was for a Time Compelled to Defend the University's Position in an Unequal Combat of One Against Three

I HAVE spent all my active life as a university teacher and its last decades as adviser to and dean of men. Though I admit that I have learned much, I am forced to admit that I have not learned everything. I was not trained as a sociologist and recognize fully my own incompetence to cure the evils of society. Daily sessions with young men who were in difficulties did, however, bring me into direct contact with the troubles and struggles of youth. Though I cannot remedy and do not pretend even to suggest effective remedies, I believe it is possible for anyone with this experience, who is willing to affront a certain amount of criticism, to set forth what some of these difficulties are and to indicate the possible sources from which they spring. Since I have found that one of the most frequent causes of trouble is one which is almost never discussed, at the risk of rushing in where the reforming angels of social welfare have most often feared to tread, I have decided to speak my mind about the children of divorce.

If anyone asked me what type of young man is most likely to incur trouble in college, I would have no hesitation in replying. In my latter years I repeatedly put this question to myself and checked up my own experience in various ways. Though my methods of calculation were, of necessity, rough and ready, every process of computation gave me precisely the same result. I have been forced to accept a conclusion which at first astonished me. It is this: The boys who, on the side of conduct and morals, do least well in college are the sons of divorced parents. Of this central fact I have no doubt. When we come to the higher intricacies of statistics, I am somewhat at a loss. How much more frequently such boys encounter difficulty, I can only estimate in roughest fashion. The number of sons of divorced parents, even in a large college, in any one year is still relatively small, and though in its record this group always compared unfavorably with the rest of the college, the percentages based on their relative records for conduct varied widely from year to year. It appeared that, in the long run, cases of trouble occurred in this group three or four times more frequently than in groups of the same size composed of boys whose home conditions might be classed as normal.

The problem of the child of divorce is, of course, not only or primarily a school or college problem. A study published in the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science three years ago deals with its more general aspects. Ernest H. Shiller, of the University of Chicago, investigated the status of nearly eight thousand inmates of reformatory and industrial schools in a number of states. He found that more than 50 per cent of these delinquent boys came from broken homes. Since such broken homes are still a decided minority and since more than half of the delinquents came from them, it is evident that, in school or out, the incidence of trouble upon this group is several hundred per cent higher than upon normal youth. That the colleges as well as the country have been generally unconscious of this problem is plain when we remember that virtually none of them can give us accurate information. That is also why so much of what follows must be given not in tabulated scientific form but as a record of personal experience.

In most universities the opening of college is known as registration day. Returning undergraduates must report before a certain hour and check in. This is a fairly simple process. Not so for the entering freshman. He is registering for the first time and must fill out in duplicate or triplicate the answers to a list of questions nearly as long as that which used to confuse voters in the days of the unshortened ballot of presidential years. The college asks him his own full name, his age, his address and where he went to school; his father's full name, his residence and business addresses, his occupation, whether he was a college graduate, and if so, of what college; his mother's maiden name, whether she was a college graduate, and so on; and any number of other questions which personnel officials, deans and advisers think may possibly provide useful information in dealing with the newcomer. As if this were not enough, professors of education, psychology and sociology often add further bundles of inquiries on favorite books and magazines, religious affiliations, musical ability, and so on, the answers to which may provide laboratory materials for their researches or those of their graduate students. I confess that I had never become quite hardened to all this, and watching some poor

(Continued on Page 98)

POST SCRIPTS

DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

"He's Down—He's Up—He's at the 25-Yard Line—the 20—And Don't Forget That Our Special Process Makes for a Sweeter Smoke"

Rough Sketch

HE NEVER says "Thank you,"
He never says "Please,"
He never gets down
On his elegant knees.

He's jealous and selfish,
And often inclined
To glower and sulk
And be very unkind.

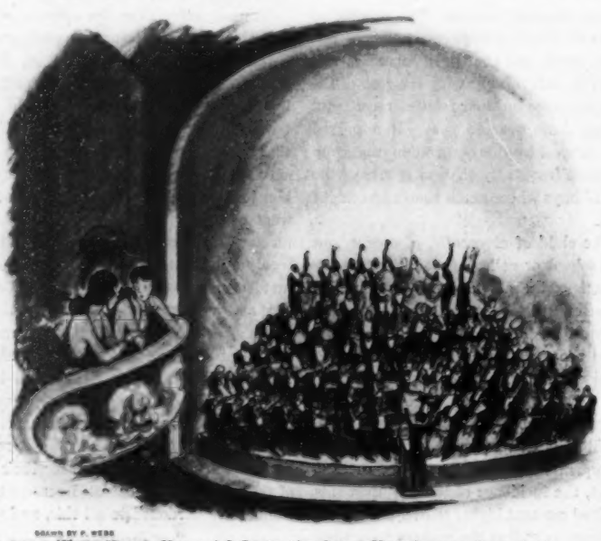
He's spoiled and he's captious,
He's peevish and vain,
And why he's so charming
I cannot explain.

—*Margaret Fishback.*

Collegiate

I REALLY don't mean to boast, but I've had some dates lately with Freddie Fratpin. Freddie's so popular he makes all the other varsity men look like the refrigerator's mittens. It isn't his looks so much, I guess, although he tells me he has been mistaken for a foreign prince. Think of that! And it isn't his money—altogether. But any sane person knows that a limousine sets off a raccoon coat to better advantage than the rumble seat in a relic. It's the witticisms he's always getting off that have put him where he is. He can say the funniest things. Saturday afternoon he blew in, and said to me, "Come on, Annabel. We're going to the football fight. Slap on the first installment of a facial make-up; the balance on perpetual terms. I don't want a girl of mine to seem eccentric." I don't know another man who would have thought of that. And after the game, who should we bump into but an old college friend of his dad's? "Well, well," said the old friend. "So you're going to Ostrich University like your old man to get your degree. You couldn't do better." And just like a flash, Freddie answered, "I'm going to do better than he did. When I come out I'm going to have six degrees—of fever!" And he didn't crack a smile.

Cute? My dears! —MARY DORMAN PHELPS.



DRAWN BY F. WEBB

"You Know, He and I Go to the Same Hairdresser, Pamela"

Better Still

THE other day a woman driver had a slight accident and bent a fender. She drove the machine to a near-by garage and asked the mechanic: "Can you fix up that fender so that my husband will not notice how it was bent?"

The mechanic looked things over for a few minutes, then he said:

"No, lady, I can't do that exactly, but I'll tell you what I can do. I'll fix it up so that in a few days you can ask your husband how he bent it."

The Flying Start

"I REALIZE," said grandma, "that I was very fortunate at the time of my marriage, as I had practically everything a girl needed to start housekeeping. My brother John gave your grandfather and me two spare tires and a coupon book for one hundred gallons of gas and five gallons of oil. John always had excellent judgment in such matters.

"Your grandfather's folks also had an eye to fundamentals, and they gave us a radio with a full set of extra tubes. We didn't tell anyone for a long time, but the truth was if we had known where our radio was coming from, we'd have been married much sooner.

"Various other relatives contributed the miscellaneous items—every one an essential and representing in the aggregate a little more than a couple of beginners could manage. Uncle Ed gave me a permanent; Aunt Emma gave your grandfather a new driver and niblick which he had to have. Cousin Ella sent us a perfect jewel of a can opener, and my sister surprised us with a waffle iron.

"We weren't mercenary in any sense of the word, but we knew all along that mother had something up her sleeve—and she really did. Leave it to a mother every time to do just the right thing for a daughter. A mother knows the responsibility a girl is about to assume, and it is her unselfish desire to help all she can. I'll never forget it. She gave us three bridge tables, a dozen decks of cards and a carton of score pads." —DAVID B. PARK.

The All-Season Wonder

NO MORE beyond the outfield wall
Babe Ruth's long homers roll;
No more fleet Marsters takes the ball
And gallops for the goal;
But through bleak winter's snow-swept span
Where ice hangs from the trees,

DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

"Good Gracious, Mrs. Snitkin! Startin' a Farm?"

The golfer always gets his man,
Describing every stroke he can,
Or how he socked one on the pan
Before the victim flees.

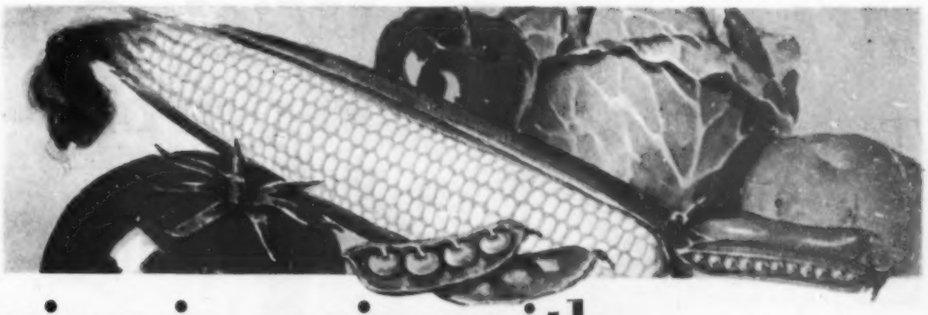
No triple turns ten thousand men
Into a roaring mass;
No halfback hits the line again
Or chucks the forward pass;
But there is one who lets her rip,
The one all-season bug,
Who shows you how to stand and grip,
And how to pivot at the hip,
Who makes the mashie flash and flip
Across the parlor rug.

Each game in turn must have its day
From sun across to snow;
And each in turn must soon give way
Before another show;
Yes, all but one that rules the year
Where captives are waylaid,
For when a golfer sees an ear
He grabs his victim with a cheer,
Poor fish, who cannot choose but hear
How every stroke was played.

—*Grantland Rice.*

(Continued on Page 125)

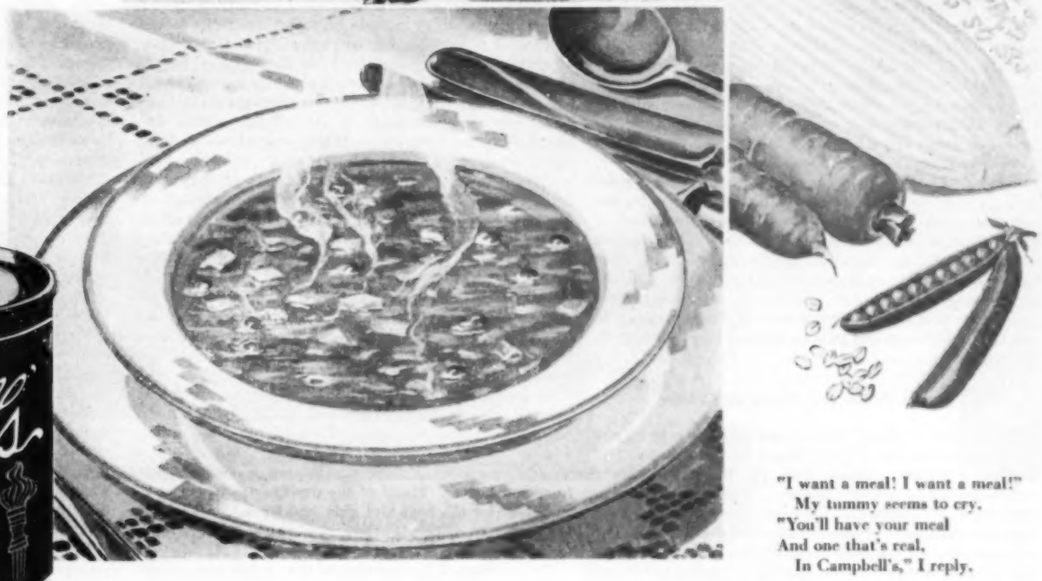
15 VEGETABLES IN
CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE SOUP



Meal-planning is easier with daily choices from these 21 soups!

Your choice . . . Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox Tail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Tomato-Okra
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
Mock Turtle	Vermicelli-Tomato



"I want a meal! I want a meal!"
My tummy seems to cry.
"You'll have your meal
And one that's real,
In Campbell's," I reply.

"Let me think. What can I have today that will be different?" Every day you ask yourself that question. Millions of women are now taking advantage of the constant helpfulness of Campbell's Soups—21 different choices—already cooked for the table! And for those specially troublesome meals—luncheon and supper—what a relief to have Campbell's Vegetable Soup—"a meal in itself"—always ready in the pantry . . . 12 cents a can.

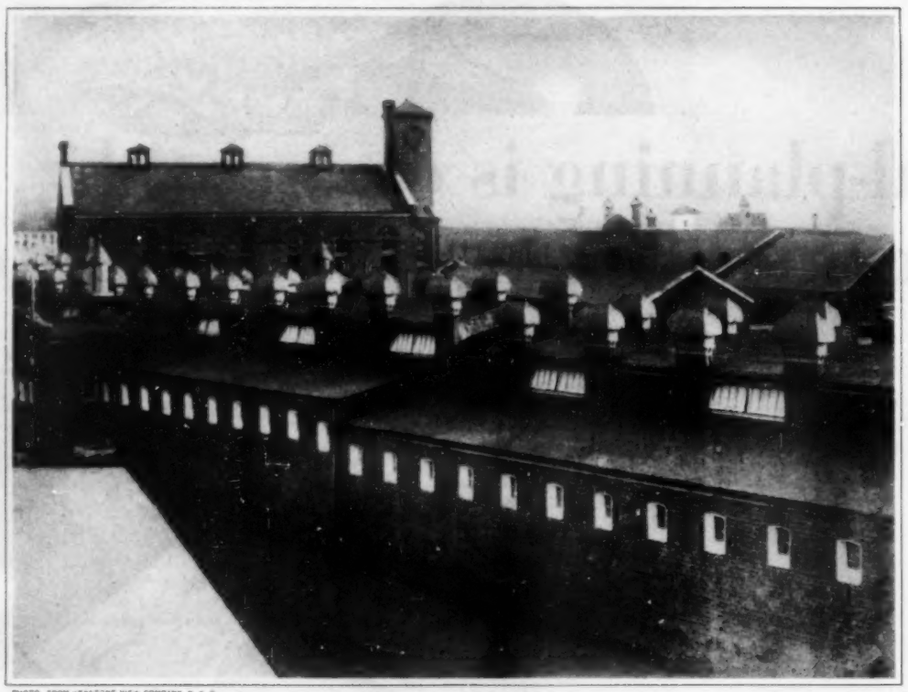
What We Do With Our Bad Boys

By LORD BRENTFORD—"JIX"

THE future of our country, with its great traditions, and doubtless of your country, with its vast possibilities, rests with the boys and girls who are now growing up. This is a commonplace, but it is sometimes desirable to repeat commonplaces in order to remind people of their responsibilities. The responsibilities of adults toward the younger members of the community cannot be set aside. Are these responsibilities being properly fulfilled at the present time?

A great deal has been said in recent years about the revolt of youth, but is there any serious reason for believing that the boys and girls of the present day are fundamentally different from those of previous generations? Is it not rather that the boys and girls are the same, but conditions have undergone a radical change? These changed conditions are largely, if not wholly, the result of the Great War, which led to an upheaval of many social customs rooted in tradition. It has led to the questioning of old standards and ideals of conduct, and in some directions the very foundations of morality have been pulled up by the roots for examination. There may be no harm in these processes to the mature mind; especially if its faith is proved and it can look to the future with untroubled eyes. But there may be considerable danger in these periods of questioning to those of unstable mind, and it is well known that the period of youth and adolescence is unstable.

We want, therefore, to surround the boys and girls of today with all the healthy influence possible. It is a great help for them to be members of an organization whose object it is to help them at this difficult stage of their lives. If left to themselves they may fall into the dangers which surround them, but united to some corporate body they may stand against temptation. There are many admirable movements for this purpose, and the very existence of them is evidence that the men and women of this generation do not intend the boys and girls to stray, if they can help it, for lack of guidance.



PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, N. Y. C.

A Borstal Prison

Turned From the Paths of Crime

THE object of these various organizations is to inspire their members with high ideals. It is not a policy of negation—merely to abstain from evil—but to live a life of active usefulness and self-sacrifice. This is one of the fine features which distinguish the newer movements for boys and girls from some of those which existed years ago. The extreme value of the work done by these organizations is well known, because they do succeed in keeping the young from the pitfalls which surround them. Many of those who are working among young offenders have noticed how seldom they come across, in the ranks of crime, those who have been regular attendants at Sunday school or have belonged to the Church Lads' Brigade, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides or other well-known organizations which exist for their benefit.

"Prevention is better than cure" is another trite saying which cannot be repeated too often, because it enshrines so important a truth.

The work of the organizations referred to above has done much to reduce the number of offenders who come before the courts. No one would complain if their efforts were so successful as to lead to the closing of reformatory schools and Borstal institutions and prisons. This may be an ideal, but progress has been so marked that it should not be regarded as an impossible ideal.

But the object of this article is not to describe the voluntary efforts which outside organizations make for the prevention of crime among our young people, but the work which the Government, through the Home Office, personally undertakes; and again, as in a previous article, I should like to lay down the thesis that the work of the state should be preventive and reformative rather than punitive. It is becoming increasingly apparent that even the police themselves, whose duty it is to catch criminals, desire to join in the efforts of the community as a whole to prevent crime. In our country there are several boys' clubs, started and run by the police of the locality, to clear the lads off the streets and prevent them from degenerating into a life of crime. To give a particular instance, the police at Norwich, a cathedral city in East Anglia, started a boys' club. Before it was started a great number of boys in the district had to be sent to a reformatory school by order of the police magistrates, but as soon as the club got into working order the population of the school fell—largely as a direct consequence of the club's success.

So much for the preventive side. There are, of course, and will be for many years to come, those who fall into evil ways in spite of all the help that is available. This may be due to original sin or to bad home surroundings, but it would be a mistake to assume that all young offenders come from bad homes. Many of the parents are trying to do their best for the boys and girls, and when they fail they are anxious to coöperate in any measure which can be found for helping them.

The methods of dealing with boys and girls who get into trouble have undergone great changes in the past two or three generations. It is not so long ago—barely 100 years—since boys of tender years were sentenced to death for comparatively small offenses which today would be dealt with by probation. The governor of the House of Correction in Coldbath Fields, giving evidence before the Committee on Secondary Punishment in 1831, said that he had under his charge a boy ten years old who had been in prison eight times. The superintendent of convict establishments told the same committee that some of the boy convicts were so young that they could scarcely put their clothes on and that they had to be dressed by the warders! Even if the death sentences were not carried out, the punishment inflicted was very severe, as it was the practice to transport them to distant colonies, and even when the boys' prison at Parkhurst was started in 1838, the boys were guarded with fixed bayonets. The dominating principle in those days was to extirpate juvenile crime by fear and repression. In the middle of the last century it was seen that the system was a complete failure. Reformatory schools were started for these children who had got into trouble with the police, and it is now impossible to send a young person under sixteen to prison except in very rare circumstances; and I hoped, had I remained in office, that I should have been able to induce Parliament to raise that age to seventeen. I even go further, and say that I hope that in nearly every case training in a Borstal institution—about which I will say something presently—will take the place of imprisonment even up to the age of twenty-one.

Juvenile Court

A VERY great advance in our method of dealing with these young criminals is the establishment of juvenile courts, which, like many other good things, comes, I believe, from America. The methods in these courts are generally paternal rather than magisterial. In searching the records of our Borstal institutions I find that half the children had committed their first offense before they reached the age of sixteen, and many, indeed, had committed several offenses before that age. If, therefore, we can get the juvenile courts not merely established but working with a determination to prevent imprisonment rather than to inflict it, we shall go a long way toward curing the evil of juvenile depravity. The real object of the courts, in fact, is to find out what is the cause which led the child to commit an offense, and then to apply a remedy appropriate to the cause rather than a punishment appropriate to the crime. Some people think that juvenile courts are too sentimental. But I want them to be just as sentimental, and no more, as a good father would be—taking exactly the same line with a delinquent child as he would.

Then there is the probation system—largely a product of the past twenty years, and now a recognized part of our legal machinery. By an act which I had the privilege of piloting through Parliament in 1925, it is put on a firm basis, and every magistrate's court in the country now has a probation officer attached to it—a man—sometimes a woman—unconnected with the administration of justice, entirely apart from the police force, but whose sole interest is that of the prisoner, and who tries to find out from him what his troubles are, what his reasons were for committing the crime, the circumstances of his home life, and finally, what is best to be done for him to get him straight again.

I wonder whether you readers realize what it means to a young boy or girl to find a probation officer in a police court? Have you ever been in a police court—a cold and drab building, with a magistrate, sometimes severe and sometimes kind, but always awe-inspiring, sitting on a raised seat behind a table, generally with a large carving of the Royal Arms above him. In front are the tables for the lawyers, and on one side is the witness box, while on the other side are one or two benches where the waiting witnesses can sit. And at the back is the general public—the most drab and dreary crowd that you can possibly imagine. They are the mothers and the wives of the drunkards and the burglars—the friends of the man in the dock, who are all prepared to stretch a point, if they dare, to prove his innocence when they know perfectly well that he is guilty.

What, then, can be the feelings of a young lad brought there, perhaps for the first or second time? Unable to afford a lawyer to defend him, and perhaps conscious of his

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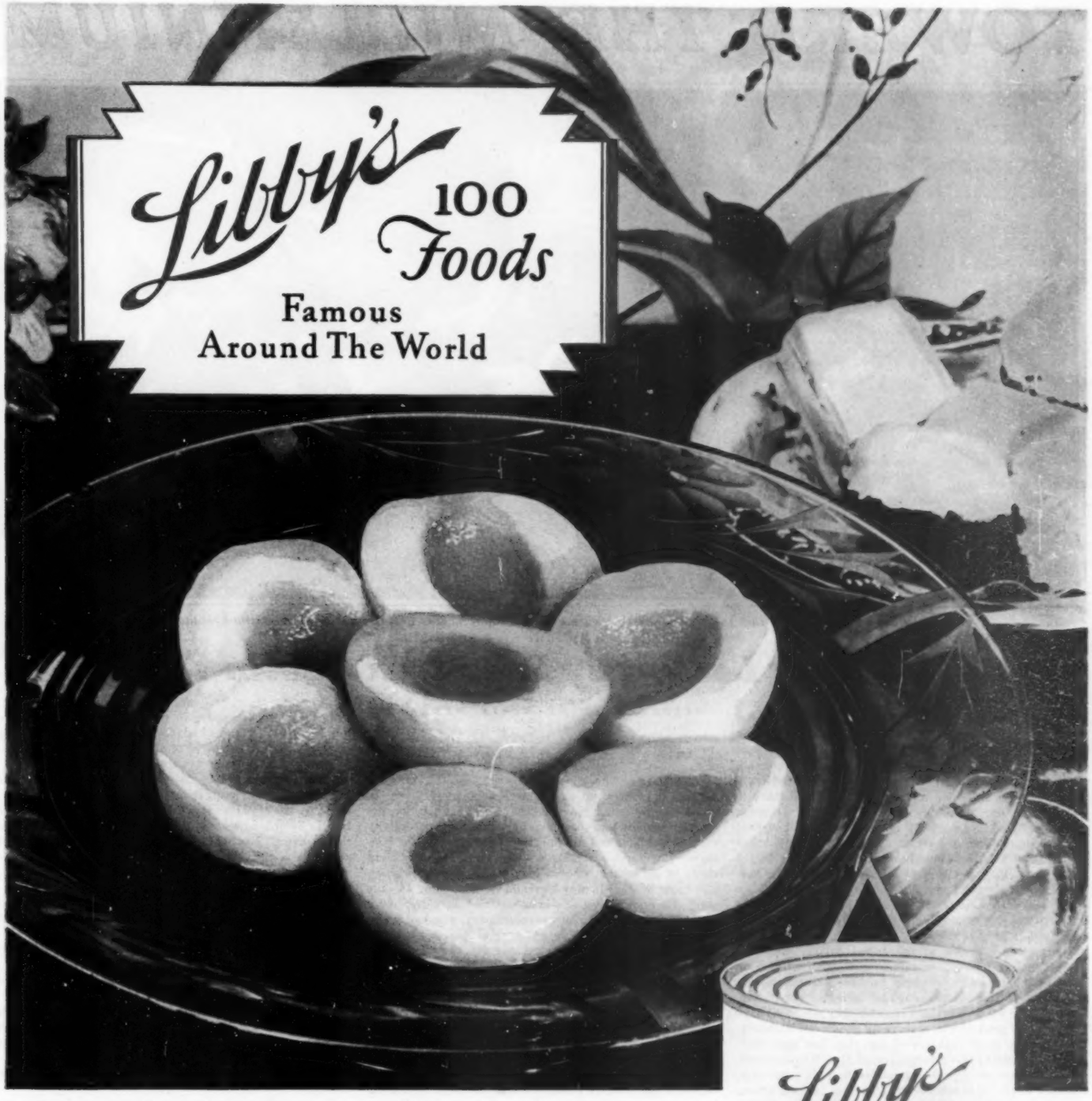
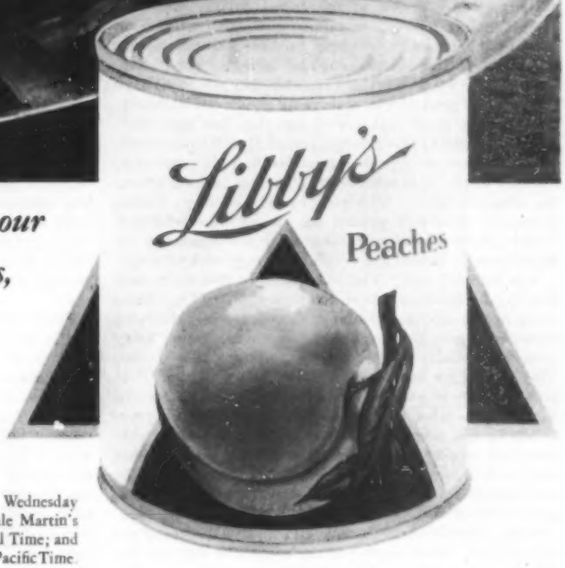


To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk



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TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

Russia Had Relapsed Into the Wild Anarchy He Had Confidently Expected and Desired as an Essential Prelude

Meet Lenin—By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

IT WAS the ninth of March of the year 1887. Snow was still heaped in the sled-rutted streets of Simbirsk and great blocks of ice drifted slowly down the Volga past that capital of the province. The sky was gloomily gray. A biting wind blew from the distant drear immensity of the Russian plains. The newness of the town, almost entirely rebuilt since the great fire of 1864, accentuated rawly the depressing bleakness of the long winter reluctant to melt into spring. To the youth Vladimir Ilyitch Ulianov, walking muffled up against the marrow-piercing blast, that ugly bleakness was in harmony with the harshly bitter bleakness of what he would have argumentatively denied to be his soul. A month short of seventeen years of age, precociously clever, feverishly diligent at his books, in easily won possession of every certificate necessary for the university which would be his next arena, the world was already hateful to him.

He muttered curses as other pedestrians, men and women, young fellows, fur-capped girls, glanced at him, recognised him with evident hostility, ostentatiously sheered away from him as though he carried contamination, danger. The cowards! Until recently they would all have been glad to greet him in their petty provincial snobbery. Until a little more than a week ago they had been obsequiously polite to this younger son of Ilya Nikolayevitch Ulianov, born at Nijni-Novgorod of humble parentage, but now inspector of schools and therefore ranking among the official nobility. Now even his schoolmaster, Feodor Kerensky—who had written on his leaving certificate, "Very gifted; consistently painstaking and regular in his attendance"—passed him with a blank face, without a sign.

The coward! As if Vladimir Ilyitch didn't know well that Feodor Kerensky also was a revolutionary like almost every poorly paid intellectual in Russia, secretly receiving mysterious men for mysterious conclaves, hiding away packets of badly printed leaflets, of forbidden books. Vladimir's elder brother, Alexander, had whispered it to him one day in great excitement; had gleefully assured him that the schoolmaster was "one of us," differing certainly in fine points of dogma, but also a zealous subterranean worker for the liberation of Holy Russia. That was before Alexander Ilyitch had last returned to the university at Petersburg. And now Feodor Kerensky, terrified, doubtless, of the formidably omniscient Okhrana, cravenly feigned nonacquaintance with the brother of the sensationally latest martyr to the cause. It was just like all these intellectuals. Splendid at talking, at cunning little intrigues, but nerveless cowards when it came to real danger! He would show them, one day, the way to make a revolution! He was harshly, contemptuously, convinced of it.

Even of his brother's methods he was scornful. Of what use was it to blow up a czar merely for another czar to succeed him? It but provoked the police into activity, destroying revolutionary organizations that were potentially valuable for later and real effectiveness. Hundreds of people went to Siberia. Scores went to prison. He had a vivid vision of his brother in that horror of a prison, awaiting inevitable death. If only he could do something to save him! Passionately he was attached to that clever elder who had taught him to be a revolutionary, who had introduced him to the infallible scripture of Karl Marx—how they had pored over Das Kapital in secret, had argued over it! Alexander had never correctly understood Marx. Marx was pure reason applied to the thesis of revolution; not a gospel but a method. That mad scheme of Alexander's—to blow up the Czar Alexander III by throwing bombs disguised as books—was not reason. It would have been a heroic futility even had it succeeded. It had failed. It was logical that it must fail, because he had no organization behind him as the police were organized, had, of course, a spy in every group of students. Now he and his four comrades lay under sentence of death, had thrown away their lives. They were dying because they had mistaken enthusiasm for logic. That was starkly clear. Logic! He despaired at its rarity in this world, at the imbecility of the instruments with which he would have to work.

For of course he had dedicated his life to the Revolution—not in Russia alone but in every other so-called civilized country, all alike a hateful phantasmagoria of capitalist exploitation of the laboring masses. That was dogma—Marxian dogma, unassailable. Dogma also was that Marxian formula he had written out, kept secretly in his room: "Workers of the world unite! You have a world to win! You have nothing to lose but your chains!" It was not that he loved those workers. Personally, he had no emotion whatever for them. They were merely tools he must one day use for the destruction of a society he hated because by all his theories it was wrong. Yes, that was the right mood for a revolutionary—hate. He hated the whole of so-called civilization, even as he hated these smug, cowardly inhabitants of Simbirsk who now ostracized him as if he were a pariah! The existing world, grown up in an interlocking muddle of superstition and unequal opportunity, must be destroyed utterly, made anew. Meanwhile he hated it, vehemently, consciously, in every fiber of himself. He must cultivate that hatred, foster it to be the dominant principle in him, exclusive of all else, until it triumphed. So should Alexander be avenged.

He arrived at the long low single-story house which was his home. In the sitting room his mother, Maria Ulianova, stood by the big stove in a strange, stony immobility, her face as he had never seen it. She was holding a telegram in her hand. His sister, Anna Ilyinishna, clung to her, sobbing convulsively. With that peculiar petrified lifelessness his mother held out the telegram to him. He took it, read it.

Alexander and his four fellow-students had been hanged yesterday in the Schlüsselburg lake prison, near Petersburg.

He pressed his lips over the shock, over that dreadful certainty of finality, crunched the telegram in his hand.

"It is not necessary to go by that path," he said, after a moment. "We shall not go by it."

His mother looked slowly at him, seemed to awaken to a sudden life, to a sudden horror, threw herself at him with arms that clasped him in a tight embrace, with a poignant cry:

"Not you, Vladimir Ilyitch! Not you also, for the love of God!"

He ignored her, stood as though gazing into futurity, his young face in a strange expression.

"We can never succeed that way. It is not the right way. But we shall succeed. I shall show them. One must hate and think, without hate, without love—like a machine."

It was the year 1903. Vladimir Ilyitch Ulianov, now since many years more usually known as Nikolai Lenin in an adoption of the revolutionary pseudonym assumed by his executed brother, sat in a small squalid hall in the East End of London, thick with tobacco smoke. On a tiny platform approached by a narrow flight of steps, a haggard man with long disheveled hair orated violently in Russian. Seated in little groups upon the benches of the hall, a number of shabby unkempt men and women, some forty-odd in all, interrupted at every moment with hissing or applause, with disorderly shouts of encouragement or abuse. They addressed each other as *tovarishtch*—comrade. It was the Second Congress of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party, founded as the Labor Liberation Party

(Continued on Page 33)

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Freezing days demand this unique double-range oil *now*—

Change to Mobiloil Arctic today!

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Your battery wasn't built to do stunts. Your engine wasn't built to run without prompt and thorough oil distribution. The use of incorrect oil in winter sacrifices months of useful battery and engine life.

But just changing to *any* winter oil is not enough. Many so-called "winter oils" give easy starting, but thin out dangerously on hot engine surfaces. The wide range of engine temperature calls for a *double-range* oil!

Mobiloil Arctic is the most popular winter oil in all the cold weather countries of the world. Because it is a *double-range* oil! Summer starting ease is coupled with rich lubrication at *all* running temperatures.

Here is the simplest way to avoid the engine worries of cold weather driving: Today, find the Mobiloil dealer near you, and have him change your oil to Mobiloil Arctic.

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Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (Freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Models T, TT, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Chandler Special Six	...	...	A	Arc	A	A	...	...
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 6-cyl.	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...	A	Arc
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...	...	...
" Model T	...	...	...	...	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	...	...
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	...	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
" other models	...	...	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Whippet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.	...	...	...	...	...	...	B	Arc
" 6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

A Winter Gear Oil, too!

You can further fortify your engine against the wear and strain of the cold winter months ahead by having transmission and differential drained and refilled with the new Mobiloil "CW" Gear Lubricant. It remains fluid in coldest weather and clings tenaciously to each gear tooth. This lightens engine load and makes gear shifting easy.

the New

Mobiloil

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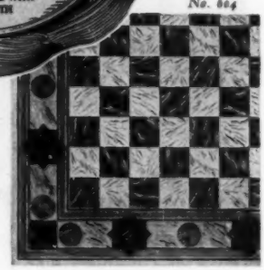
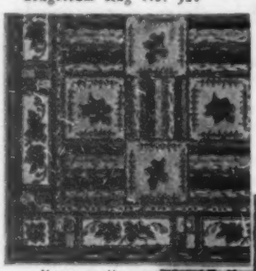
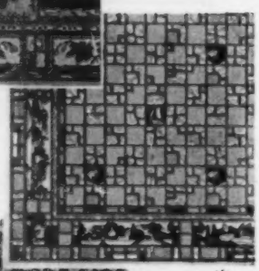
This Gold Seal identifies the world's best buy in floor-coverings.

"PALMETTO" *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 604*

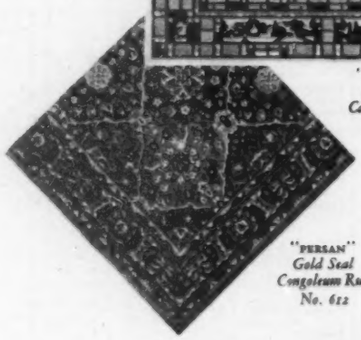




"CONCORD" *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 605*



"WINDSOR" *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 602*



"PERSIAN" *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 612*

THERE'S *no dark secret* about the tremendous success of *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs*. When you stop to think about it, there are *plenty of good reasons* why more of these modern, labor-saving floor-coverings have been sold than all similar brands combined. Just consider all the features you want in the rugs you buy—then note how, on every point, *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs* stand unmatched.

You want Style! *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs* are always keyed to the smartest prevailing modes of home decoration. Styled to the minute! You can well be proud of having these rugs in your home.

You want Beauty! *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs* are the creations of world-famous designers. No matter how much you paid you could not get rugs *more expensively designed*—they possess a subtle distinction that sets them apart.

You want Quality! The makers of *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs* are the originators and the world's largest manufacturers of felt-base floor-coverings.

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Only in *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs* do you get all these advantages plus that extra wear-resistance built in by the exclusive *Multicote Process* of manufacture.

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Ask your local Congoleum dealer—or write us—for a free copy of the Institute folder with broadcast time-table. (*Not yet on Pacific Coast.*)

CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

YOUR BIGGEST MONEY'S WORTH IN MODERN, LABOR-SAVING FLOOR-COVERINGS

(Continued from Page 30)

by George Plekhanov in 1883. Opened in Brussels, an unsympathetic Belgian police had necessitated its transference to London.

Vladimir Ilyitch, under the name of Richter, had already resided for some months in that happily passportless citadel of capitalism where, despite what he imagined to be the fluent English he had learned during that three years' exile in Siberia which had terminated in 1900, he had found no workman capable of understanding him sufficiently to direct him to the grave of Karl Marx in Highgate Cemetery. With him had come his wife, Nadeshda Konstantinovna Krupskaya, seated next to him now, physically unattractive in a peasant homeliness, but self-sacrificingly devoted to him as the incarnation of the revolutionary cause in which she had been an enthusiastic worker even before she met him, who had simultaneously been exiled to Siberia for five years and had been permitted to join him as his betrothed, had at her own release followed him to Munich and thence to London with the inner group of conspirators he had joined. That group sat on another bench in the smoke-wreathed, badly lit hall—Plekhanov, a tired intellectual visage narrowing down to a pointed little beard, the acknowledged leader; Vera Zasulitch, the terrorist, who, in 1878, had tried to kill Trepov, the chief of police in St. Petersburg, tousled, good-looking, slovenly, with an eternally dangling cigarette she half smoked while her nervous hands rolled yet another; Paul Axelrod, joint founder of the party; Martov, more correctly Zederbaum, the third of its triumvirate. To Martov whispered another young Jewish revolutionary, Leiba Davidovitch Bronstein, now preferring to call himself Lev Trotzky, with a mop of black hair and feverishly brilliant eyes in a pale Mephistophelian face, alleged to be a Talmudist, a member of the Jewish Bund as well as of their own organization, recently escaped from Siberia. All listened, more or less impatiently, to the man on the platform—one of those delegates who, by devious routes, had come from the Russia whither most of them dared not return.

Lenin Stood in the Doorway

He, Vladimir Ilyitch, listened with more than impatience, with exasperation, to the frenzied rhetoric of the orator. Wearily he passed his hand over his already bald, high forehead, frowned with his narrow Mongolian eyes, angrily observing the speaker through half-opened fingers, irritatedly caressed the beardless chin under his dark mustache. Words! Words! Words! How tired he was of words! How tired he was of these futile, incessant talkers, psychopathic degenerates nearly all branded with the stigmata of physical disease, whom he hated as bitterly as he hated everything else. He despised them with an unutterable contempt. Now for fifteen years he had been a professional revolutionary, living in squalid poverty on irregular funds supplied from mysterious sources. He had no temptation to divert more than a bare minimum of such money to his personal uses. He had no individual existence apart from the Cause—the catastrophic destruction of a world he hated. Moreover, he was fanatically convinced that he—and he alone, out of all these frothy babblers—possessed the formula for that destruction.

In that certainty he had quarreled furiously with Plekhanov, with Vera Zasulitch, with Axelrod, with Martov, with almost every revolutionary except perhaps young Gershon Aronovitch Radomisilsky, who called himself Apfelbaum, and latterly Zinoviev. The precise definition of the formula was all-important. He had wrestled with it in long hours of solitary brain work, finding the word which should permit of no deviation from the strictly logical path to success. For, unlike these others, beyond the formula he saw perpetually and vividly the mechanics of action. Already for long years he had been the most scientifically expert of conspirators, skillfully adept in the use of disguises, in all the tricks of invisible writing, in the smuggling and distribution of illegal propaganda, in the technic of an organization which would implicitly obey orders from leaders beyond its ken.

Apart from this semi-overt political party, he was himself a high initiate in a secret society, occultly connected with all the revolutionary groups, whereof, like the other members, he knew only the one man immediately above him and the three units below; unpleasant things happened to the traitor who failed in obedience or revealed the barest hint of its existence. That was the way to get things done. Concentrate power—real power—in the hands of one man, ruthless to exercise it, pure in the dogma of Marx. Not merely wait for opportunity, but work continually and logically to create opportunity. Undermine, permeate that civilization against which they were arrayed in implacable battle, turn its foolish loves to hatreds, its loyalties to treasons, seduce its wives and daughters in local disruptions of the family which was its basic unit, ridicule its moralities, terrorize it with blackmail, corrupt its contemptible bourgeois respectability into fraud and crime, drive the wretched proletariat into greater wretchedness by a ceaseless succession of strikes, create rebels, an army of despair—Marx, Engels, Bakunin—all the giants of the earlier revolutionary epoch had shown the way to do it, had cynically practiced these methods around them. All that was good. It was, in fact, being done by all the initiates. But it was not sufficient. It was but skirmish

(Continued on Page 76)

It Had Been Necessary to be Pitiless for That Revolution Which Had Triumphantly Succeeded—Surely it Had Triumphantly Succeeded?

Get *the Faintest Crooning Whisper with* Majestic's Colorful Tone

MAJESTIC has achieved radio's only goal—perfect reception. It gives you every delicate shading of expression—every note from every instrument. The glorious, COLORFUL TONE created by the musician before the microphone is yours—hum-free, undistorted—regardless of distance or interference. Choose the crashing splendor of a Sousa march, or let a crooning voice whisper tales of moonlit gardens—Majestic's Colorful Tone reveals every accent, captures every note superbly.

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THERE IS A TIDE—

Big Moments in Business—By David Lawrence

FROM AN ETCHING BY HERBERT PULLINGER

The Girard Trust Company, Philadelphia

MANY an illusion exists nowadays about the ease and comfort enjoyed by the man at the top. Visions exist, especially down the line in the larger organizations, that the chief executive gazes constantly at a desk clean of papers and that his chief virtue is a capacity for delegating others to do his work. In fact, so ingrained is this fetish in American business that promotion to a presidency is sometimes mistaken for relief from the burdens of selling and direct contact. It does sometimes mean inaccessibility and the establishment of a monarchy of isolation within which even the valued customer is not able to penetrate; but more often it bespeaks enlarged responsibility.

The president of the United States Steel Corporation, James A. Farrell, it will be conceded, is a busy man. As head of an institution with plants and branch offices throughout this country and nearly every foreign country in the world, he must necessarily have an organization built to handle sales and distribution. One might imagine that he didn't even know personally any of the individuals to whom sales are made or their demands. Certainly if there is one corporation the head of which might expect to enjoy at threescore or more the luxury of traveling only when the spirit moved him or going after business when he felt the return was assured, it is United States Steel.

A few weeks ago the telephone bell rang in the private office of Mr. Farrell. The man at the other end was a thousand miles away.

"I had intended," said the voice, which Mr. Farrell recognized, "to come to New York, but I find I cannot get away. Could you be at my office tomorrow about noon?"

Mr. Farrell glanced quickly at the clock. It was one hour before one of the fast trains departed.

"Yes," he replied, "I'll be there tomorrow at noon."

Whatever plans the head of the Steel Corporation had for that day were brushed aside. He telephoned to his home to have a messenger meet him at the station with his suitcase packed. Next morning he found there was no connecting train which could bring him to his destination at noon. So he rented an automobile and motored one hundred miles. At exactly twelve o'clock he was at the office of the manufacturer, who could not conceal his surprise.

"I'm glad you came," he began. "I have felt for some time that your people out here didn't realize the need we have for more steel. We have been buying 200,000 tons a year from you. I want you to get ready to give us a million tons a year."

Mr. Farrell with characteristic earnestness betrayed no sign of his satisfaction that he did decide to come. For a jump from $10,000,000 worth of steel to $50,000,000 is no small increase, even for the United States Steel Corporation.

"We have been thinking," continued the manufacturer, "about setting up a plant of our own out here."

Again Mr. Farrell was glad he came. There began then a conference of several hours, during which, with a knowledge of construction costs and every item involved, the head of the Steel Corporation brought out convincing arguments that the United States Steel Corporation could care for all his requirements at a lower cost than he could do it for himself. In a few hours, Mr. Farrell had outlined a plan for the erection of a series of new plants costing tens of millions of dollars. By midnight of that day he had the branch executives in conference and the architects were drawing plans for immediate construction. As he took the train that night for home, the people left behind in a commotion of activity and expansion plans knew why James A. Farrell had held for so many years the presidency of the United States Steel Corporation.

Tomorrow's Business That Yesterday Did

BUT the fruits of toil do not always come so quickly. About three years ago, the head of a company which does a construction business of many millions of dollars a year was sitting in his office buried in a pile of blue prints. His contracting firm was dealing mostly with million-dollar buildings. His secretary came to the door.

"There's someone on the telephone," he said, "who wants to do some building. They say they will not see anyone but the president of the company, and they want you to come up there at once."

The message sounded vague. Something within him told the busy president of one of America's largest construction companies that it seemed like a wild-goose chase. He pondered a moment wondering whom to send and then remembered the request—they wanted to see only the president. So he turned to the secretary and said: "Tell them I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

Riding up the Subway, one of the busiest of business men grew more annoyed at himself for his impulsive decision. When he reached the office, in Madison Avenue in uptown New York, he was ushered in at once—nobody asked for a name.

"I came in answer to the telephone call about the construction work you wanted to do," he said.

"Oh, yes," said a quiet, unassuming man behind a desk in a small room. "I want to build a garage ——"

There was evidently something wrong. The construction president knew a mistake had been made. He felt an internal explosion but he repressed his feelings and listened patiently:

"I knew your company and thought you folks could do the garage quickly. I need it in a hurry. Now here are the plans."

Knowing every detail of his business, the president of the company gave facts and figures and went over the plan carefully. As he finished and started away there came the inquiry he had hoped would not be made:

"Might I ask what is your name and position with the company?"

The exclamation that followed was punctuated with an emphasis that carried its own apology.

"That's all right," said the construction magnate as he tucked the blue prints under his arm. "We like to get business always."

What had happened was one of those comedies of errors which sometimes result from delegating to a literal-minded switchboard operator the task of making calls. The message as originally worded was to get "someone in charge" and her idea of it was the boss—she didn't know one construction company from another—"someone in charge" meant only the president of the company.

A few weeks ago the same executive was sitting in his office when a caller's card was sent to him. He recognized the name of the man who wanted a garage built. He couldn't forget it. The incident had taunted him as a mistake in judgment so often does.

"I've come to reimburse you for that wild-goose chase," explained his visitor. "I'm going to pay you for your call."

Out of his pocket he drew a memorandum of a construction project that his board of directors had authorized that day. It was for a ten-million-dollar building.

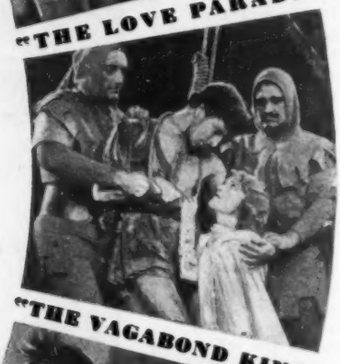
"We're always glad to get your business," commented the construction president with a smile.

The Valor of Speculative Ignorance

MANY a business man who prides himself on a knowledge of his own company's affairs, who would not take a risk with his stockholders' money, was caught in the recent

(Continued on Page 162)

Week after week · after week after week . . . .



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Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES. PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK CITY

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

CAROLYN PLAYS WITH FIRE

By Violette Kimball Dunn

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

Stanley Stood and Stared at Her, Cigarette in Hand. "Hello, Stan. Want Some Breakfast?" She Said Hospitably

CAROLYN woke at the unearthly hour of six. Her feet, as she moved them, were curiously restricted, and she focused sleepy eyes down the length of shimmering satin. Across the end of the bed an Irish terrier snored peacefully. She stretched, turned, and looked into the clear green gaze of a gray cat beside her pillow.

"Sleeping in the zoo," she said with sarcasm. She smiled drowsily, with the smug response to flattery induced by the preference of animals. The cat rumbled on, and the dog cocked a waggish ear. She turned over and shut her eyes firmly. If she began to think, she was done. But she had already begun, so after a moment she gave it up and got out of bed. She slid under her shower, yawning, and fifteen minutes later was trotting, booted, across the lawn, in riding breeches and soft shirt. As she neared the stables a door opened, and a boy came out, tousled and blinking in the early sunshine. He looked at her owlishly. A swell time to be hanging round horses! Carolyn hailed him.

"Morning, Bill," she called. "Put a saddle on Lucky and bring her up, will you?"

"Now?" he asked.

"Absolutely. Now I think of it, I'll wait while you do it." The boy stumbled into the stable, yawning. No use trying to figure things out at half-past six in the morning. He needed his job, and was glad he happened to wake up. Carolyn climbed onto the stone wall at the back of the stable yard and sat down. Even sitting on a stone wall, she emanated poised indifference. She looked calm, capable, and astonishingly pretty. Able to talk back fluently to the impertinences of the day. It had taken her a long time to get the pose. It fooled outsiders all the time, and the family most of it. It was a good line. Behind it she hid her somewhat mouselike nature. Bill came through a shadowy doorway, leading the mare. He had managed to brush his hair, but otherwise, Carolyn thought, looked as if he had been picked out of a hedge. Not that it mattered. She jumped down from the wall, thanked him, patted the horse's nose and mounted.

"You might telephone the house to get me some breakfast in half an hour or so," she said, and the mare scampered off, kicking up gravel. Bill said, "Yes'm," to the spot where they had been, and Lucky pranced out through the big gates into the road.

"And make the most of it," Carolyn told her. "When it gets car time it's back to the bridle paths for you. What'll you bet I know every leaf along 'em by its first name?" Lucky buck-jumped gingerly. "What's the idea of the rodeo stuff? I came out here to think." But Lucky's brains were cavorting in her heels. She wheeled and pranced and tried her skill at bolting, and at last Carolyn gave it up.

"You old fool, you're no more good to me than anybody else around here," she said affectionately, and turned the mare toward home. She rode back through the gates and up the drive. Lucky shied deliriously at a passing leaf. Carolyn laughed, slid out of the saddle and turned the horse over to a groom.

On the shady side of the terrace, on a little table, a maid was setting out a breakfast service. Carolyn dropped into a deep chair and began to pour herself a cup of coffee. The maid went back into the house, and Carolyn pulled a letter out of her breeches pocket and spread it on her knee. She thought she knew it by heart, but she might have missed something. Lucie skipped about so. She read one line. A match flicked the stone of the doorway, and she looked up. It would be Stanley. Not so bad, though. It might have been her father. Stanley stood and stared at her, cigarette in hand.

"Hello, Stan. Want some breakfast?" she said hospitably. He loafed over and sat down opposite her.

"Had it, thanks. Saw the breeches out here and thought it might be Pete."

"Father? Don't be funny! You don't dance all night when you're forty, and then do a rising lark the next morning."

"Aren't you early birding rather spectacularly yourself?" he asked. "Seems to me there wasn't much grass growing under your feet, either, last night."

"That's all you saw," Carolyn told him. "I got bored early, and went home. I was in bed by one."

"How come?"

"Oh, same old stuff. People walking all over your feet. If I'm doing it when I'm forty I hope somebody'll put me on a leash. Wouldn't you think someone could invent a new party?"

"Looks as if Delphia's got Pete on a leash," said her uncle casually. It was too casual. Carolyn knew the tone. Trying her out to see what she'd found. Or what she would tell.

"Speaking from experience or gossip?" she asked flippantly. Everybody knew the play Delphia had made for Stanley until she found Peter had more money. Stanley flushed, and Carolyn repented. "Want to go round the links with me this morning?" she offered.

"Can't be done, worse luck. I'm going to town on the 8:15. Client, idle rich, nothing to do. So he takes it out on me. Whatever you make your life work, don't let them kid you into architecture."

"I'll remember," said Carolyn. "Thanks for the warning. Why don't you drive in?"

"Early death among the trucks on lower Broadway? No, thanks. Plebeian but safe, that's me. Train and taxi, and let somebody else worry. . . . How did you get mail so early?"

Carolyn doubled the letter back into her pocket. "Idiot," she thought, "to forget it."

"This letter?" she said blandly. "This came last night."

"Looked like Lucie's writing," he said deliberately.

"Did it?" she smiled.

"Was it?" he asked.

Crude work, for Stanley, thought Carolyn. This was not playing the game. She wished suddenly with all her heart it was. A plain series of questions and answers. How simple. But no; plan and scheme, and always say one thing when you mean another. A sensible plan of life simply didn't work. It was queer, but there it was. Stanley sat and stared at her, waiting. She looked him in the eye.

"Yes, it was from Lucie," she said.

"Oh. Any news?" He spoke as if it didn't make any difference. But Carolyn knew.

"No," she said deliberately. "Just a Lucie letter. You know."

"No," he said, "I'm hanged if I do. Six weeks ago she sent me a bright, improbable picture of San Francisco harbor; she never even said, 'I wish you were here.' I know she's come East, but I don't know where. She might write to me. I like Lucie."

"Everybody likes Lucie," said Carolyn vaguely. "I suppose that's why she's so busy." She could feel him looking at her, trying to figure out how much she knew. She lowered the curtains in her large blue eyes and looked back at him sweetly.

"I just love the baby-angel gaze," said Stanley bluntly, "but what's all this about Pete and Lucie?"

Of course he couldn't tell that she longed unbearably to cast herself on his shoulder and weep. To tell him all she knew. Somebody ought to help. It wasn't fair to make

They Were Sitting on the Bench. It Was as Easy as That. She Thanked Heaven for the Hedge as She Crouched

"Take Your Time, Lady," He Said Without Turning His Head. "I'm a Grand Waiter"

her carry it alone. Stan was a good scout, only a bit flat-headed. Lucie had no business to trust her with everything.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said simply.

"The heck you don't!" He laughed. "All right, keep your secret. You ought to land an ambassador, at least. International complications would never get away from you."

"Will you put that in writing?" asked Carolyn gayly. She finished her coffee. "Won't you miss your train?"

"I'd miss it if you'd loosen up with your information," he said.

"I don't know what you want to find out," she said again.

"Oh, chuck it," cried Stanley impatiently. "You annoy me, you—you infant. You ought to be playing with your dolls. And I'll bet you know exactly what Lucie's up to. Darn it, it's my business too! You and Pete are all the family I've got. After all, Lucie's only a step. Why the feverish loyalty?"

Carolyn stared off across the grass.

"I've never been long on a real mother," she said finally, "but if they come any better than Lucie, I wouldn't give you a copper cent to find it out."

"And that's your story."

"That's my story. If you want to know so much, why the heck don't you ask Pete? After all he's your brother."

"I have lucid moments," said Stanley. He got up and stood looking at her. "Poor little pretty kid," he thought suddenly. Brains and beauty—a ruinous combination. "Pete's ten years older than I am. Sometimes he throws as big a scare into me as he does into you."

"He doesn't scare me," said Carolyn scornfully. "I think he's an ass, but he doesn't scare me."

"Respectful child," said Stanley. "Personally I lack the nerve to walk up and say, 'Look here, old man; has your wife walked out on you? Is she getting a divorce, or just how do things stand between you? How much longer are you going to let Delphia Norcross make a giddy fool of you?' I like washing private scandals in the public tub as much as the next man, but there's a limit."

"You'd never guess it, would you?" asked Carolyn cheerfully. "Want me to run you down to the station?"

"You're completely shot for fear I'll miss my train, aren't you?" he said. He came over and picked up her hand from the arm of the chair. It was a small boy's hand, brown and slim, on which burnished nails and a great pearl shone ludicrously. He held it hard, and dropped it.

"Good kid," he said. "I only hope I'll rate as good a one if I get into a jam." Carolyn laughed and patted his arm. He walked down the terrace and into the house. Carolyn lay back in her chair and looked after him. She felt flat and tired with mental acrobatics. Something would have to break. She thrust out her slim, booted legs, relaxed and shut her eyes. The only time she got any peace was when she was asleep, and sleep was getting harder every night. No wonder new generations thought they knew it all. They probably did, when middle age came down on them with its problems. She must read Lucie's letter again. She opened her eyes and half pulled it from her pocket. Then she thrust it back. Better in her own room. Nobody to run in and out there. She jumped up and ran into the house. Things were beginning to stir. A housemaid passed her in the wide hall, dusting cloths in hand. Parker followed stolidly, with two big silver bowls filled with fresh-cut roses.

Something clicked. For the first time in her twenty years the machinery of the great house registered. Law and order, and manifold jobs. Wheels oiled and running. All for three people on their casual way to nowhere! Three people who ought to be four. Ways to nothing but boredom, because nobody could find new ways to nothing. "What the heck's the matter with me?" she thought. After all, she was twenty. At twenty you were supposed to know your way about. Susette was waiting for her in the hall. She followed Carolyn, stripped off her riding things, put her into a butter-colored sports dress, and left, boots dangling from her hand, breeches and shirt over her arm. Carolyn picked up a comb and ran it through her bright hair. She retrieved Lucie's letter from the dressing table, dropped into a chair and spread it out once more. As she did this she had a curious sense of Lucie's nearness. Almost of Lucie curled up on the chaise longue, worn out tramping over the links; small and dark and lovely; looking not much older than Carolyn, except when the light was especially brutal. How Lucie hated golf! Her form was terrible, but she stuck it out. "I'll do it if I choke," she had confided to Carolyn. "Pete will never stand me if I don't." What a poisonous mess! She looked down at the letter reluctantly. She'd have to read it again, so she might as well get on with it.

Delphia Was Sitting in Front of a Mirror in the Luxurious Dressing Room as Carolyn Slipped Out of Her Wrap. She Called "Hello" Into the Glass Without Turning

"Darling Binks." Darn fool name. Lucie's invention—why, nobody knew. A tear gathered suddenly and splashed. The place where it fell was already slightly blistered. "For the love of eels," thought Carolyn, "am I going to take up crying?" She went back to the page crossly:

Darling Binks: Have you lots of time? Give it to me, there's a lamb, because I don't know what to do. Binks, it's happened. I didn't dream it really could, but it has. Pete's lawyers have

Even Sitting on a Stone Wall, She Looked Calm, Capable, and Astonishingly Pretty

written. I got the letter this morning. He wants a divorce. They're waiting to hear if I'll go quietly. Premiums, Binks, if I will! Anything to get rid of me! Anything but Pete. I don't count you in, darling, because I believe I'll have you anyway. If I didn't think so—well, there's no good being melodramatic, is there.

It sounds just as easy, the way they tell it. Only a divorce? No family should be without a few. Something to pep you up, like caviar and cocktails before luncheon.

But, Binks, I just can't give Pete up. Isn't it silly? It isn't as if I was a born glitterer. But, darling, I don't honestly belong. I never did belong. I've tried so hard—you can't imagine. But the rest of you are different. You take it all in your stride. There's no use saying being born in it doesn't make a difference. The Park Avenue place, Sunrise Crest, Paris, cars, jewels, clothes—they've always been outside somehow—never part of me. Can you believe the first time I ever saw Sunrise and knew it was home, I nearly fainted from terror? Pete and I drove past the lodge—I thought it was the house, and wondered how I could live up to it! I hugged myself, later, because I hadn't let him know. We drove on, through the winding road, among the trees. Suddenly I saw the huge Georgian house, with the ivy and the stables and the gardens and the servants. I thought it would tumble over and crush me! I wanted to sneak away to the servants' entrance. Then you came trotting across the grass with a gray-and-white governess behind you. Do you remember? You were so darling, Binks—all white and gold. And only seven. You threw yourself on me, and you said—oh, Binks, you said, "We can use a mother around this dump. Where the hell have you been?" Mlle. Martin pretended to faint. Your father went chalky and began to storm. We found you'd been putting in your time at the stables and garage, while Mlle. Martin vamped the housekeeper's husband. Pete discharged her and took you away to be whipped. I clutched all the nerve I had and fought it out with him. But I won, and he let you off.

You were right—you could use a mother. But, Binks, you've got to be born to the power of money, or else be a lot cleverer than I. You never had a country lawyer for a father, or stretched two ends into speaking distance. I've put up a pretty good bluff. I can wear the clothes and speak the language, but inside I'm a dud. I swim and golf and ride and drive a car, in a purple funk! And life to Pete is one sport after the other. And it would all be perfectly simple, but the deuce of it is, I love him. Isn't it too idiotic? When I ought to be modern minded and casual, and hand him over to Delphia without a struggle. I'd have money, and I'm not old. Somebody else would probably want me. But I just want Pete.

(Continued on Page 56)

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snows

freezes

and roads are slippery

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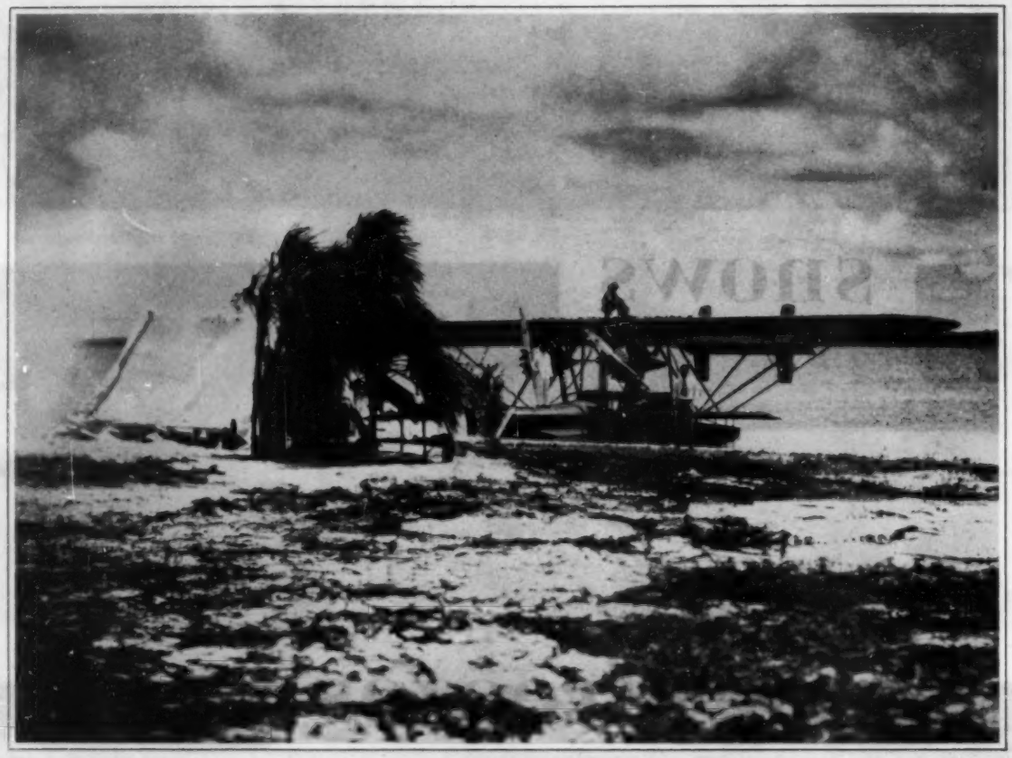
EXPLORING THE MAYA WITH LINDBERGH—By William I. Van Dusen

BLAZING an aerial highway northward with the first air mail from Panama to the United States, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh came upon one of the mystic, jungle-covered cities of the Mayas. Buried deep in the virgin bush of Eastern Yucatan, the unnatural-shaped mounds were first sighted by the flyer's companion, Col. John A. Hambleton, while scouting far off their original course to chart possible auxiliary landing fields.

The sight of that forgotten city, deserted since the time of the people who built it, stimulated Colonel Lindbergh's interest in the possibility of aerial surveys to assist scientists in their study of the Maya land, so difficult to penetrate from the ground. Out of that incident came the first aerial exploration into the unknown regions of the Yucatan peninsula. Weeks later, on a flying business trip to the Pacific Coast, Lindbergh stopped long enough to make one call in Washington. There he visited Dr. John C. Merriam, head of the Carnegie Institution, which has done such notable work in the Southwestern United States and in Central America, where its scientists have unearthed much of the precious little the modern world knows of the Mayas. He related his experience on the air-mail flight and offered his services to the Institution, believing the airplane could be useful to scientific research.



Cozumel, One of Aviation's Outposts. On This Island Airport Builders Uncovered Part of a Maya City

Dr. Alfred E. Kidder is a Maya enthusiast, and he and the Lindberghs did some experimenting with the possibilities of archæological research by air. He has many months in the treacherous jungle to his credit. All agreed that in the Maya country lay the real test—where the airplane would find its most severe conditions, and where, if successful, the results would be the most beneficial by enabling scientists to penetrate those dark areas no white man had ever seen. The Carnegie Institution of Washington and Pan-American Airways jointly sponsored the expedition into the unexplored regions of Central America. The close of Lindbergh's second flight around the Caribbean circle offered the opportunity, and before he left Miami, on September twentieth, the expedition was already planned.

The Jungle Route to Belize

THE tail end of the September hurricane ripped the railroad to tatters and left one of the first members to be chosen, Dr. Oliver H. Ricketson, stranded in far-off Guatemala City. Ricketson has spent several years in the Maya country for the Institution and knows that cunning bush as well as any man living. Undaunted, with a roll of hand maps and a kit of supplies, he pushed out into the swampy jungle for the tedious journey overland to Belize, the rendezvous for the expedition. He accomplished a few miles in a freight car, as far as the rails had survived an abnormal rainfall; then two days on muleback, with nights spent in Indian villages along the dim trail, brought him across the gap, where he found an automobile and a road of sorts to get him into Puerto Barrios. There he chartered an old launch for the remainder of the journey to Belize.

That overland trek set no speed record from Guatemala City to the capital of British Honduras, where he turned up a bit worn on the fifth day. Unfortunately, once he entered the bush, all communications ceased and Ricketson never learned that Lindbergh, on his way from Panama, had flown to Guatemala to pick him up. He had spent five days on a journey that required scarcely three hours by plane.

Two other members, Doctor Kidder and the writer, who was elected historian of the expedition, did set a new travel record—forty-four hours from New York to Belize. Most of that time was spent in getting to Miami by train. Once there, the West Indies Air Limited whisked us over the Florida Keys to Havana, where we arrived just in time to see our Panama plane ready to take off. Three hours later we were across the Yucatan Strait and, just a day and a half from Times Square, were chasing alligators in a tropic lagoon on far-off Cozumel Island.

Here is an outpost of aviation. A ragged strip of sandy beach strung between the lagoon and the sea, a white cone flying atop a bamboo mast to indicate wind direction, and mountains of gasoline drums between swaying palm trees are the only signs of civilization. Here you have native frijoles and rice boiled in an iron pot on an open fire, and Indian coffee you might slice with your knife. We had heard of this spot in Havana and were brought here after much pleading, since the lagoon is used only as an emergency fueling station.

Three more hours brought us to our port. Belize, a picturesque village of white frame houses on stilts, dozed peacefully in the late afternoon sunshine. The plane glided down to the calm bay, skipped over the surface for a few minutes, idled comfortably on the shallow water, then rolled itself up onto the beach.

Colonel Lindbergh, Mrs. Lindbergh and Ricketson had already arrived. We found them at the Government House sitting on the floor, with half a dozen maps scattered about. None of them had seen a newspaper in several days and we, having just arrived from the outside world, brought them up to date on current events, laughingly compared our various trips to Belize, and then Lindbergh and the scientists immediately set to work on the final projection of the flights. Tracing the outlines on the maps, Kidder and Ricketson summarized the territory to be covered.

From the Gulf of Mexico southward to the volcanic peaks of Nicaragua, the savage tropic jungle, unstayed by the hand of man, has swallowed up all but a few blurred pages in the history of a once mighty race. Following the meager, hazardous trails of the *chicleros*, who cut their way through the jungle with machetes in search of the valuable chicle, scientists have located several of the great Mayan capitals. From them has been pieced together the little we know of that marvelous civilization which flourished in America when our own ancestors were but a step above the primitive. Much of that silent country of the Mayas had never been explored. No white man had ever seen it. No Indian could tell its nature. On our maps of Central America those areas are usually blank.

With Faulty Maps and Meager Information

THREE principal unexplored regions extend over the peninsula—one near the northern border of Guatemala; the second, eastward from the Gulf of Campeche; and the third lying inland from the Yucatan coast in the most easterly province of Mexico, Quintana Roo. To explore these unknown sections the expedition was formed. It was hoped that the airplane would enable scientists to make a general reconnaissance of these dark areas, to find out what was there, and to study the general characteristics of the jungle vegetation and its relation to possible human habitation. Future expeditions then, directed by a definite knowledge of conditions, could make their way to important sections in a fraction of the time now required in hazardous, blind search. That much for science. But the more optimistic members held secret hopes that they might find some great Mayan city which has remained unseen and unknown for centuries in the heart of that primitive land. The expedition undertook a considerable assignment.

Sir John Burdon, governor of the colony and somewhat of an explorer himself, took an active interest in the plans and supplemented the data on the maps with what information he had obtained from itinerant chicle merchants. The coast lines and certain of the larger landmarks were accurately placed, but no two of the maps could agree on the location of certain important sites known to exist in the interiors. The course for the first two days was charted roughly through the Peten in Guatemala, up to the center of Yucatan, into Merida for the night, then down through the western section of Quintana Roo and back to Belize again. Ricketson was to fly on the first two days over the territory on the borders of which he had spent several years,

(Continued on Page 43)

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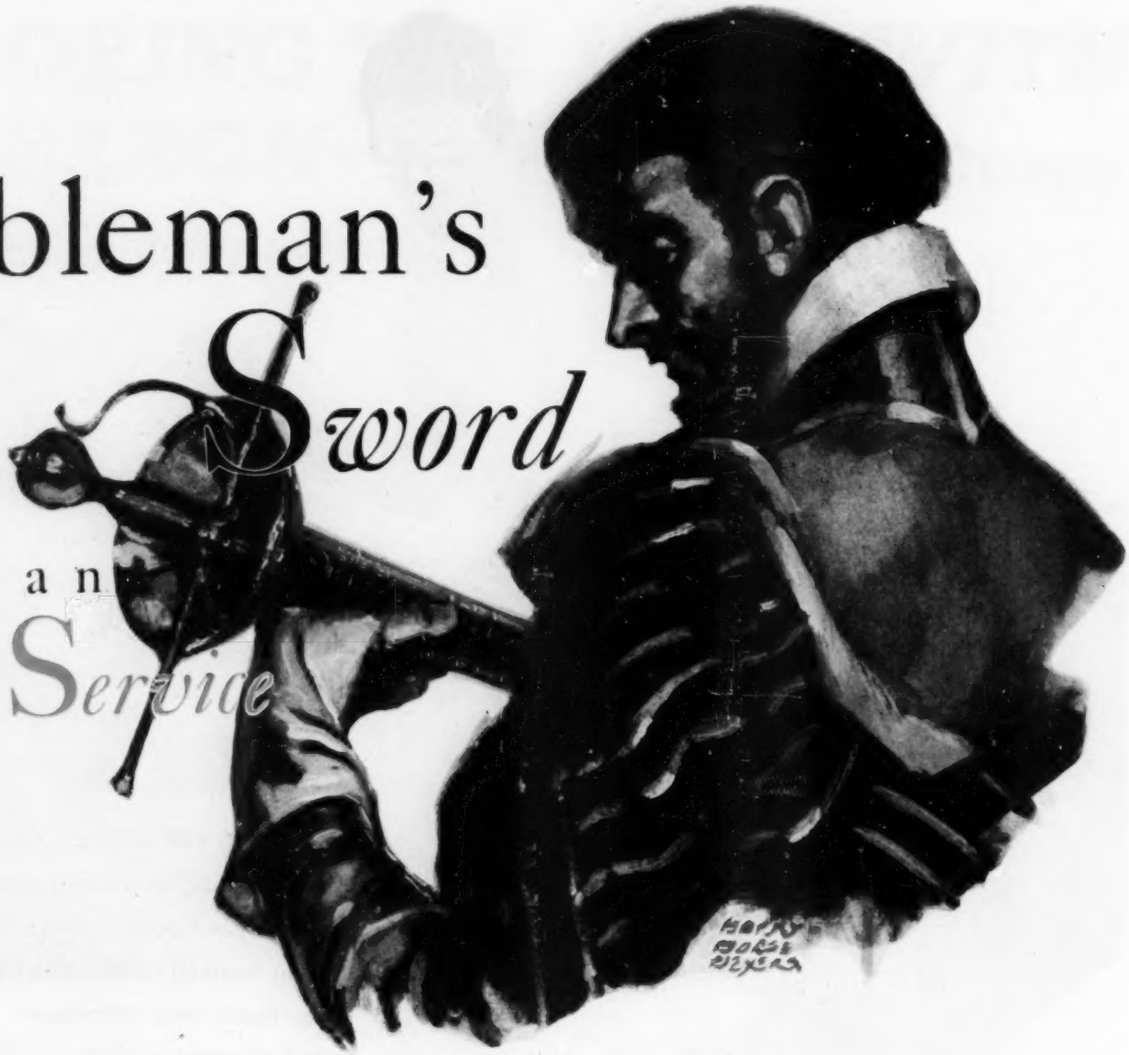

His name is forgotten, but his sword has survived the ages, and now rests in the Hall of Armor—Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is an extraordinary sword. Its keen double-edged blade did service in battle—yet it gave another service in time of peace. Beautifully etched with the months, weeks and days of the year—the blade was also a calendar—it not only won battles, but also gave the dates—the calendar sword did an Extra Service!

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SINCLAIR AIRCRAFT GASOLINE
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(Continued from Page 40)

and Kidder would cover the exploration of the coastal sections.

Measuring the distance on the scale, nearly eight hundred miles would be required for the trip, not including detours that might be made as points of interest were discovered. Over such terrain there could be no forced landing. That interesting but thoroughly understood condition brought up the question of weight that could be carried and yet enable the plane to fly on one of its two motors. The principle of "the last straw that broke the camel's back" has a profound application, in its literal sense, to the airplane. Properly loaded, it will outrank walking as a safe means of travel. But a very few pounds overweight may cause serious deficiency in performance at a crucial moment.

Rapidly Lindbergh went over each item of equipment on the plane, checking off every ounce that could possibly be eliminated. Several articles usually carried in the cabin for passenger transport use were not necessary for this trip. Governor Burdon provided special canteens, and these were weighed before being put aboard. Two cameras came next, one with a special lens for ground work, and the aerial camera for Mrs. Lindbergh, official photographer of the expedition.

Equipped for Exploration but Not for Parties

THE final item on the list was wearing apparel. Where every ounce counted, no spare clothing of any kind could be carried. This phase of the problem had already been solved for Kidder and myself. Leaving New York on five minutes' notice, we had simply grabbed the handiest bags. In more leisurely moments Kidder discovered that his only spare was a tuxedo, and I was a bit timid, unless forced by necessity, to display the pair of beautiful white linen golf pants and loud woolen socks that were my only change of uniform. Ricketson, of course, wore a regular bush outfit, and Lindbergh figured in a rough, dark gray suit, high boots and a sleeveless shirt. Mrs. Lindbergh was prepared with high laced boots, light gray knickers, blue shirt and a kerchief of Spanish silk for her hair. Thus outfitted, the party was well equipped for an exploration, but not so formally attired if a reception or a dinner were held. In that case the overnight stop in Merida might prove a problem for them—though hardly a serious one, since this was purely a scientific expedition and rough clothing would be expected.

Under the rays of a giant floodlight the ground crew fitted out the plane during the night. The cabin was cleared of all nonessentials and every inch of the ship stood the closest inspection. Motors were checked over, instruments tested, and the plane's radio, counted upon to keep the expedition in touch with the outside world, was thoroughly gone over. The four big fuel tanks carried in the wings were filled with every drop of gasoline they would hold.

Lined up alongside of the plane, the party posed for an official picture. For an amateur photographer, intimidated by the largest camera he ever saw, the opportunity presented certain difficult aspects. The sky was overcast, which is supposed to require some adjustment of tension and lens and other gadgets. The slipstream from the whirling propellers injected a great deal of action into the scene which should not have been there. And what light there was stared right in the face of the shutter. All those conditions amused the subjects immensely and dismayed the operator.

In a desperate moment I pressed the lever. It was only long after the film was developed that we discovered the most amusing incident of the whole episode. Included in the scene was a temporary landing stair, made from packing cases, each one of them conspicuously labeled: Black & White, Scotch Whisky.

At ten o'clock it was decided that weather conditions looked favorable enough. In the west the skies were already clearing and gave promise of fair weather. By the time the plane reached the Peten, ground mists would have entirely disappeared. A few last-minute words with Doctor Kidder, and the expedition was on its way.

Striking inland from Belize, the explorers were well beyond the last signs of civilization within thirty minutes. Mrs. Lindbergh rode beside her husband in the cockpit and closely followed the course on the map. Ricketson needed considerable elbow room to write the prolific notes which he began taking before he was out of sight of Belize. By the time everybody was settled comfortably the plane had traveled one of his good day's journeys by mule.

Inhospitable salt marshes, later heavy forests of pine, then deep, tangled bush passed slowly beneath us. Here and there a clearing, just large enough for a palm-thatched hut and a few rows of corn and vegetables, represented the progress modern man has made against this jungle of the Mayas. In a clearing along the banks of the Sibun River two Indian burial mounds were visible, half hidden by rows of corn. The Belize River, one of the country's main transport routes, was so deeply embedded in the bush that it could be seen only when the plane was directly over it.

Our first main landmark was Cayo, a chicle-trading post on the frontier of British Honduras and several days by river launch from Belize. Evidently picking up the sound of the motors from a distance, the natives of this strange little village filled the streets. They were still standing, without a perceptible movement, when the party lost sight of them. Probably no plane had ever visited them before, and this unexpected appearance was evidently not regarded as an occasion for rejoicing.

Over the lagoons at Yaxha we circled a number of times in an attempt to pick out ruins which are known to be located there. Each time when someone would see what appeared to be a bit of wall or a block of masonry, Lindbergh would go back to make sure, but nothing was found. A few minutes later, rising slowly out of the jungle, the five standing towers of Tikal startled everyone with their striking, massive silhouettes. Colossal pyramids, the greatest rising to a sheer height of two hundred feet, stood on a raised oblong platform, the ceremonial plaza of this largest of the Mayan cities yet discovered. Its name—Tikal, or Place of the Voices—was suggested by those scattered, living remnants of the ancient race. They will tell you that the original inhabitants of this city may return at will. If you do not believe it, you have but to listen to their voices in the night as they walk through the vast acropolis and up the steps of the pyramids to worship.

Lindbergh circled the site, well within two hundred feet of the towers, while Mrs. Lindbergh took photographs, and Ricketson added notes on the extent of the city from his vantage point in the air. In all its grandeur—and undoubtedly rich in archæological lore—Tikal, first discovered eighty years ago, is little known today. Little water exists near it, and land parties, after a tortuous journey, can work but a few feverish days each season. So easily reached by air, it was difficult to realize the hardships that await those few scientists who have the courage to penetrate this fastness that a few more notes may be added to the history of man's existence on this earth.

The Ancient Observatory at Uaxactun

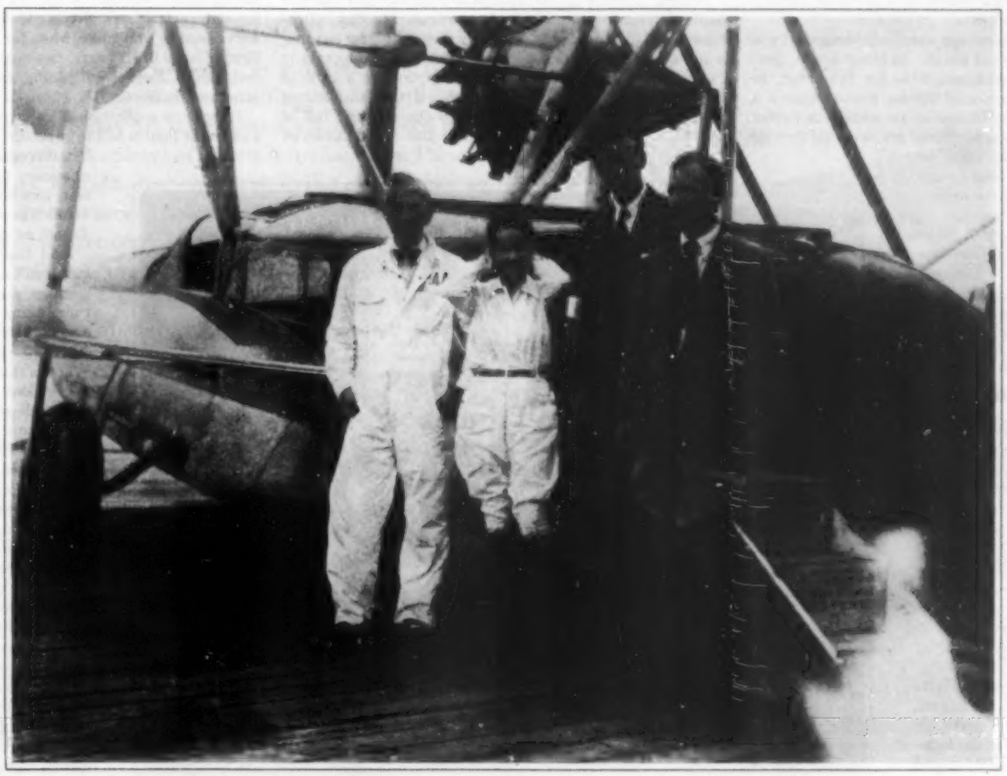
JUST six minutes from the center of Tikal the plane was over the large clearing around Uaxactun, one of the Mayas' greatest capitals, which dates back to the time of Christ or earlier. Lindbergh, leaning his head out of the open cockpit window, banked sharply, so that the plane rested almost vertically on its side and directly over the ruins. The jungle had been cleared away through five years of constant labor, the first preliminary season under Dr. Frans Blom, and the last four under Ricketson, so that the pyramids stand out in bold relief. One of them is an astronomical observatory from which the Mayas made many of their astounding calculations, predicting eclipses as accurately as our most modern astronomers, and gauging time and the seasons with much more perfection than the Julian calendar the Spaniards brought with them hundreds of years later.

This heart of the Mayan old empire is slowly giving up the secrets it has treasured through two thousand years. In the broad plaza has been discovered the oldest dated monument—68 A.D., according to the Morley-Spinden correlation of Mayan and Christian chronology. Only two older inscriptions than this have been found, both of these on small jade pieces, and dated but a few years earlier.

Charting Uaxactun as a southern bearing, Lindbergh made a final circle of the city and a moment later slipped into the realm of the unknown. Instantly a flat, dreary expanse of jungle, unbroken to the horizon, closed below the plane. Not knowing what might lie ahead, he throttled the motors to a slow cruising speed and held the plane to a true course north.

A few feet above the tree tops the atmosphere was stifling, reflecting the direct rays of the sun as they beat down upon the solid floor of matted bush. Yet, at one thousand feet, the air was chill and Mrs. Lindbergh slipped a coat about her shoulders. No sign could be found to indicate that man had ever lived here—an answer which science had sought unavailingly for years.

Here was primeval jungle, silent, forbidding, as far as the eye could see. There was no sign of life of any kind. No streams, no body of water, the sheer desolation of that wilderness into which the explorers had come unbidden cast a weird spell through the plane. Ricketson ceased



Mr. Ehmer, the Radio Operator, Mrs. Lindbergh, Colonel Lindbergh and Dr. Oliver H. Ricketson, Before Leaving Belize on the First Stage of the Aerial Study of the Maya

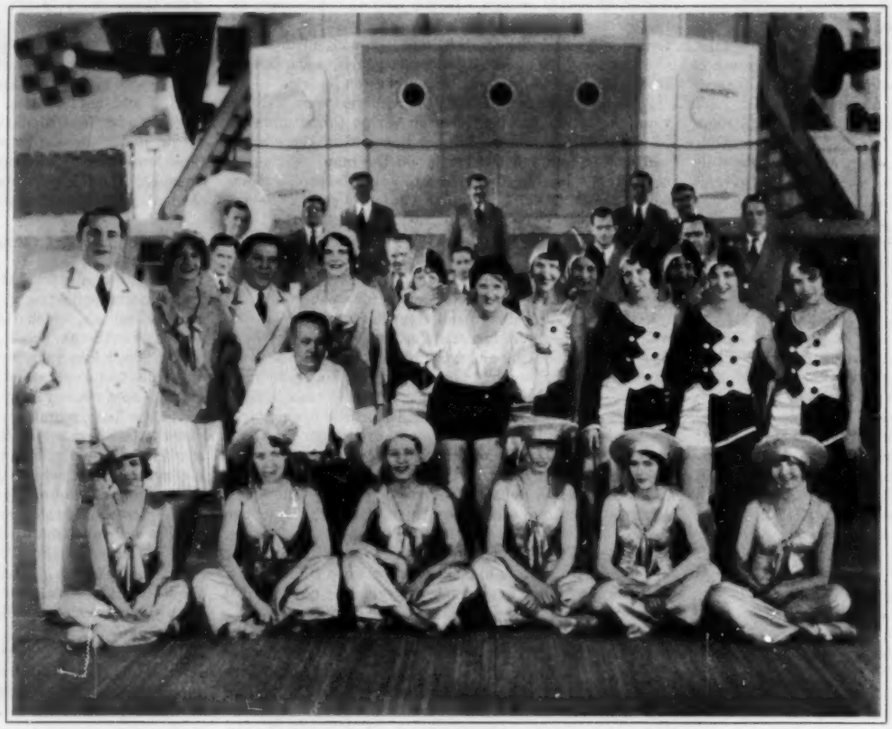
(Continued on Page 154)

WHERE'S VAUDEVILLE AT?

By NICK GRINDE

WHAT has happened to vaudeville? It's a sad story, mates, summed up inelegantly by the producer who recently sobbed, "Vaudeville ain't a business any more; it's a disease."

Fortunately or not, depending upon your opinion of that form of amusement—what do you mean, amusement?—the disease is not incurable. At present, vaudeville seems to be in the position of the magician's rabbit. You've seen the trick; the conjurer places a white rabbit in a hat borrowed from a trusting gentleman in the audience, covers the hat with a silk handkerchief, makes a few passes over it, whips off the handkerchief, and before the very eyes of the beholders extracts from the hat a pair of Portuguese pinochle players, or something. Close examination of the magician's coat would disclose the rabbit nestling in a pocket, gasping for air, but alive and kicking. And the chances are that, when the owner of the hat again receives it, he will find the rabbit in it. A similar situation is to be noted in vaudeville's fate.



Phil Spitalny, Nick Grinde, the Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra and Chester Hale Girls

A few direful facts induced the croakers to go into their swan song. For instance, less than a decade ago there were more than eighty theaters in the United States playing big-time vaudeville shows on a two-a-day policy. Today there are less than five.

The programs six seasons ago used—demanded—twice as many acts as are required today. In other words, there is less than half the work available for the actor, resulting in individual seasons of fifteen weeks instead of thirty-five. No situation to soothe an ambitious hoofer.

All over the country vaudevillians are sweating through three, four and even five shows per diem at less—oh, much less—sugar than they used to collect for frolicking twice a day. The actors are not demanding the extra shows. In an experience with vaudeville best represented by the gray hairs caressing your correspondent's conk, I have yet to hear an actor declare himself able to give three good performances a day.

Doubles in a Dog Act

HOW can he—when even the animal acts carry spares to substitute in the extra shows? The hind legs of a fox terrier will hop him around for ten minutes twice a day, but the strain is often too great for a third performance, or fourth. So the wise dog trainer teaches two yips the same trick, and thus saves himself many embarrassing moments in front of an audience trying to persuade a tired kyoodle to caper friskily through a routine.

The booking office—a generic term used to include bookers, managers, theater owners and lessees—certainly did not voluntarily peck at the foundations of their racket until it toppled down around their aching heads. When receipts all over the land began falling off, the office tried many tricks to tease bodies into the empty seats of their theaters.

No one knows why Mr. and Mrs. Audience gave up the habit of attending vaudeville shows regularly. But indications point to one thing as primarily responsible for sending many a fair-to-middling performer back to his mangle in the laundry, his desk in the shipping room or a card in the waitresses' union. It is doubtful if the sad state of affairs is in any way attributable to the rise and fall of Mr. E. F. Albee, formerly president and what-have-you of the Keith-Albee and Orpheum circuits.

True, Mr. Albee was associated with the late Mr. Keith in forming the circuit and in building it into an organization of such power and solidity that even the Shuberts could not dent its prosperity.

Not any individual or any group of men, but the situation that developed out of the form of entertainment known as "picture presentations" is the answer to why what happened to vaudeville happened. Picture theaters introduced these musical presentations originally to create a diversion from silent stretches and to create an atmosphere for the feature picture that followed. Competition forced managers to make bigger and better presentations. Where did they go to get their entertainers? Vaudeville, of course.

Value Received

BUT all types of acts were not suitable for the big picture theaters of three thousand capacity and more. So, because the picture houses were paying bigger salaries—enabled so to do because of larger capacities and continuous shows—a lot of vaudeville acts began framing skits that would be acceptable in both types of theaters. About that time Johnny Public began saying to his sweetie, "Why kick in with a buck and a half for eight acts of straight vaudeville, some of which either we've seen or won't like, when for half the nick we can buy Greta Garbo in six parts, two spasms of Our Gang, a news reel, plus a flock of gals doing dance routines before and after vaudeville acts?"

It became a question of value received, and the straight vaudeville houses had to go picture to keep their doors open. The three-a-day and grind policies necessary to compete with the cinema theaters were too arduous for vaudeville stars to endure placidly. Result, an exodus into musical shows.

And finally, just about the time vaudeville, shorn of its glory and prestige, was getting nicely calloused from being kicked around, a new exterminator entered the scene and started prussic aciding the works. What is this ruthless destroyer that has kicked over and splintered the venerable professional cradle of McIntyre and Heath, the Rooneys, the Mortons, Eddie Leonard and others of cherished memory? Yes, Oswald; talking motion pictures.

The talkies are here to stay. Not because the picture industry has invested millions in sound equipment; not because patent holders have a long-term clause in the contracts their salesmen offer; not because exhibitors have spent millions in wiring their theaters for sound installation and, naturally, desire to get their money back. No, sir, the reason is more fundamental, more primitive.

Laugh this off: If your wife had been born without the power of speech—ye gods!—and later, under the doctoring of many specialists,

(Continued on Page 46)

The "Happiness Boys" With Nick Grinde

FLYING DOWN TO ECUADOR

Passing El Misti in the Peruvian Andes at 110 miles an hour

The Ford Plane

The Ford plane is planned, constructed and operated as a commercial plane. Built of corrugated aluminum alloys, it has great structural strength, unequaled durability, and is most economical to maintain in operation. The uniformity of its material is determined by scientific test. All planes have three motors in order to insure reserve power to meet and overcome all emergencies. The engines may be Wright or Pratt & Whitney, air-cooled, totaling from 900 to 1275 horse-power. Ford planes have a cruising range of from 580 to 650 miles at speeds between 55 and 135 miles per hour. Loads may be carried weighing from 3670 to 6000 pounds.

The human capacity of these planes is 13 to 15 passengers and a crew of two (pilot and assistant). Each plane is equipped with a buffet, toilet, running water, electric lights, adjustable chairs.

The price of the Ford tri-motored, all-metal plane is exceptionally low because of its highly scientific methods of commercial production. Price is $42,000 to $55,000 at Dearborn.

Ford branches will be glad to give you information on the Ford tri-motored, all-metal plane in all models.

A LITTLE MORE than a year ago we wrote as a prophetic statement that American air-lines would soon be reaching down to the mainland of South America! Today big tri-motored, all-metal Ford planes are not only reaching the mainland of South America, from Panama, the West Indies, and Florida, but they are flying on, farther and farther southward, where there are no roads, no trails, and man can only cross geographical barriers by taking wings across the sky. . . .

Pan-American air-liners, using only multiple-engined planes of large passenger capacity, are winging over the islands of the Gulf of Mexico and the countries of the mainland. Well-organized tours, operating in conjunction with railroads and steamships, reach Nassau, Mexico, Cuba, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Republic of Panama. In addition, there are 4000 miles of airways over which the Pan-American carries mail to Honduras, British Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Colombia and Curacao.

Over the South American mainland the Pan-Grace lines, cooperating with the Pan-American, are sending Ford planes speeding across the jungles and mountains of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Chile on regular schedules!

Ford planes have proven to be most logical vehicles for these great pioneer lines that must operate over enormous distances and hazardous country with the safety and efficiency of railroads.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Visitors are always welcome at the Ford Airport at Detroit

Going aboard for a long tour across tropical skies

(Continued from Page 44)

that power had been given her, would she ever voluntarily give up that capacity to express herself? No more will the movies. Admitting that William Jennings Bryan's first infantile ga-ga, his first explosive glub, was intelligible and interesting only to members of his family, those early moist mouthings developed into an oratoric genius that spellbound thousands.

My first contact with vaudeville was in association with Charles (Chic) Sale, the inimitable character delineator. Those were the days before Chic was internationally known as an inimitable character delineator. My job consisted in informing vaudeville patrons, press agents and the public at large that Charles (Chic) Sale was an inimitable character delineator. I told 'em, and Chic proved it.

Later, I deserted the exciting pressure of variety for the dull prosaicalness of the motion-picture conference, lured to the West Coast by an offer of a steady job at a studio. Gone, with ever fewer contacts, were the companions of sleeper jumps and after-the-show suppers. From time to time I assisted in the direction of several pictures of vaudeville life. But the parts were played by picture actors who had never known the vicissitudes of a season of Gus Sun split weeks.

And then, one day, I was transferred to the New York studio. In rapid concussion I directed seventy short talking pictures and took tests of nearly one hundred Broadway stars and featured players. Came vaudeville back into my life. For, with the public—oh, all right; the exhibitors—crying for short talking comedies, what did we film? Vaudeville acts. Acts that had stood the test of time. Audience-proof acts.

Turning a Canine Act Into a Barkie

THE boys and girls who had knocked around the vaudeville circuits were the ones to kick across the first talking pictures. Al Jolson, graduated from variety into musical comedy; George Jessel, ditto. Who put over, as much as any two people can put over one picture, that box-office bonanza, Broadway Melody? Bessie Love and Charles King—the same Charlie who developed his technic traveling around the vaudeville circuits of the country.

Last year, in New York City, there was scarcely one featured comedian, comedienne or dancer in any of the Broadway musical shows who had not been vaudeville trained, from Will Rogers—pinch-hitting for Fred Stone, also ex-vaudevillian—and Beatrice Lillie—pardon, Lady Peel—on down the roster. Belle Baker, one of variety's best beloved cantatrices—she'd say "Oy" and roll her eyes if you called her that to her face—is at present in Hollywood making talkies, as are Frank Fay, Eddie Dowling and Hal Skelley, who was a swell hoofer for years, until his performance in Burlesque rated him stardom. George Le Maire, one of the best straight men in vaudeville, is headed toward even greater fame by his direction of some of the funniest shorts yet released—all of them based on tried-and-true vaudeville acts.

Vaudeville trained 'em, then lost 'em to musical shows, which, in turn, lost 'em to the talkies. Why mourn? Because it's serious, pal. Vaudeville has ever been the breeding ground for musical comedy. In its present lowly state, its reduced salaries and uncertain bookings offer little inducement to aspiring followers of Thespis. Without the completing experience of vaudeville, its daily contact with all sorts of audiences that polish and round out the artist's technic, where are the stars of the future coming from?

The tendency of many vaudeville actors has been to change their act every few seasons. So there were many who had old acts available for picturizing. Picking up a thousand berries for filming a discarded act was too juicy an invitation to refuse, especially in view of the advertising that followed wherever the canned versions were exhibited.

One of the first vaudeville turns I directed the picturization of was the well-known canine act, Carl Emmy's Pets. Neither Carl nor his pups had ever cavorted before the camera's lens. All of one day was required to shoot the act that on the stage took, perhaps, twelve minutes to play. Rehearsals, set-ups and lights, the necessity of repeating some of the stunts in order to get close-ups and different angles to use in intercutting the completed film accounted for the consumption of time. But Carl and his pets missed the enthusiasm and applause of an audience; the smooth rhythm of the act was destroyed by the frequent interruptions. To a friend who dropped into the studio that evening, Carl confided that he had "been doing the act since before breakfast."

There are two sure-fire screen subjects that audiences invariably go for—a baby and a dog. Much sincere thought was spent in cutting and assembling the picture. Principally because of the added intimacy and speed a picture has in comparison to a stage presentation, the act on the screen appeared to better advantage than the original act. Emmy himself admitted this phenomenon when I showed him the telegram Bessie Love sent me; "Congratulations on the success of your first barkie."

It was necessary for Emmy to reroutine his stage act, change and speed it up considerably in order to make it as effective as the screen version of it. But when he did so, it accomplished a substantial increase in his weekly salary, managers deeming the new act worthy of the raise in view of its increased entertainment value and the added value of his name as a drawing card, due to the publicity that followed the successful film presentation.

Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, the far-famed Happiness Boys, pulled a funny one on me one day. It was their first appearance before the camera lens. The vocal recording of their stunt offered no difficulties, their long experience in making phonograph records having served to iron out all the explosives and peculiar hisses their voices may have had to begin with. One of the songs they intended singing was new. Consequently, the boys were none too sure of the lyric. They doped out several schemes for hiding copies of the words in various places on the set where, if memory lapsed, they could grab a glance and proceed on their musical way. When I explained that the eye of the camera was all-seeing and would only show them up, the comedians reluctantly abandoned their plan for plastering the set with copies of the lyric.

"Now, boys," I impressed on them, "when once the cameras start in grinding, keep going until I wave you to stop. If you forget the business or make any mistakes in gesture or movement, don't stop. The chances are that later I can cut out that bit of wrong action by sticking in a few feet of close-up in its place. Start when I wave to you."

"And don't stop till you signal," said the high voice and the low voice together.

A few moments later, quiet reigned throughout the set and the motors regulating cameras and recording devices were started. Jones and Hare began singing the new song—swell. Beginning the second verse, Billy's tongue tripped, and he proceeded to go up, blowing the lyrics. Ernie followed. The take was spoiled. But they didn't know it. All they remembered was the necessity for continuing. Here's the way they did it, ad-libbing and matching perfectly the tune with their extemporaneous words:

JONES *(catching my eye)*: We've blown our lines. What'll we do-o-o?

HARE *(taking up the melody)*: Vodeo. . . . I can't think of the gag.

JONES: Come on, or else we can't pull thro-o-o.

HARE *(pleadingly)*: Say, when are you going to wave the flag?

Of the scores of professional actors with whom I worked making shorts, that famous battery of songland, Van and Schenck, were by far the easiest on everyone concerned in the operation. Due to their tremendous experience in making phonograph records, their varied experience in vaudeville, musical comedy and café entertainment, there was no criticism possible of their voice placement and no difficulty in offering them direction. A studious scrutiny of their films will give you an insight into the reasons behind their unparalleled success. Those boys sing with their eyes.

Playing to a Camera Lens

THE following explanation of that last apparently goofy remark may well be heeded by anyone who anticipates giving the old vocal cords a workout while making a test for talking pictures. On the stage, especially in vaudeville, the actor plays to different sections of the audience, spreading the glad tidings from side to side, from gallery to orchestra. He develops the trick of "giving it to them all." In the tests and shorts I made with Broadway players, without exception each and every one, as he stood under the microphone and faced the camera, imagined an audience in front of him, with people fanning out before him to whom he must equally offer the attraction of his personality. Absolutely wrong technic for pictures, of course.

The lens of the camera is your audience. If you look straight into it—actors have been shot for less—you look straight into the eyes of every person who will ever see that filmed action, no matter in what seat of any theater he may be seated. If you want to see Gilda Gray on the stage, you try to get a seat as near the stage as possible. If you desire to see her in a picture, any seat in the house is about as good as any other, for Gilda, on the screen, is essentially as near or distant from any seat in the theater as she was near or distant from the lens of the camera. The magnification of objects on the screen makes almost negligible any impairment of clarity of vision that otherwise the actual distance between eye and object might effect. The stage actor of experience knows jolly well that no one in the audience back of the fifth row is able to see clearly the expression in his eyes, except in infrequent moments when he directly faces said audience. Therefore, the average stage actor sees no necessity to "express his soul with his eyes" every minute he is acting. It's hard on the eyes, the nervous system and the rest of the cast. Thus, many a good actor falls into the habit of cheating.

The picture actor cannot cheat anybody but himself. In a silent close-up, if his eyes do not register whatever emotion the scenarist and director are endeavoring to extract, the audience gets none. Remember, in a three-foot close-up, your face, enormously magnified, is practically a mere three feet distant from everybody in the audience. The movie-trained actor knows that, and acts accordingly.

Here is a little stunt I discovered while struggling to get stage-trained actors to express facially the emotional content of every line of dialogue and song. You may practice it on one of those days when the call of Hollywood rings clarionlike in your ears.

Furling a Pair of Ears

STAND in front of a mirror; then say to your reflection, "I hope the boss doesn't catch me wasting time like this." Say it two or three times aloud. Then—and here's the trick—say it without words. Express the thought silently, with your eyes and as much of the rest of your pan as you are able to control. Upon your capacity to project your mental condition without the aid of words may very possibly depend your future in pictures.

You may have to reorganize your habit of speech—the mechanical procedure. As Colleen Moore may have said, "This season I'm rolling my *r*'s as well as my eyes." Voices, large and small, possess idiosyncrasies that the exaggerating microphone often transforms into absolute weirdities. In most studios now, no matter whether the recording is done on film or disk, a disk record is made of every scene which, upon completion of the scene, is played back to enable the director to hear what he has or has not.

One day a lady of operatic fame came to the studio to exchange her golden notes for a valiseful of Treasury notes. On the play-back after her first recording we heard several—too many—sharp little clicks. We asked the diva to strut her arpeggios and cadenzas again. The crew, with alert eyes and ears, watched the cameras, the motors, the piano pedals, the lamps—everything that might possibly have caused the annoying little clicks that the mike had picked up. So far as experts could see, the set was mechanically silent, yet the play-back of the second recording again carried those sharp unmusical clicks. After a third recording someone noticed that the clicks clicked with a certain regularity, appearing in about the same spots on all the records. Soon the source of trouble was located. The lady had a couple of porcelain, or store, teeth which met neatly but noisily during the formation of certain tones. When we cushioned the contact with a bit of adhesive tape, the lady's song sounded swell.

At another time a vaudeville comedian—a well-known headliner—contracted to make a short talkie. Percy—not his name and never would be—proved to have unsuitably photographic ears. They could be photographed, but they hogged the picture, putting the rest of his face in the shade. On the stage, in a frame made by a forty-foot proscenium, they were not conspicuous. Enlarged, put into a much smaller frame such as the screen is, they became elephantine. Not quite the word—the pachyderm's ears hang down. Something had to be done to curb Percy's reaching aural appendages.

It was decided to glue Percy's ears back against his head. This took time, of course, but there is always plenty of time in the movies to accomplish any work of art. After several experimental attempts the glue finally dried, holding Percy's wind wings snugly to his dome.

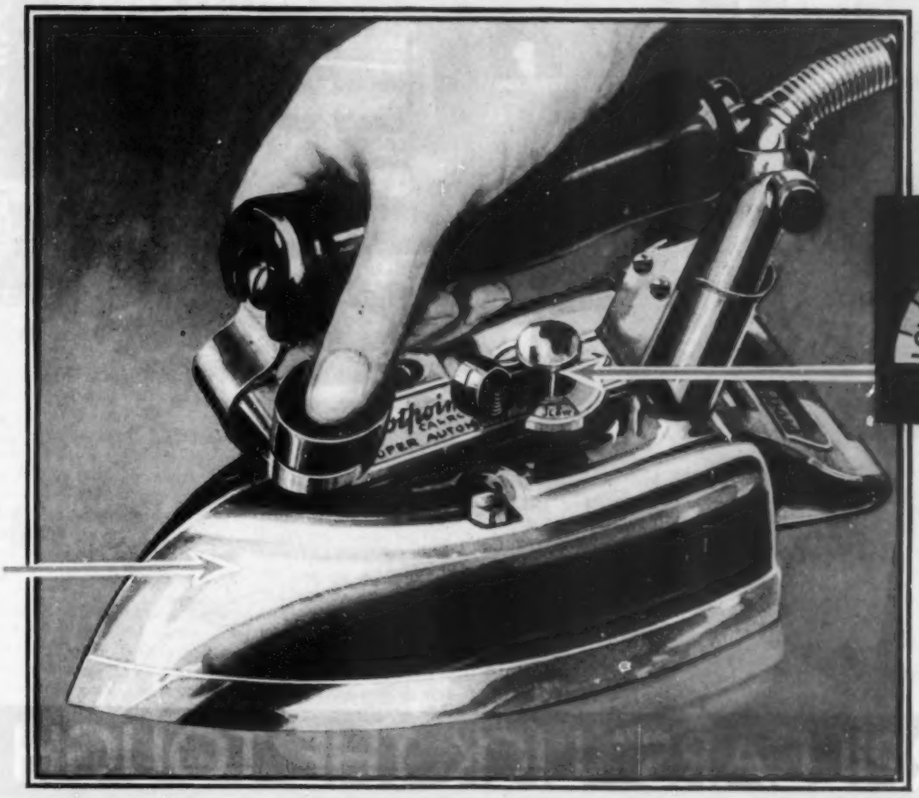
We took him onto the set, the electricians turned on a battery of lights, the pianist rehearsed, the song passed the monitor test, silence was demanded and given, and the signal flashed to begin the making of the first take. Opening his mouth, Percy gushed melody with the fervor that has won him popularity and plenty piastres. Swinging into the refrain, he reached for a top note. Plop! You could actually hear his left fender break loose and waggle forward into place. It didn't look right—Percy singing sweetly with one ear parallel to his head and the other at right angles to it. And as he continued, a quivering suspense arose in the crew, unable to tear our uneasy gaze from his other ear. And when, convoluting queerly, it writhed triumphantly free and sprang forward, a cheer went up from the beholders. Not until we concocted an adhesive substance that the heat of the studio lights would not soften were we able to present Percy prettily to his public.

Why did the star submit? Because he knew that the film would be seen by more people in a week than he could personally play to in six months. He himself could appear in but one theater at a time. His film might easily be shown in a score of houses simultaneously.

(Continued on Page 158)

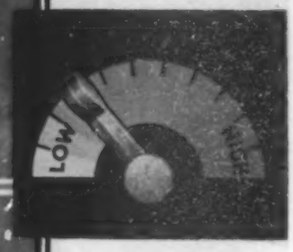
The Finest, Fastest, Most Economical Electric Iron

Made by Hotpoint



CHROME-PLATE

The Hotpoint Super-Automatic Iron is now finished in brilliant, non-tarnishing Hotpoint *Chromeplate.* This gives you an amazingly smooth, lustrous, *enduring* ironing surface; and the entire iron will *keep* its gleaming beauty indefinitely.



AUTOMATIC Heat Control

Merely set the throttle for the heat you wish, low, high or any heat between, and the iron is automatically *kept* at that temperature while you iron.

The Hotpoint Super-Automatic Iron

PERHAPS you will appreciate most of all that this iron uses less electricity to do an ironing. Or you may like the fact that it is faster, that it irons in less time—and more easily and comfortably.

Or you may prefer it because the accurate heat control protects your garments; for instance, helping silk and rayon fabrics give you longer wear.

Or it may be that you will take greatest pride in the finer ironing it does, with its convenient range of heats adjustable to your every need, its hotter point and beveled edge.

No other iron can give you so many desirable features; for instance, the Hotpoint CALROD heating element, cast in solid iron, the world's most indestructible electric heating element; the comfortable Thumb Rest that rests your wrist, arm and shoulder; and all the other features listed at the left.

When you buy this iron you have the assurance, too, that it is guaranteed by *Hotpoint.* We must make sure you are completely satisfied. For, later on you will want other electric heating appliances—a toaster, waffle iron, percolator or an electric range. And when you do, we want your confidence in Hotpoint quality to be such that you will insist on "Hotpoint" again.

Hotpoint electric appliances are sold by electric companies and all leading dealers. Ask your nearest one to show you the complete line of Hotpoint irons, at prices ranging from $3.50 to $8.80.

Features of the Hotpoint Super-Automatic

Adjustable Automatic Heat Control
Full Beveled Edge
Famous Thumb Rest
Hotpoint CALROD Element
Hinged Plug
Triple Life Cord
Roll-back Heel Stand
Rigid Handle, can't wiggle or wobble
Non-tarnishing HOTPOINT CHROMEPLATE

Hotpoint

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION
5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago, Illinois
Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.

PRICE $8.80

And actual tests show that this iron will save you several times its cost each year—in electricity and the value of your time which it saves.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC RANGES AND HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

"CATERPILLARS" LICK THE TOUGH JOBS

BITING a firm foothold in ice and snow, "Caterpillar" track-type Tractors haul long loads in the north woods. "Caterpillars" have wide tracks to ripple over the soft seed beds of the farm without harmful packing —to grip the yielding earth where a road is in the making—to safely bridge the soft spots on scores of outdoor jobs.

Prices—f. o. b. Peoria, Illinois

TEN	$1125	TWENTY	$1975
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PEORIA, ILL. *and* SAN LEANDRO, CALIF., U. S. A.

Track-type Tractors Combines Road Machinery

(There's a "Caterpillar" Dealer Near You)

CATERPILLAR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TRACTOR

IMMUNE

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. CROWTHER

"Oh, There've Been Times When I Almost Fell for This Marriage Trap"

THIS was a corner room on the second floor, for Doctor Tracy's instructions were that the patient should have the best possible accommodations, including a day and a night nurse till further orders. So it was a pleasant room, with two doors, one opening into the hall and one into a small bathroom, and two windows, facing south and east. These windows just now were slightly raised from the bottom, so that a current of air entered and was deflected upward by a wooden shield in such a way that the draft might not strike directly upon the bed.

The room was simply but sufficiently furnished. There was a bureau with three or four drawers in one corner; there was one straight chair and one morris chair; and there was a small white enameled table beside the bed. And there was the bed.

The bed was taller than most beds. It was as tall as an ordinary table, and, like the table beside it, it was of white enameled metal. Projecting from the foot of the bed there was a handle like the crank of an automobile, by which the bed could be adjusted to varying angles of comfort or discomfort. A cord with a bell button attached to the end of it was affixed to the head of the bed, but Miss Simpson, as they trundled the patient in, looped this back out of the way. He would not need to ring the bell; there would always be a nurse within his call. The doctor had ordered that it should be so.

They brought him in direct from the operating room. The fumes of ether hung about him still. He was unconscious, and there was a broad bandage across the upper part of his face, leaving only the end of his nose, his mouth and his chin exposed. He wore, Miss Simpson remarked, a small black mustache; and she thought the bandage was like a mask, and then she decided it was not so much like a mask, after all. For there were no apertures through which the eyes might see or might be seen.

Miss Simpson was used to bandages; they had for her, as a rule, no terror. But she looked at this bandage now with a fascinated terror.

The bandage told her much of the little which she knew about her patient. She knew, of course, that he was Mr. Willard, and she understood from Doctor Tracy's instructions that he was a man of some means. At least he could afford one of the best rooms in the hospital, and two nurses where one or none would easily have served. For, of course, his case was not a dangerous one in the sense that his life was at hazard. Yet Miss Simpson looked again at that bandage across the upper part of the patient's face and thought, with something like a shudder:

"But if it were I, I'd as soon it were my life as—this. Poor man!"

She was a young woman of some imagination, sensitive and sympathetic. Doctor Tracy had not committed himself to any predictions, but her imagination and her professional knowledge filled the gaps his words had left. She guessed what it was that tragic chance had prepared for this young man.

She thought of him as young, without any particular reason for that assumption except that his chin was smooth, and there were no care-graved lines about his mouth, and his mustache was black, and his hair was as sleekly black as a crow. She thought of him as young, and this seemed to her to accentuate the tragedy of his plight. It was such a little thing which had happened to him, after all. There were hundreds of thousands of men, and women, too, to any one of whom the same thing might come almost any day. A little thing, but it would make so vast a difference in the life of the man who lay here, breathing stertorously as his lungs slowly cleared themselves of the fumes of the anaesthetic.

"It's Just Like Going Into the Woods on a Pack Trip"

She wondered what sort of man he was; how he would support this catastrophe. Married, perhaps? Or if not, then had he a father or a mother, brothers or sisters, who would be kind; who would make it easier for him to take up life once more?

And even so, he could never play golf again, and Miss Simpson thought he would miss playing golf. His chin was brown from much exposure to the sun. Probably he played a great deal, so he would miss the game.

He would be emerging into consciousness by and by. She wondered how much Doctor Tracy had told him; whether he had known what the doctor meant to do to him, and what might later need be done. Her eyes filled with sympathetic moisture at this thought; yet it was absurd that she should be so moved. She did not even know the man.

But he seemed somehow so very much alone here, his body extended quietly beneath the sheets, his lips a little parted as he breathed. No one had come to ask for him, no one had telephoned, there had been no flowers. No one had waited in the hall to hear what Doctor Tracy might have to say after the operation.

There had been only the orderlies who brought him from the operating room and laid him here upon the bed, and Doctor Tracy had come to give her brief instructions. Then she had been left alone in her attendance, to wait till Mr. Willard should rouse from the stupor of the drugs.

She bathed his lips and chin with a cool cloth, and she combed his hair. But there was nothing else she need do or could do, except to sit and wait, and to ask in her thoughts so many rueful questions about this young man. She wished she might be here to talk to him when he began to recover consciousness. He might need comforting and reassurance. But when the night nurse presently reported for duty, the patient had not stirred.

Miss Block was the night nurse, and Miss Simpson thought this was to be regretted. Miss Block was perfectly competent, but she was one of those human machines to whom each patient was a professional problem, and nothing more. Miss Simpson thought the patient here might, when he awoke, wish for a sympathetic presence near. But Miss Block would, of course, take the most perfect care of him; there was no excuse for Miss Simpson to interfere. She must leave this young man in the other woman's hands.

Miss Block, she noticed, looked tired; and she spoke of this. Miss Block nodded.

"My father's sick," she explained. "Mother bothers him, fussing around, so I've been taking care of him all day. And I just finished a case last night. The woman died at four o'clock this morning. So I'm dead for sleep. But Doctor Tracy said there wasn't anyone else he could get tonight, and I can't say 'no' to Doctor Tracy. Besides, I need the money. Father's expensive. So I came."

"I might stay till midnight," Miss Simpson offered. "Give you that much sleep."

But Miss Block shook her head. "I'm doped with coffee now," she confessed. "I couldn't sleep, anyway; and Doctor Tracy said there wouldn't be much to do here." She glanced idly toward the bed. "What is the case?"

"His name's Willard," Miss Simpson told her hesitantly. "He was playing golf, and someone hit a ball and it struck him in the eye. He thought it would be all right—just a black eye—so he didn't call a doctor. But now some infection has developed."

"In the nerve?" Miss Block asked shrewdly.

"Yes. Doctor Tracy removed the eye this afternoon."

"I saw a case last year," the night nurse remarked. "The other eye will go, too, probably. They usually do." She was preparing in a matter-of-fact way to assume her duties here, and Miss Simpson almost unwillingly turned toward the door.

She repeated to the other nurse Doctor Tracy's instructions for the care of the man unconscious on the bed, and Miss Block nodded.

"I don't think he—knows yet, about his eye," Miss Simpson said ruefully. "I can't help wondering what he will do when he knows. He seems so alone. There's been no one in to ask for him. And he'll need friends now."

Miss Block yawned wearily. She wiped her sleep-blurred eyes and she said: "Well, I won't tell him. That's not up to me." And she added casually: "See you in the morning." She never indulged in speculations about the private affairs of her patients. One had enough troubles of one's own.

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

Joseph Schildkraut

Right now thousands of screen-lovers are enjoying this accomplished young actor in "Show Boat" and "The Mississippi Gambler," two of the most romantic roles that he has ever essayed, both pictures Universal successes.

And almost ready for the eyes and ears of the American audiences is "The Night Ride," featuring SCHILDKRAUT, frequently spoken of as the handsomest man on the screen; EDWARD G. ROBINSON of "Kibitzer" fame, and BARBARA KENT, a beautiful young woman whom Harold Lloyd borrowed from Universal to support him in "Welcome Danger."

In this modern romance, SCHILDKRAUT takes the role of a dude reporter who, two minutes after he is married, is assigned by the city editor to cover a gangster murder and is "taken for a ride" by gunmen.

You can easily imagine the exciting situations with which this film is crowded, and likewise, if you have ever seen SCHILDKRAUT, you can imagine the effect of his splendid stage presence and musical voice. The picture is produced both silent and in sound. Directed by John Robertson who is responsible for MARY NOLAN in "Shanghai Lady," now appearing in the best theatres in the country.

I am anxious to have personal correspondents in every town in the country — men or women who will keep me advised of picture and theatrical conditions there, and who are willing to regard it as a "labor of love."

Likewise I am anxious for opinions on the most recent of Universal productions. This means as much to you as it does to me. When will you write?

Sincerely yours,

Carl Laemmle,

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave. New York City

After Miss Simpson was gone, Miss Block sat down in the morris chair and began to think about her father. She was worried about him, but she would not have been so worried if she had not been so tired. She was a little sorry for herself, because she had to take care of strangers twelve hours a day, and of her own people the other twelve. But she shook her head grimly. There was no help for it. You had to take care of your own.

About eleven o'clock, the patient began to show signs of returning consciousness. There were small, uncertain movements of his limbs, and his fingers twisted a little, and his lips, which had been faintly parted, pressed together and separated again with a dry, smacking sound.

Miss Block, sitting in the big chair too tired to sleep, had, nevertheless, sunk in a sort of stupor, with closed eyes. But she was alert for the first sounds from the unconscious man, and she rose now and came to the bedside and touched his wrist, his brow. His brow was moist. She mechanically performed certain small adjustments of the bed linen, and she wiped his lips and moistened them with cool water.

Then he seemed to relapse into unconsciousness again, and she returned to her chair. She was thinking about her father. Her father was a man past middle age, and these pains which of late harassed him were alarming. Also, he was a fretful patient; and the burden of his fretfulness had fallen all this day on her. Yet there was now no resentment in her thoughts of him; only concern and fond solicitude. She had been all day calm and cheerful and bright, but the reaction left her dull and weary now.

By and by the man on the bed yonder, who was her professional concern, began to evince an increasing restlessness. She kept quiet, hoping he would go to sleep, would pass from the stupor of the anæsthetic into a more natural slumber. But it became evident by and by that he would not go to sleep. He twitched and twisted more and more, and later, after a long interval in which he did not move at all, he said clearly:

"Hello!"

She rose at once, moving to his side. "Yes, Mr. Willard," she murmured gently, and moistened his dry lips once more.

"Who is it?" he asked. His articulation was not at all blurred. It was as though he had emerged into full consciousness, his senses all in order. But she understood that this was that sleep-walking state between sleep and wakefulness in which there dwells at once reality and unreality.

She said assuringly, "This is the night nurse. Miss Block." And when he did not at once reply, she added: "You should be quiet now. You will fall asleep. Rest."

He seemed to consider this for a long time; then he sighed and relaxed faintly, and she thought he had obeyed her. So she went back to her chair, but almost at once he said querulously: "My head aches."

She came again to the bedside. To move across the room was an effort; yet it was duty too. "Let's see," she said, and bade him open his mouth, and took his temperature, noted his pulse. But when she removed the thermometer from between his lips, he said again, more insistently, "My head aches, I told you!"

She returned easily: "We must expect that, Mr. Willard. Try to go to sleep."

"How about a sleeping powder?" he urged.

"If you can sleep without it, it will be better," she insisted.

"It hurts right across the eyes," he declared. "Aches like the devil." There was a sudden startled note in his voice. "What is it?" he asked. "What did they do to me?"

"Now, you mustn't worry," she told him mechanically. "Your job is to be quiet and sleep. You will be more comfortable in the morning."

He did become quiet for a while then, and Miss Block went back to her chair. She watched him for a little, as he lay so quietly there on the high bed. She was alert, listening to his slow breathing, wondering whether he had indeed fallen asleep, or whether he would do so. He did not speak for a long time. The hospital was utterly quiet. There was no sound save the occasional soft passing of some nurse in the hall outside the door. Once when a door opened somewhere, Miss Block heard a faint moan, a low cry, but the door closed again and shut away this sound.

Miss Block's head also began to ache. Fumes of ether hung about the man on the bed and filled the room. They hurt her head, and she opened one of the windows a little more, and quietly moved her chair so that she would be in the current of fresh air.

Then the man said clearly, "I remember now. Jefferson hooked his drive, caught me in the eye."

She made no comment, thinking her failure to reply might help him to silence and sleep. But he asked insistently: "That's right, isn't it? Doctor Tracy was going to see what the trouble was, and fix it up. Did he?"

She said, in the mechanical dissimulation required of her, "I'm sure you'll be all right. I didn't see Doctor Tracy, but he said you were to keep quiet and he would see you in the morning."

"Did he find the trouble?" Mr. Willard persisted.

"I'm sure he did," she repeated. "You'll be fine!"

He considered this for a moment in silence, and then he chuckled. "Sure," he agreed. "Nothing ever happens to me."

And presently he told her, in a tone of confident pride: "This is a new experience for me. Never been laid up before in my life. Never in bed a day; not since I was a youngster with the measles. Mother took care of me then. I'm forty-eight years old, and never a sick day. That's pretty good, eh?"

Miss Block thought he seemed younger than this, but she neither assented nor denied. She wished he would be quiet.

"That eye's sore as the devil," he told her petulantly. And after a moment: "Doctor Tracy leave any word for me? What did he say?"

"I'm sure everything will be all right," she urged mechanically. "But you must go to sleep."

He was obediently silent for a moment, but then he began to talk again. "I'll be all right," he declared, and he repeated, almost boastfully: "Nothing ever happens to me." His tone was suddenly shrewd, almost sly. "You know why?" he challenged. "Most men are always in trouble, worried about something. Wife's sick, or children, or someone. Or their boy gets in trouble, or a girl. But not me. I was too wise. A man's a fool to marry. Borrow trouble. No, sir, I don't have to worry about anyone." And he added: "The horse that carries the least weight makes the best race every time. Travel light. That's the way. That's me!"

She thought inattentively that this was true. It was taking care of her father today, for instance, which had worn her out, unfitted her for work tonight. It must be, she thought, rather pleasant to be responsible for no one but yourself.

She said vaguely, "I guess so."

"I saw what it did to my brother," he assured her, a rising vanity in his tones. "He was ten years older than me. Brilliant fellow. Got out of college and into the advertising game and married right away. And the girl was a fool. Broke his heart and then left him, and poor old Jim shot himself. Yes, sir, that showed me."

And he continued, rambling on, his dry lips moving monotonously beneath the white bandage that covered the upper part of his face:

"Mother died when I was in college, and father died just after I finished law school. Not a relative left in the world. I said to myself, 'Bob, you're footloose, free. Run your own race, son.' And I've done it." He added, with an empty modesty: "You probably know my name. Corporation law."

"Of course," she mendaciously assured him. "But you ought to go to sleep now, sir." Yet she knew this was hopeless. "He's got an ether jag," she thought. He might babble on for hours, in that state between sleep and waking, with no bridle on his tongue.

He ignored her word completely.

"Oh, there've been times when I almost fell for this marriage trap," he told her. "You women are full of charming tricks. There've been plenty of you after me. Once I was all ready to fall, but I saw what it did to Tom Sargent. You don't know Tom, I expect?"

She did not answer. It was easier to be quiet—and he might fall asleep.

"Tom was in the First National," he explained. "A topnotcher too. Used to shoot golf in the eighties right along. He'd have gone a long ways, but he married. Two children. He'd saved some money and he had a chance to buy bank stock, but his wife wanted a house. So they put the money into a house instead, and Tom's salary just about kept up with what they spent. Then he had a chance to go to Europe for the Bankers' Guaranty and take charge of their London house. Wife wouldn't go, because her mother was old and needed her. So Tom had to pass that up. Then his wife died. Left him a little boy six years old, and a girl four. He had to get someone to run the house, and now the babies are in their teens and Tom has to stick around with the kids all the time. He's teaching his boy to play golf; takes the two of them fishing, and hunting, and so on; but his friends never see him except in the bank.

"I suppose Tom's made more money than I have, but he's spent most of it; and he might as well be a monk in a monastery. Not for me!"

She rose wearily. "I'm afraid you're tiring yourself, Mr. Willard," she urged. "Do try and be quiet now." She gave him a sip of water, smoothed the bed linen. "Do try to sleep," she insisted.

He stirred, his lips twisting grimly. "That eye hurts like a boil," he protested, and went rambling on.

"I was seeing a lot of a certain girl," he said, "about the time Tom decided to build his house instead of buying the bank stock. But that opened my eyes, and I quit her. As it turned out, I bought some of the stock myself. It was a hundred and ten then; it's worth nine hundred now, in fifteen years time, and paid dividends right along, besides. And young Richards—he's a bachelor—got the London job, and now he's a partner. Tom could have had it all. That's what marrying does to a man."

She was very tired, but this statement annoyed her.

"Not always," she declared, contradicting him. "And anyway, perhaps Mr. Sargent's satisfied."

But her opposition roused him to new argument. "Yes, always!" he insisted. "Every time! I've watched it work out. Take Bill Morgan. Look at Bill. He married a rich girl, but she didn't bring him anything except the trick of spending money. He's been just a little behind his income every year. She spends faster than he earns. He'd have been worth a hundred thousand by this time, easily, if he hadn't married. I could name a dozen others, but you wouldn't know them. One was a lawyer, handling some trust stuff. He went to state prison trying to get money enough to keep his wife satisfied. Young Charlie Dane's wife turned invalid. Doctor's bills cost him six or seven thousand a year for ten years, and then she died. Bill Fowl's boy took too many drinks and drove his car into an old woman on the avenue and went to jail and broke Bill's heart. Oh, I know dozens of them."

He hesitated, added after a moment:

"And it isn't just wives and children. A man with anybody depending on him is sunk before he starts. He might as well stick ten pounds of lead in his pockets and go swimming. Sometimes it's fathers, and sometimes it's mothers, or brothers, or sisters. I tell you, 'he travels the fastest who travels alone.' I'll bet on him every time."

(Continued on Page 52)

WISE SHOPPERS WILL TELL YOU

THERE'S A SECRET IN BUYING PORCELAIN ENAMEL

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For Armco Ingot Iron enameling sheets are specially manufactured and prepared to take and hold a coating of porcelain enamel . . . and today are used for this purpose more than any other sheet metal.

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Do not strike it sharp blows . . . do not strain it by twisting. Do not wash it while hot . . . just use warm water and a sudsy cloth. Gritty cleansers should be avoided if you would preserve the clear lustre of the surface.

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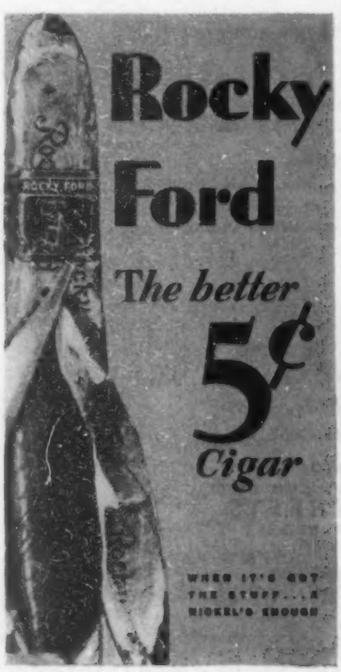

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(Continued from Page 50)

Miss Block stirred resentfully. She wished he would be quiet and sleep, as he should. It would be better for him, and it would mean a chance for her to rest too. It would do no harm if she should fall asleep for a minute or two; he could always call her if he needed her. The very monotony of his tones made her lids droop.

"It's just like going into the woods on a pack trip," he declared. "Travel light, and you'll go faster and farther. I can take a six-day trip with thirty pounds on my back, and have everything I need. I've seen men start out with forty-five pounds, and give it up the second day. They had to. If a man's going to get anywhere, he doesn't want anyone hanging on his coat tails."

She resented, for all her weariness, his arrogant insistence. "But it's nice to come home at night to people who love you," she urged drowsily.

"That's the old army game," he jeered. "That's what they all say. It's bunk. Lee Dale's wife made a home for him. Lee'd go home and have to listen to the baby's whooping cough, and how the cook burnt the chops, and how the washerwoman scorched his best shirts, and how the furnace smoked. He worked eight or ten hours at the office and five or six at home, and he's in a sanitarium now. No, sir, this home-maker stuff is bunk.

"I've beaten that game. I've got a nice apartment, a penthouse twenty-four stories above the street, cool, plenty of room, quiet, no flies, no noise. A Jap runs it for me, hires the cook, attends to my clothes—everything. I pay him a lump sum, and he pays everything out of that and makes a profit for himself. And at that it costs me less than it costs Dan Brace for his house, and there's no one in his family but his wife and himself." He added, chuckling triumphantly: "And things are run to suit me. But if they suit Dan's wife, he has to be satisfied."

She was drowsing, made no comment; and he cried:

"But you'll talk about a loving welcome after a hard day. I know. It's all the same gag. Very nice, too, I expect. But the trouble with folks that love you is, you've got to love them; and then, if anything happens to them, it hurts just as bad or worse than if it happened to you. One man worries about his children, and another about his wife, and another about his mother. I don't have to worry about anyone but myself. That's the way to beat the game."

He hesitated, his tones a little lower.

"I found that out just in time," he confessed. "There was a girl once. I knew it was a mistake, but I might have married her. I was right on the point of it. She wanted me. A man can tell. It was in the spring, and I suppose that had something to do with it. A nice girl too. She was going to the mountains for the summer, and I planned to go up there for my vacation, play golf with her, and fish, and so on. Probably I'd have married her. But the day before I got up there, she took sick. Typhoid fever. This was twenty years ago. She was mighty sick; almost died.

"And I couldn't sleep at night for worrying. I used to hang around the house, and I used to go in and sit with her; and she was delirious, and kept calling for me, and I was right there all the time. It hurt like the devil; but I realized, after a while, that if I married her, it might be the same thing again sometime. I'd have to look out for her as well as for myself. Anything that happened to her would wring me dry. It hurt, but I woke up in time! I went back to town before she was out of bed, and I didn't see her that winter. Took care not to. She married a fellow from Chicago a couple of years later, and I haven't seen her in ten years. Don't know whether she's sick or well. I certainly was lucky that time."

When he was silent for a moment, the cessation of the sound of his voice disturbed Miss Block, and she stirred faintly, but did not wholly wake before he went on.

"I tell you, a man can't even have friends without laying himself open," he declared. "I mean, if you get too thick with a man. I've friends enough, for that matter. There are a dozen fellows I play golf with right along; there's the gang in the club up on the Restigouche; there's the outfit down on Currituck. Some of them I don't see for a year at a time, but when we get together we pick it up right where we left off. If one of the gang doesn't show up, someone asks where he is, and maybe he's dead; but we catch just as many fish, shoot just as many ducks. The point is, it doesn't tear the heart out of you.

"I had a buddy once. We thought the same about a lot of things, decided we'd never get married, knocked around together for a year or two. Finally we took an apartment together. But it was as bad as being married. I found out things about him that I never guessed. He snored, for one thing, and he smoked cigars. The place smelled of old butts all the time. And he'd leave his clothes around. He had a sense of humor even before breakfast, and that's enough to hang a man. There were times when I wanted to knock his teeth down his throat just because he was so darned cheerful. And then the idiot developed tuberculosis and had to go West, and I missed him as though I'd lost a leg. I'd hated him when he was with me, but I couldn't stand to be without him either. I had to go out there, two years running, to see him. It was inconvenient as the devil too. Then he died, and I felt as though I dropped a heavy pack at the end of a portage. Never again for me."

In the sudden silence Miss Block almost snored; she roused just in time to turn the sound into a cough. But the patient appeared not to hear. In that semiconscious state in which he lay, he thought aloud, forgetting she was there.

He seemed to have forgotten the pain in his eyes; yet he did lift a fumbling hand and touch the bandage which covered his face, and mumbled something. Miss Block, watching him, made sure that he had not disturbed the bandage; and she said drowsily:

"Try to sleep, please, Mr. Willard. You'll feel better in the morning."

"All right," he assented. "Yes, that's right. Ought to sleep. Not sleepy, though; and my head's sore."

Yet he was quiet for a little, before he went on.

"The trick is not to love anyone or anything," he expounded. "I've seen men near crying because someone smashed an antique chair, or broke the covers of a first edition, or criticized a bird dog they happened to own."

He chuckled.

"Dogs!" he exclaimed. "They're as bad as wives. A dog will love anybody, and you can't help loving them. And then the dog gets run over by a car, or catches distemper, or just grows old and dies. I used to have a few dogs myself. I had one setter that lived in the apartment. She was a lady too. Someone poisoned her, and I was ready to murder the one who did it. But that warned me not to get too fond of dogs; so I kept my dogs at a kennel after that, and never saw them except to work them in the fall. But even so, you get fond of them. Now I hire a dog for my gunning and let it go at that; try a new one every year. You even get fond of a cat or a canary. This Jap of mine—I'm going to fire him and get a new one. I'm beginning to depend on him. He told me the other day that one of his children is sick, and I was sorry for the man!"

He seemed to feel that he had proved his case. There was a long silence, and Miss Block woke, and then fell faintly asleep again, and suddenly was deep in slumber. The night was utterly still.

"Yes, sir," he said, his tones blurred. "Yes, sir." He was half asleep himself. "Don't get attached to anyone or anything. If you do, you're just twice as vulnerable as when you travel alone. I don't have to worry about what happens to anyone but me." And he added boastfully, clinching the argument: "And I can take care of myself, you see."

Miss Block did not stir. He lay quiet for a while, and sleep pressed upon him. He may indeed have dozed for a moment. But his lips were dry, cracking when they touched; and this faint discomfort roused him.

He said mumblingly, "How about another drink of water?"

The nurse did not hear. She had been busy all that day in attendance upon her father; she had been forced to comfort the worries of her mother. Her strength had drained out of her into them, and she was sunk in weary slumber now.

He said again, more sharply: "A drink, nurse!" And when there was no response, he called somewhat louder: "Nurse!" And again: "Nurse!"

She did not stir, but a moment later she did come springing to her feet. For he had cried out suddenly in a shrill, ringing tone like a scream.

There was a hysteric terror in that outcry, startling in the stillness of the night. He was babbling in abject apprehension when she came swiftly to his side. For Mr. Willard had known a sudden, deadly fear of being alone.

PHOTO, FROM E. L. FISHER AND ALASKA SS CO.

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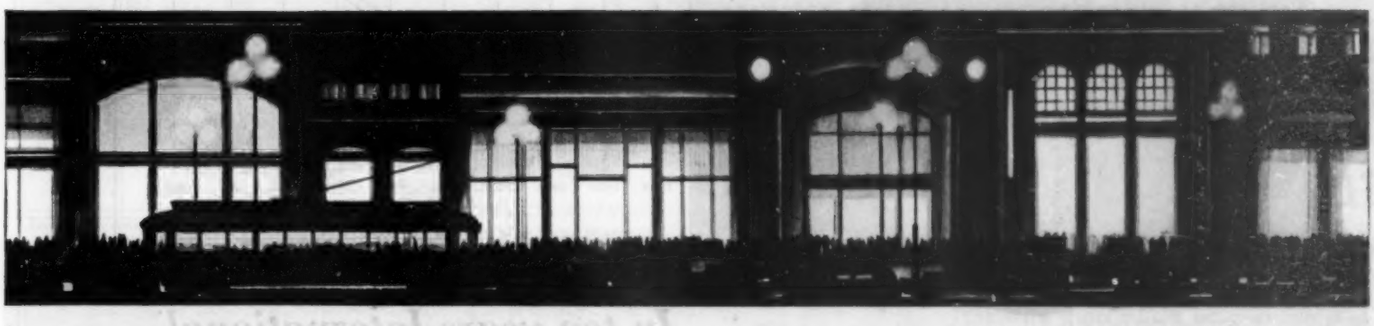

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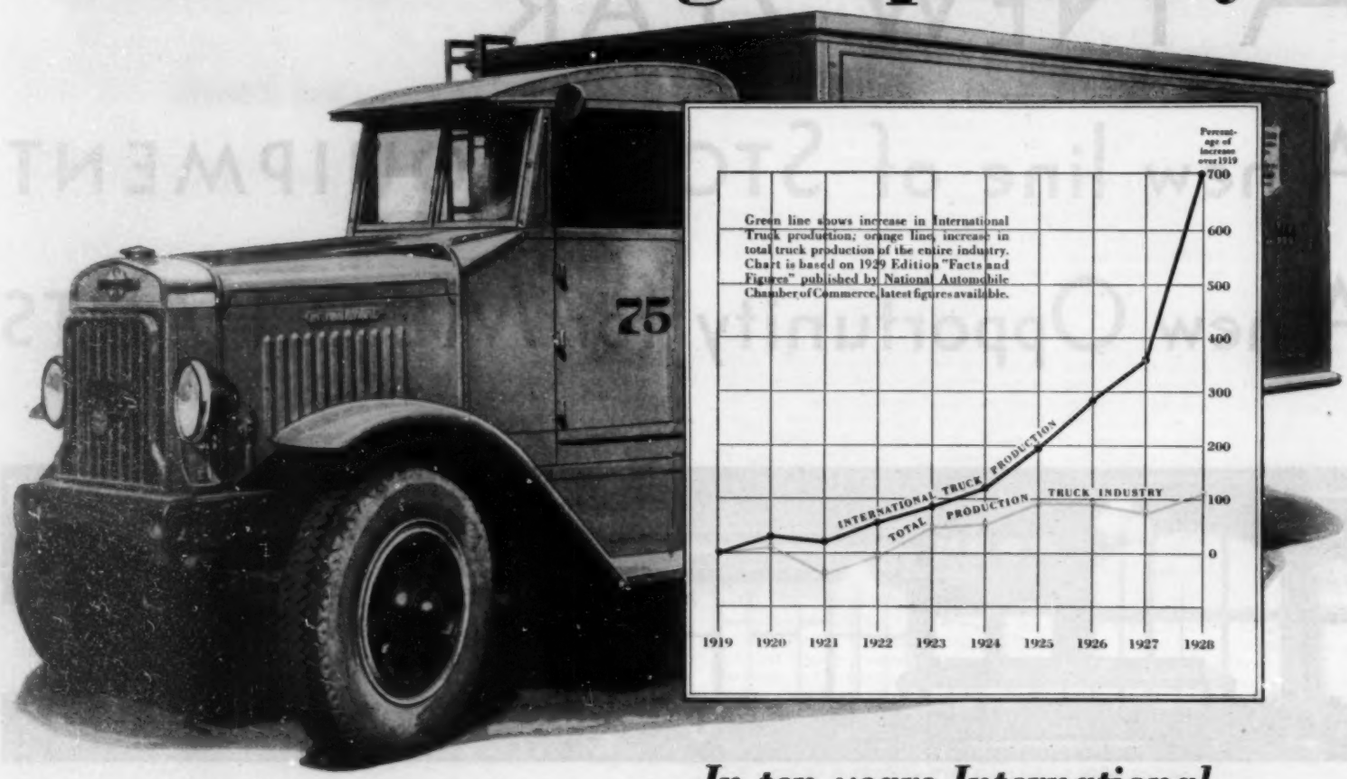
75
Green line shows increase in International Truck production; orange line, increase in total truck production of the entire industry. Chart is based on 1929 Edition "Facts and Figures" published by National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, latest figures available.
Percentage of increase over 1919
700
600
500
400
300
200
100
0
INTERNATIONAL TRUCK PRODUCTION
TOTAL PRODUCTION TRUCK INDUSTRY
1919 1920 1921 1922 1923 1924 1925 1926 1927 1928

In ten years International Truck production has increased Seven-Fold, while the total truck production of the industry has only doubled.

Starting in 1919, with a 15-year record of successful truck manufacture, and a production already well up with the leaders, International Truck production has grown seven times as fast as the total output of the industry.

The steadily rising popularity of Internationals can be seen in every form of trucking from New York to Hollywood and on every kind of highway from the pavements of Pensacola to the back-country trails of British Columbia.

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This comparison, indicating the growing preference for Internationals, is offered in no vainglorious spirit but simply as a matter of public record.

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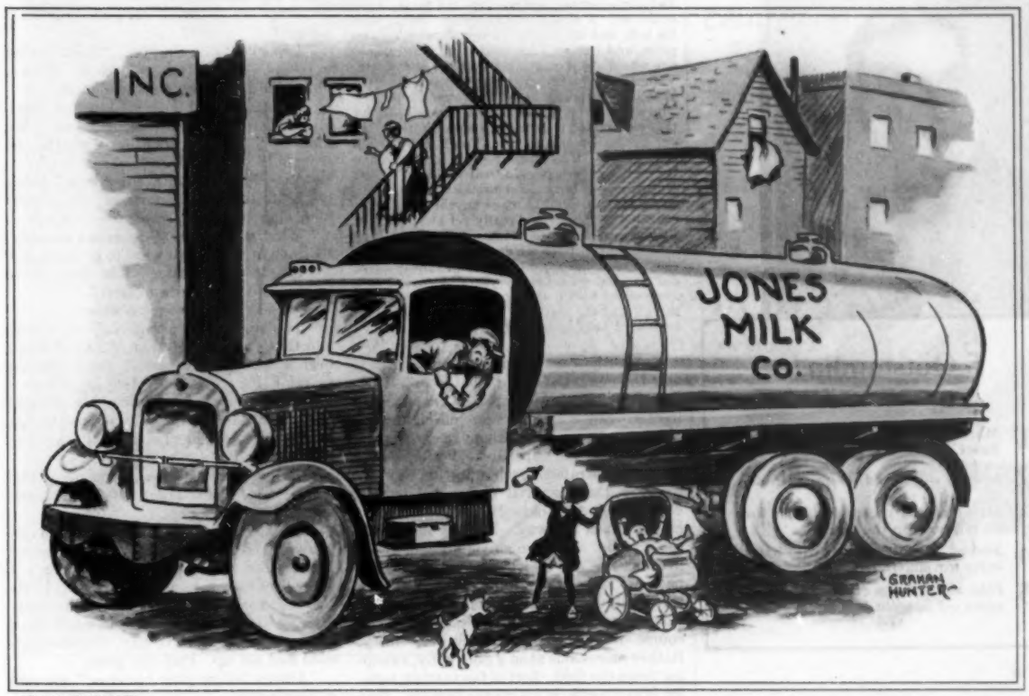
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Cartoon and Comedy



DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

"Fill 'Er Up, Will Yuh, Mister?"

DRAWN BY KEMP STARRETT

"Oh, Dear! Every Time I See One of Those Things I Get a Toothache!"

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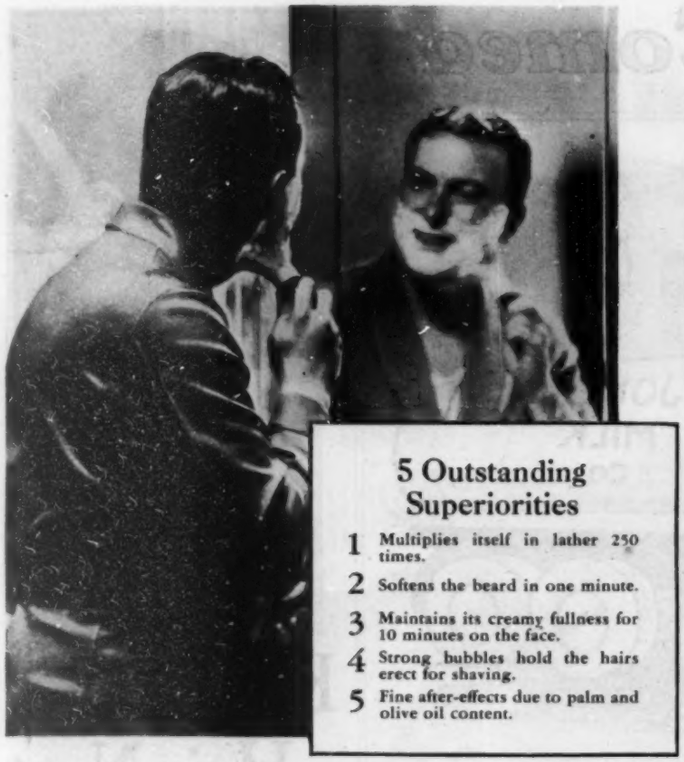

5 Outstanding Superiorities

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2 Softens the beard in one minute.

3 Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.

4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.

5 Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

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To demonstrate the 5 Unique Features of this remarkable shaving cream

GENTLEMEN:

Men who use our shaving cream make claims for it that we would hesitate to print.

Instead of *strong arm* selling methods we prefer to let our product sell itself—in the privacy of your own bathroom . . . with your own razor. Under normal "working conditions."

So we offer a seven-day test at our expense, and abide by your decision. Results have shown that 86% of men who try it become so enthusiastic that thereafter Palmolive Shaving Cream is an essential to their shaving regimen.

If you will detach and mail the coupon below, we will rush a trial package to you. After that, it's *up to you* whether you buy it or not. We think this is a fair proposition. Don't you?

How we developed it

We are the makers of the world-famous Palmolive Soap. Many of our products are leaders in their fields. In making a shaving cream nothing but the best would do.

We first interviewed 1000 men—got their opinions on the shortcomings of old shaving methods. Our vast laboratories set to work. Time and again we made up formulas, only to reject them. 129 in all. Then came success.

The four things men sought were there—plus a fifth. Success came with startling rapidity. Today Palmolive Shaving Cream outsells all others in the world.

Now the test, please

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Please print your name and address

CAROLYN PLAYS WITH FIRE

(Continued from Page 38)

Of course, I should have listened to you, and not run away. I tried to sit around and watch Delphia's technic, and see Pete fall for it. How could he? A slinky, sticky thing. Pete, with his polo and his tennis? I try to prick up my pride, and I think I have. I don't want someone who doesn't want me. This is a new world. Values are different. There are fascinating men. Why, only last night at the Jamisons' dinner —— The words go on, Binks. But all the time under them something is saying, "You can't live without Pete. No use to try. You'll have to do something." Binks, what can I do? You've been such a brick. No real child to a real mother could have been brickier. Can't you think of something? Almost anything. I never dreamed Delphia could really get away with it. I thought, if I went off somewhere and let Pete have his little fling, he'd see what a goose he was. I even felt awfully wise and subtle. How did you and your twenty years know so much more about men? Binks, please think of something! Quickly, darling; I have to answer their letters. I have to decide. I just can't ——

Evidently Lucie just couldn't, for that was the end. Carolyn folded it up. Then she unfolded it and snapped on her cigarette lighter. She watched the flame lick along the little, distracted writing. Lucie's letters were usually so shipshape. Perfect form, even if Lucie rated herself imitation. Funny to be a thoroughbred and not know it. Carolyn felt very old. But the letter must be got out of the way. Nobody must ever see it again. Carolyn shivered. She felt a little as she did in her first almost-naked bathing suit. Something in her turned spiritually from the sight of stripped emotion. And all for Pete! Good gosh! Of course he was good-looking—for forty. Rather marvelous atop a polo pony, sweeping down the field. Sort of fascinating, looking into the eyes of his dinner partner. Pete had a good line, for an old-timer. He was a good scout when it came to your bank account. But his best bet had been to give her Lucie for a mother. And now he was trying to scrap Lucie for Delphia—for a yard and three-quarters of silky selfishness. Somebody would have to tell Pete where he got off. If it would do any good —— But you didn't walk up and tell Pete what you thought of him, unless the thought was specially priceless. Pete was sort of a law to himself. Carolyn got up and squared her shoulders. Something must be done, and something would be. He was taking Delphia to the Flavins' dinner dance that night. Sort of a mixed party for ages. Carolyn was going with Hobart Massett. She was glad now she had accepted, though she didn't care much for mixed parties. Something might break that would give her a lead. You never knew your luck. The house was getting stuffier and stuffier. Nobody could think indoors anyway. She ran downstairs and telephoned the garage for her roadster.

Bart pulled up by the side of the road. The moon was riding already into the sky. It checkered the world blandly with shadows of elms and maples. The long white fingers that were the trunks of birches that pointed. Ecstasy shivered through Carolyn. So much sheer beauty, and nobody cared what it did to you. She wondered idly what went on behind faces. Look at her—waved and groomed, smiling and correct; from the first film of chiffon next to her slim body to her sable-collared wrap of eggshell satin, she was well-bred youth going to a party. That was the outside. It was only a picture.

"What did you say, Bart?" she asked. "I was thinking about something." Bart, who had been talking passionately for five minutes, straightened and stared.

"What did I say?" he repeated.

"Yes. You were talking, weren't you? I didn't hear."

"Yes, I was talking," he said. "I said, if I've done anything to be sorry for, for Pete's sake tell me. This plaster-image stuff is wearing me away. That's what I pulled up here to tell you. And you didn't even hear me."

"I'm sorry," said Carolyn flatly. "I tell you I was thinking."

"Why try to think on your way to a party?"

"I wasn't," said Carolyn. "I was trying not to. You'd better step on it. Even a dinner dance has to start sometime."

"What's the difference?" asked Bart. He slid across the shiny leather, close. "No kidding," he said soberly, "what's the trouble?"

"Your imagination needs a rest," Carolyn told him calmly. "I wish you'd start your old engine and get on."

"What's the hurry?" he asked moodily. "I thought you didn't want to go anyway."

"I didn't, specially. But now we've started, we might as well land."

Bart slid back under his wheel.

"You've left me a mile behind, Carol, and that's a fact," he said. "Everything's been so slick all summer, I was beginning to think I'd registered. You know how I am about you. I can't even think straight if you're around. And all I've seen the last month was a couple of cold shoulders. I'm all set for a little information."

Carolyn laughed. She looked up at him and he moved back again. The moon made her eyes almost violet.

"I've got a darned good hunch I'll get you yet," he said shortly. Carolyn slumped against him. He was strong. Wouldn't it be square to tell him? Just a little? He was hers for the taking. She'd practically decided to reach out her hand. Lucie liked him. She did so want to lean. She straightened and sat up. Play the game.

"Always follow your hunches," she said encouragingly. "I like your line."

"Little petting, just for the moon?" he asked.

Carolyn shook her head.

"Closed season for petting," she said. He slid across the seat and started his motor. There was more to Bart than just a movie profile, she decided. He would never be any good to her if there wasn't.

"It probably isn't closed for good, though," she relented. The profile softened and melted into the night.

"Take your time, lady," he said without turning his head. "I'm a grand waiter when I've got something to wait for."

They slipped from the shadows into the bright road.

Somewhere in the depths of the great gardens an orchestra crooned. Bart drove up to the arched doorway and stopped. He got out, lifted Carolyn down, and a waiting chauffeur drove his car away.

"Nobody'll stay where they're put," said Carolyn, "so pick us a ringside table. I'll be right back."

Delphia was sitting in front of a mirror in the luxurious dressing room as Carolyn slipped out of her wrap. She called "Hello" into the glass without turning. Carolyn said "Hello." She tried to say it smoothly. No need to give the show away. She knew, when the show-down came, Delphia would hit below the belt. She had never been famous for fair play. Carolyn had decided there would be a show-down. That was as far as she had gone. Somehow she would wangle a fight for Lucie. She might not win, but she would stage a scrap. And there was no time to lose. She looked at Delphia's Madonna reflection. The creature was beautiful. But what was she staring at?

"I'm looking at your legs," crooned Delphia. Delphia crooned nearly everything. "So few people use them now. They're awfully nice, but they look so old-fashioned through the points of that lace. New dress, too, isn't it?"

"Not so new," said Carolyn. "I've had it four weeks. I don't wear long skirts. I don't like 'em."

Delphia got up. Her molded coral velvet dress swept the floor.

(Continued on Page 58)

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(Continued from Page 56)

"They're awfully sweet and womanly," she drawled gently, "but you'll have lots of company. None of the women who lost their faces and found their legs will give them up without a struggle."

"What's the catch?" thought Carolyn. "She can't mean me. If I thought she meant Lucie ——" That was the devil about Delphia—that wall of drawling gentleness. Getting through it was like trying to swim in maple sirup. She could get away with murder before anybody caught her.

Three girls drifted in, so Carolyn laughed and ran downstairs, out onto the terrace and down the steps, past the sunken gardens. The soft slurring of saxophones came nearer, and Carolyn stopped at the edge of the party. A big dance floor, a-gleam like a jungle pool, hidden cunningly among the ancient trees. Lights glowing softly. Little tables everywhere. Waiters moving like careful shadows in and out. People eating or dancing while food grew cold and was taken away. Everyone do as he pleases, always; at parties or at home—if anybody has a home. Maybe the idea wasn't so sound. Carolyn slipped around to where Bart beckoned, and he got up and put her into her chair.

"Plenty party," he said, and handed her a plate of cunning hors d'œuvres. "Have some?"

"Maybe later," said Carolyn absently. From a table on the other side rose a slim coral cloud. It was Delphia. "Oozing," said Carolyn to herself. Pete followed, and they melted into a perfect rhythm. "How dare he dance like that with her?" thought Carolyn. Lucie could dance. She jumped up lightly.

"What are we sitting here for?" she asked. "Come on; let's go."

Bart got slowly to his feet.

"Green turtle soup lifts its little arms to you, and you want to dance," he said sadly. "Haven't you any heart at all?"

"Don't you do anything but eat? They'll give you some more soup."

"No understanding of life. Just a little subdeb at heart. I thought they grew 'em all up at twenty."

Carolyn made a face at him, and he took her in his arms.

"Over near father and Delphia Norcross, if you can," she said. "I want to get a look at that dress."

"I don't see why," he said disgustedly—"that long-skirt mess! You're not going in for the modest violet, are you?"

"It's awfully sweet and womanly," Carolyn quoted wickedly. With every minute counting, you never could tell. If she could get near enough—overhear —— Something inside suggested ridiculous things. It was weird. Through the bright mob they drifted nearer. Delphia was tall. Her eyes were almost up to Pete's. He bent his head and she lifted her face, framed in misty dark hair. She was fragile, insinuating, dangerous. Carolyn could feel her danger like an emanation. Suddenly, for the first time, pity for Pete swept her warmly. "Maybe Delphia's a drug," she thought. "Maybe he can't help it!" It was a new idea. Whenever the drift brought them near she listened warily. Delphia murmured softly, continually. She could catch the sound of it and see Pete's eyes. That was all.

"Let's go see what the neighbors brought while we were away," she said at last.

"Now you're talking," said Bart.

They wove their way back to their tiny table, half hidden in the trees. They ate and chattered and danced, and ate again. Carolyn, an eye alertly on her father, saw him slide his arm through Delphia's. Saw her break, a brittle bit of rainbow, from the whirling colors of the dance floor. Saw them a moment on the edge of the crowd. Saw them disappear into the shadows. She waved a gay hand to a girl in scarlet chiffon and got up.

"Back in a minute," she said.

"Here—wait ——" Bart began.

"I've got to see Peggy Wharton about the tennis matches tomorrow," she said. "Go tell Adelaide I'll loan you to her for ten minutes. It's only a loan, though, remember." She was gone.

"Sneak—eavesdropper," said something inside as she skirted the crowd and slipped down the path where they had disappeared.

"So's your pet rattlesnake," she answered. Far ahead she could just see a gleam—pale coral moonlight through the trees. She had hit the right trail. "Spy," said something again.

"What of it?" she told it hotly. "How else am I going to find out? What do I care, anyway?" She crept down to where a great hedge shadowed a marble bench. They were nowhere in sight. She stood poised, peering.

"But I can tell so much better when I see for myself," trickled Delphia's smooth voice from the soft haze. Carolyn almost screamed, it was so near. She was furious after the fashion of the startled. Where in heck were they? Then she knew. They were sitting on the bench. It was as easy as that. She thanked heaven for the hedge as she crouched. Good-by, dress. But the moment dripped potentialities. What price a French model, to get a line on how far things had gone?

"But why alterations? You'd never settle down at Sunrise." Pete's voice was hardly a voice at all. Husky and harsh together, and something else—something like—although not quite—contempt.

"Of course, I'll never settle down anywhere, darling," said Delphia.

"A voice like buttered velvet," thought Carolyn fiercely. Melting—you didn't even listen to what it said.

"But we'll come back to it now and then. I want it different. I want you all alone. No reminders. Can't you see, sweet stupid?"

"A swell chance to see!" Carolyn wanted to hurl it at them.

"I suppose so," said her father. His voice was muffled now. There was a drenched silence.

"I wish it would rain—hard," thought Carolyn idiotically. The moonlight flicked the trees in shining metallic drops, but no moisture fell.

"Drive over for me tomorrow afternoon, Peter sweet," crooned Delphia at last, "and I'll show you what I want."

Hard-boiled, hard-living Peter. Peter sweet! Carolyn clapped her hand across her mouth hysterically.

"They've started the divorce proceedings, of course?" Delphia's voice made beauty of banality.

"My lawyers have written Mrs.—Morehead." There was another long silence. Then the soft slurring of Delphia's dress against the marble. Carolyn knew they were standing, although the hedge was too tall to see.

"At four tomorrow?" asked Delphia.

"Half-past three is better. I'm driving to town at five."

"Fortune maker!" mocked Delphia softly. "Shall you be like this when we're married?"

Their footsteps on the finely graveled walk grew vague. Carolyn stood up warily, while the trees spun round. Delphia meant business. She shook out her lace skirts furiously and flexed her slim, cramped legs. This was what you got for love and loyalty. Lucie's love, that was always there. She started up the path on a little trot.

"You shan't do it!" she cried. "Not on your slinky, buttery life!"

Wrapped in apricot chiffon, Carolyn lay in bed and watched the half shadows turn to dawn. Plans, probable and improbable. Too lurid and not lurid enough. Finally things began to shape. Suddenly she sat up. "Sap!" she said. "Why didn't you think of it before?"

At twenty minutes past three that afternoon, Carolyn went out on her sleeping porch and watched Peter drive away toward the gates. Ten miles in ten minutes. And he would make it. Peter kept even amorous engagements on the dot. Some day he'd smash, driving like that. Smash! The word made her a little sick. She pulled on a hat and rushed downstairs. At half-past three she ran her roadster out of the gates and up the road. Her pulse jumped in a queer, irregular beat, and her hands on the wheel shook. It infuriated her.

'Anybody'd think you were going to jump off the roof!" she cried. "It's nothing! What's a little crack-up? If you weren't so dumb you could think of something highbrow—psychology or what not. Instead, you pull a circus stunt."

She looked down at her watch. Twenty minutes to four. Pete always on time. She cut her wheels sharply. The roadster spun round. The great stone gates of Sunrise jumped from behind a sharp curve. Suddenly, skimming the air, came the costly notes of Pete's French horn.

"Don't be a piker," she said harshly. "Hasn't Lucie played the game for you? What are you afraid of? You give me a distinct pain." Pain! Again the horn—nearer. She pressed the accelerator, turned the car sharply, shut her eyes and crashed into the wall.

The universe rocketed in a sudden roar. It collapsed and she opened her eyes. Somewhere in the twisted mess, the engine still ran pitifully. She reached out to shut it off. Her arm dragged limply. She eyed it with interest. "Broke the darned thing," she thought. "Told you it wouldn't bump you off." She moved the other hand experimentally. It worked. She shut off the engine, climbed over the hanging door, and stood a moment, looking up at the sun. Then, because her left arm was a fiery agony and she was not specially used to pain, she fainted neatly beside the road.

She opened her eyes to Delphia's screams, not cream and melted sirup, sharp and squealing and hysterical. Delphia herself was plucking at one of Peter's arms. The other held Carolyn—a hold firm and soft and comforting, all at once.

"Tell her to shut up, will you?" croaked Carolyn. Delphia burst into angry, frightened sobbing.

"Take me home, Peter—take me home!" she moaned. "I tell you I can't bear it. Oh, blood —— Can't you take me away?"

"It's only where I cut my arm," said Carolyn. She shut her teeth. If she fainted again Pete might leave her.

"Drive Mrs. Norcross home, Doyle," said Peter. Chauffeur and gardener had sprung up from nowhere in particular. Delphia still clung, shivering.

"I—I'm afraid!" she cried pitifully. What a break! If she let him get away now —— "You can come right back. The surgeon will be here. Peter!"

He looked up at her. His eyes were haggard, but at least they were open.

"Doyle will take you home," he repeated.

Through a sort of haze that wouldn't clear, Carolyn saw her get into the car. None of it made much sense, but it was all right. Delphia was gone and Pete was here. He lifted her gently.

"Be game," he said. "Easy does it. Try to see it through."

Carolyn's will dissolved in pain. She wrinkled her nose and began to cry.

"What do you know about it?" she sobbed ungratefully. "I want Lucie." Then she fainted again.

She opened her eyes in her own bed. The room smelled faintly druglike. Her arm lay, stiff and unrelated, on the satin cover. The lace on the pillow tickled her cheek. She made no move to brush it away. Blissfully and marvelously, nothing hurt. If she kept perfectly still, perhaps nothing would. Someone stirred carefully across the room, as if to ease cramped muscles. She turned her head gingerly. Bart Massett sat stiffly beside a window. His movie profile was turned and tears rolled slowly down his face. Something caught her throat.

"H-have you taken up nursing?" she asked brightly. Bart jumped and snatched his handkerchief. He got up, pulled over a chair and sat down beside the bed. His eyes were ringed with blue-gray shadows, his face was white and his tweeds looked like something hung on a rack. He leaned and put his face softly against the stiff arm. Carolyn could feel him shake. Peace swept her deliciously. The sun was shining, she was alive, Bart was crying and everything was all right. He lifted his head, got out his handkerchief, wiped his eyes and blew his nose.

"You're a swell driver," he said. "Can't turn into a forty-foot drive without crashing?"

"Maybe, and maybe not," said Carolyn. "How long since the tragedy?"

"Yesterday afternoon. They kept you doped."

"Didn't kick up a row, did I?" she asked disgustedly.

"No. You just kept crying for Lucie. I guess it got Pete's goat. They had to set your arm and sew up a few rents. So they just kept you out of it." His chin quivered suddenly. He shut it hard.

"How did you get in it?" asked Carolyn with interest.

"Me? Oh, I was hanging round. Stanley put me up."

"Didn't I even rate a nurse?"

"Sure. I told her to go out and walk around."

"She must be a swell nurse."

"I told her we were engaged," said Bart. He stooped and doubled the lace under her pillow. She raised her unobstructed arm and put it around his neck.

"Did you tell Pete to go out and walk around too?" she asked. "I don't seem to be getting a lot of service."

"Pete? Oh, Pete's gone to the station to meet Lucie. What do you mean—service?" And he stooped and kissed her.

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A Forest Pool in Northern South Carolina

★Technicolor *is* natural color . .

The newest motion picture sensation!

Before Technicolor, motion pictures were as beautiful as blacks and greys could make them. But they were not alive!

With Technicolor, motion pictures are Life itself! A new depth, a new sense of form. Nature, in all its reality of color!

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Now color—natural color—Technicolor!

And at last the motion picture lives!

For years producers coveted colored motion pictures. Directors stood before sumptuous settings, before magnificent natural beauty, and exclaimed, "If we could only reproduce the color!"

The millions who love motion pictures, who lavish admiration on the actors and actresses of the screen, longed for color. "If we could only see how she really looks!" they said.

Profound scientific minds attempted to solve the problem. Some progress was made, but the color was the color of lurid lithographs of a by-gone day. The actors themselves looked like painted manikins, the colors were blurred.

"When will we have true color in motion pictures?" the public asked.

"When some genius perfects a method," the producers answered.

Then came Technicolor. At first only a scene or two in infrequent productions. The producers were giving Technicolor the test.

Then one producer, who believed in Technicolor, gambled on an All-Technicolor picture.

Public response was immediate. "This is what we want," said the "fans." "This solves the problem," said the great directors, the noted actors.

And so came the wave of color, as mighty, as inevitable, as the wave of sound which preceded it . . . Technicolor could not, at first, keep pace with the sudden demand. Its cameras worked twenty-four hours a day. Everybody wanted Technicolor . . . For now, just as decisively as the motion picture turned to sound, so has it turned to Technicolor.

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MARILYN MILLER, lovelier than ever in Technicolor, brings all her rare charm to the screen in this First National-Vitaphone production of her greatest, singing, laughing, dancing success—"Sally." It was delightful on the stage—there are no adjectives quite adequate to describe its splendor on the screen. Heartily recommended.

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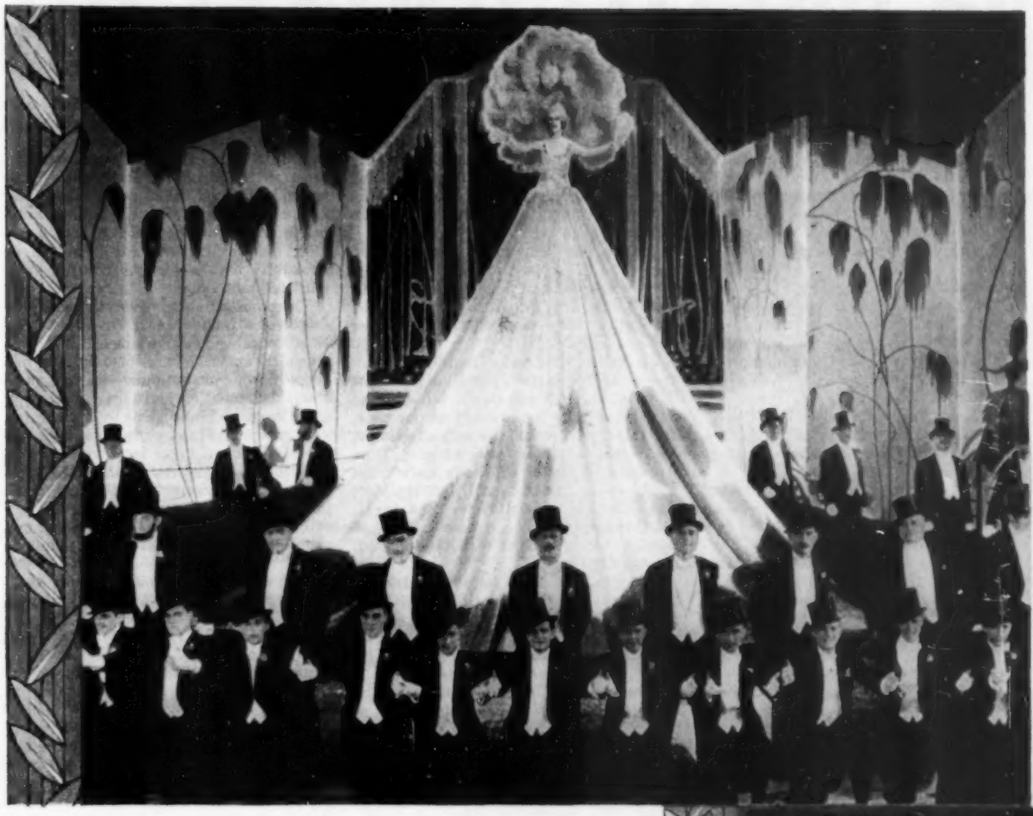
★

Technicolor



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One hundred shows in one. One hundred stars. One thousand Hollywood beauties. Magnificent in this Warner Brothers-Vitaphone production in Technicolor. Superlatives are necessary in any attempt to tell of the multitude of unusual features that "The Show of Shows" presents. In one motion picture, enough laughs and thrills and songs and beauty for a dozen. Go!

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JOHN BARRYMORE, one of the greatest living actors, speaks for the first time from the screen in "General Crack." It's in Technicolor, of course, —this stirring romance from Warner Brothers-Vitaphone studios. Gypsy camps, royal courts in all their natural beauty, form a brilliant background to the amazing exploits of this soldier of fortune. Put it right down on your list.

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IT'S A GREAT LIFE, starring the Duncan Sisters (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio); GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL, with Mary Eaton: Eddie Cantor, Helen Morgan and Rudy Vallee in revue scenes (Paramount); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); THE PARAMOUNT PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); PARIS, starring Irene Bordoni (First National); THE ROGUE SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); SON OF THE GODS, starring Richard Barthelmess (First National); SONG OF THE FLAME, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); SONG OF THE WEST, with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); THE VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King (Paramount); THE BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, all-star cast (Warner Bros.).

is natural color

EDDIE AND WALTER

(Continued from Page 9)

she got. The baskets and boxes being set in place, and the restless, chattering girls and men having managed to bestow themselves in the various cars, she found herself in Eddie's roadster with Eddie on one side of her and Walter Chicherle on the other, but not specially sure of how she arrived there. They spun away in a burst of speed.

"Eddie, what's the rush? You'll be arrested," Dina shrieked in his ear as they tore along.

"I don't care," he shouted back. "I want to get there."

Dina turned to Walter Chicherle and shook her head. "Eddie never drives like this," she told him.

"But it's grand—and I love it!" he said. "I hate going slow. So do you."

Perhaps that was true. It wasn't possible to dispute it at seventy miles an hour. They had reached the river and were out of the car before Dina had made up an answer, and by that time it was too late.

All the river-beach picnics were in exactly the same simple, traditional pattern. They had always been done in one way, and it was the thing to do to keep them exactly the same. The cars were parked outside the half circle of sycamore and pine that guarded the wide loop of silver water. Then the crowd rushed for the two dressing huts to get into bathing suits. Somebody yelled "First in!" and then there was a mighty stampede and a series of wild splashes. In ten minutes everyone was swimming at top speed to the little island in the center of the loop. Today Dina and Walter Chicherle reached it first.

"You're a marvelous swimmer," he said, standing close to her and watching the others come on. "I could hardly keep up with you."

Commonplace enough, but murmured as if it was some intimate secret. Again Dina felt the catch in her throat. "Oh, you didn't really. You could have beaten me if you'd tried. I'll race you going back."

So after everyone else had landed and raced around the island and scratched their legs on blackberry bushes and bruised their toes on pebbles, Dina and Walter Chicherle struck off to the beach side by side. It was so obviously a race that the rest of the party gathered to watch and cheer. Only Eddie Sands stood silent, watching, frowning.

There was something magical to Dina in their progress. He was so near to her, his stroke was timed to her own, they swam paired as one body, one rhythm. She tried all her skill but she could not draw ahead of him; and she felt that he was holding back to stay beside her—that he might win, but wouldn't. He would rather be with her; the winning didn't matter. She slowed to prove her suspicion, and he slowed also.

"You're cheating," she called to him, and in a quick hard spurt she shot ahead and got her feet on the beach.

He came in laughing. "I couldn't race with you," he said. "It was so gorgeous the way we went along together."

"But I meant to race."

"I know, that was what made it so gorgeous. Don't peeve at me, I couldn't help it."

"I'm not peeving."

"You are, just the least little bit. I wish we were having this picnic all by ourselves. I hate a mob of people. Can't we do it sometime soon?"

"Are you staying long?"

They sat down on the sand and dug their toes in companionably. They were quite alone, everyone else was on the way from the island. "I'll stay long enough for the picnic no matter when it is," said Walter Chicherle. "I never make long plans. I don't like them."

"Silly, the way I feel," thought Dina. "He's simply trying out his line. And it's not so bad, I must say!" The reflection was calming, cautioning.

The picnic went on at a gallop. There was more swimming, more games of beach ball; then when they were all back into regular clothes again the radio and phonograph were both set going, the grill was opened and a fire built beneath it. Dina and Gwen and two aides unpacked the food and laid white paper tablecloths. Eddie Sands and Bill Haines cooked the chops wrapped in bacon and stuck them, juicy and sizzling, into the fat buttered rolls Dina had prepared. Walter Chicherle sat still and did nothing, but Dina knew that he watched her every move.

Once when she found herself beside Eddie she said under her breath: "Tell me about your cousin."

"What d'you want to know?" asked Eddie shortly.

"You needn't snap at me. You brought him, remember. He just seems to me a little—out of the ordinary and I wondered about him."

"Oh, he's out of the ordinary all right, I reckon. You'd better get acquainted with him yourself. He's mother's sister's only child, he's twenty-five and unmarried. That's all I can tell you."

"I don't think you like him."

"Please stand out of the way. The hot grease will spatter on you and it burns like the devil," said Eddie, putting more chops on the fire.

Dina shrugged her shoulders and went over to the table. Everything was ready. "Come and get it," she called, and the hungry horde needed no urging.

Dina found Walter Chicherle sitting beside her, and when the meal was over and they had burned the boxes and papers, and the fire had been built up so they could sit around it and sing, he was still sitting beside her, talking to her in an undertone that gave the appearance and feeling of intimacy, though he said nothing that could not have been shouted to the four winds. Dina caught Gwen Murray's lifted eyebrows, and an annoyed glance or two from Ruth Keene, who had placed herself on Walter's other side with every intention of annexing the new man. Caspar Grange, just beyond Dina, was annoyed too, but Eddie Sands sat down at the other end and didn't seem to notice.

It was one o'clock before the party was over, and two o'clock before Dina was at home; but she had never felt so wakeful, so alive. She couldn't sleep, but lay thinking of the evening and of Walter Chicherle. Try as she would she could not make her thoughts go calmly. She knew that from the moment of their meeting she had attracted him, but she did not want to admit how much he had attracted her. She told herself again, "He was only trying out his line." And yet, it wasn't just that, she knew it wasn't. Anyway she was to see him again, very soon. The last thing he had said was would she please, please, please keep the next evening for him.

There was no time to think about him in the morning, for she woke late and had to dash off to her classes at Miss Garry's. The beginning of the session was always hard, and she dreaded it, but she flung herself into it today with spirit, made her decisions quickly, jollied the bashful littlest ones, subdued the fresh twelve-year-olds and put the early teens smartly through their paces. She went home to luncheon quite pleased with herself, and with the sense of having lived a long time and done many things since the same hour yesterday. And since the afternoon was free she thought she'd better give the living room a good cleaning, and try to evolve something in the way of a new lamp shade and some fresh covers for the sofa pillows.

Amy was waiting for her. "There's a box of flowers for you as big as a house. Who d'you suppose sent it?"

"We'll soon see," said Dina.

She pushed the string over the corner and down, and lifted the lid. Coppery roses, yellow chrysanthemums, calendula and fern—fresh, lavish in beauty. Amy snatched for the card but Dina snatched first. "They are not good enough, but they are the best I could find for you," was scribbled across Walter Chicherle's name.

There were flowers to fill the living room and leave a great bouquet for the lowboy in the hall and a bowl of roses for the dining-room table. The whole family exclaimed with the joy of them.

"Your new boy friend must have a bunch of money," said James.

"He must have good taste, these colors are so unusual," said Lois Roper.

Dina caught her father's eyes on her with a wistful question. She shook her head and answered it aloud. "I've only just met him, dad. He's being grateful because I let him come to my party."

"It's a swell way to be grateful," said Amy.

"I wish you'd stop saying swell," said Lois Roper. "It's not a swell word, if you can gather from that what your mother wishes to convey."

The talk drifted away from Walter Chicherle and the flowers, but Dina looked at them all through the meal. No one had ever before sent her so many at one time, and there is something specially affecting to any woman in an extravagant gift. Dina wondered if Walter Chicherle knew that. Well, she supposed he did, but it didn't make the flowers less lovely. She might, she thought, have a hard time to find just the right tone to thank him, not too pleased, not too flattered.

And all afternoon as she cleaned the living room and tried to make it look less worn and shabby the flowers were around her, giving grace to the tired old room and silently compelling her to keep Walter Chicherle foremost in her thoughts.

He came early in the evening, and the first thing he said was: "I couldn't wait to see you. I'd have come this afternoon if I'd thought you were at home."

"I was at home, but I wouldn't have let you in, for I was awfully busy. I might have peeped through a crack in the door to thank you for the flowers. They're simply delicious, and so many of them! It's marvelous to have a lot of something that isn't a necessity."

He disregarded her thanks. "Eddie wanted to know where I was going tonight. Of course he's mad about you; but, of course, you couldn't care about him any more than you'd want to eat nothing but bread and butter all your life."

Dina wondered if she heard what she seemed to hear, or if her ears had gone funny. She decided that this was some more of Walter Chicherle's line.

"Eddie Sands has known me all his life and cares no more about me than he does about any other girl in town," she said firmly. "He's perfectly indifferent to all of us, though he's always pleasant enough. If he let you imagine he was interested in me he was stringing you, though why he should ——"

"Don't let's talk about Eddie. I'm sorry I began it. Out for Eddie. I want to talk about you."

"Go ahead, it's a grand subject."

Walter Chicherle was surprised at her tone. "You make me feel as if I'd said something foolish."

"And you don't want to feel that way?"

"Now you're being brutal."

"Look here," said Dina, "I'm not used to a lot of soft stuff, it makes me feel foolish. Let's be ourselves. Come along, tell me about how you happened to come here and what you do when you work, or if you work, and everything."

After that it was easy. Soon Dina found out that his father had died when he was ten, and his mother married again seven years later. The marriage had hurt him. "I adored my mother," he said. "I worshiped her. It killed something in me to have her put someone in my father's place. I begged her not to do it, and when it wasn't any use I went off to school and I've never been home since. In vacations I traveled about as far away from them as I could go."

"Was your stepfather so dreadful?" Dina thought with a shudder how she would feel about a successor to Jerry Roper.

"He was impossible. I won't tell you about him because I'd say too much." He looked so unhappy that Dina ached with sympathy.

She learned more about him. His father had left money in trust for him, a lot of it. He did not need to work, but he did, oh, frightfully hard. He wrote plays, and as he described the drudgery and pains of play writing Dina felt that no one had ever worked so hard before. He had had nothing produced, but he was sure that in another year or two at least he'd land on Broadway with a smash. Until then he must toil on, hoping.

There was glamour in everything his slow deep voice pronounced. He showed her New York, his New York he called it, gray monoliths against a jewel-blue sky, cars and people flowing in an endless shifting current about their feet. He had a little apartment, three rooms, high up, done by a decorator, very modern; there were black rugs and silver chairs, a Lurçat tapestry. And he knew theaters and restaurants and night clubs and galleries and all the rest of the jazz background; and he had seen great actors and heard great music and had met people who were only fascinating names to Dina.

"No wonder Eddie said you liked exciting things! You'll find it awfully dull here. I don't see why you ever came."

"I came because I was sick of excitement and rushing about. I was homesick. I thought perhaps Aunt Emily, being mother's sister, might take her place a little. I'm so lonely, I'm so horribly lonely without a real home. But it's no good, I can't stay at Aunt Emily's, I was a fool ever to think—but I won't go into that. I ought to put in a winter of hard work on my comedy and get it licked into shape. Could I rent a furnished apartment, d'you suppose? I don't want to be in a hotel."

Suppose he should stay all winter! Dina tried to reply with detached practicalness. "I don't know about a furnished apartment, but there's an apartment hotel, a new one, awfully good."

"If I stay, will you help me with my play? Will you let me read it to you and talk it over and tell me your ideas? Will you promise me that?"

"But I don't know a thing about writing plays. I couldn't help you ——"

"You could if you wanted. Won't you do this for me? Oh, please, please, please ——"

He had said "please, please, please" the night before when he asked her to save this evening for him. She began to say, "I don't know why ——" but stopped. She had known him only twenty-four hours, but she knew why. He had fallen in love with her and she had fallen in love with him.

It was a whole week later before they told each other so—that is, in words. It seemed to both of them a slow moving century. To Jerry and Lois Roper, looking on with anxious sympathy, it seemed a whirling half second. They were not sure. But Dina was sure. This was the sort of love she had unconsciously longed for, sudden, romantic, overwhelming. Every moment of the day that wasn't taken up with her classes and the housekeeping, Walter Chicherle was with her. They talked endlessly, about everything under the sun. Walter did most of the talking. Dina was content to listen and watch his face, noting the thin black lines of his brows, the quirk of his mouth to the left when he smiled, the cleft in his chin that had no kinship with any childlike dimple, the brown pallor of his skin, the proud imperious eyes that ate her up. He told her again, with many details, of his mother and stepfather, he told her

(Continued on Page 64)

Welcome
THE GENERAL ELECTRIC SPECIALIST

He is a refrigeration expert and can be of great service to you

HE'S a specialist—not a salesman. He comes to your home to help you solve some of the most important problems of housekeeping. He comes primarily to tell you how to preserve your family's food safely and healthfully. But he will tell you more. He will help you plan a regime that is easier and far more economical.

Of course you want all the modern conveniences and comforts of electric refrigeration. And here is the man qualified to clarify your problems and answer your questions. How large a refrigerator . . . what type of refrigerator . . . how to get the most convenient payment terms . . . how much you can expect to pay for current . . . what about servicing . . . what sort of a company guarantees the refrigerator? These and many more questions should be definitely answered for you before you come to a decision to buy.

Of course you can go to any General Electric Refrigerator dealer. But perhaps you will find it more convenient first to have a specialist call and talk to you at your leisure.

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1. All machinery hermetically sealed in one steel casing—permanently oiled.
2. Incomparably quiet in operation.
3. Creates no radio interference.
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The General Electric specialist is chosen for his courtesy and his ability. He is trained to help you. Listen to his story. You may be confident that he will lead you toward pleasanter and more economical housekeeping. Welcome him when he comes.

May we send him to you?

We shall be happy to send a General Electric specialist to you right away if you will write us. Address Section S-1, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

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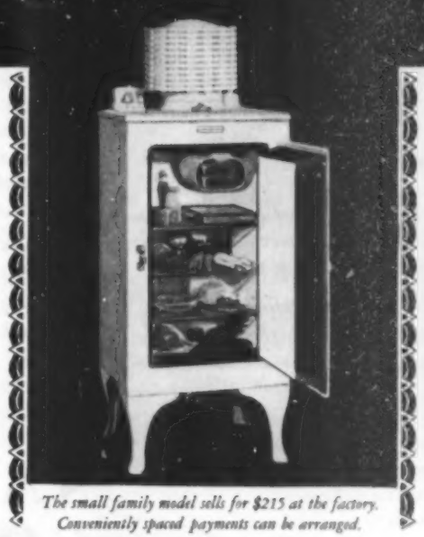

The small family model sells for $215 at the factory. Conveniently spaced payments can be arranged.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
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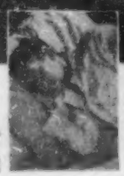

MAKE THE NIGHT TEST!

EVEN if coffee does keep you awake, that steaming, fragrant cup of after-dinner coffee *is* a temptation. And all too often it's a temptation you can't resist. With the result that you toss sleeplessly and ask yourself reproachfully: "*Why* did I ever drink that cup of coffee?"

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Sanka Coffee is genuine coffee—a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees grown. Nothing is added—only caffein is removed. And it *is* delicious. Sanka Coffee is spicy in flavor—tempting in aroma—full of coffee's old-time goodness.

Drink it and discover, as have so many others, that caffein never added anything to coffee's flavor—never even added to that immediate sense of satisfaction a cup of coffee gives. That comes from the warmth and flavor of the drink itself. Drink Sanka Coffee and you will agree with coffee experts that no other blend is finer.

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Physicians here and abroad endorse Sanka Coffee whole-heartedly. They recommend it to patients who cannot drink other coffees because of caffein's effect upon their sleep, their nerves or their digestion.

Your grocer carries Sanka Coffee—ground or in the bean—in pound cans that preserve its freshness and its fragrance. He sells it, furthermore, on this money-back basis: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not fully satisfied, simply return what's left and we'll cheerfully refund the full purchase price."

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MAKE THE NIGHT TEST!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and *night—without regret!*

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SANKA COFFEE

Genuine Delicious

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

(Continued from Page 62)

about his childhood and his youth and how he had never been like the other boys, that they had not liked nor understood him. Gradually he built up before her the image of himself as a solitary, sad, but very noble figure.

There was his play to talk about, too; so many aspects of it, so much discussion of the characters. Dina found it hard sometimes to take them quite as seriously as Walter did, but she set that down to her own ignorance of play writing. She stopped at the library and took out two books on the subject, but Walter told her they were worse than useless and would only give her wrong ideas, so she took them back on her way to school the next day.

Always there were moments when what they were saying suddenly died and was forgotten, because they felt so near the much more important things they would soon say to each other. When at the end of the age-long week these important things at last were said, it was to Dina the most natural happening of her whole life.

"You know I love you, Dina, darling."

"Yes, I know it. I love you too."

"I've been trying not to love you, but I couldn't help it. Ever since the first second when I saw you with that little scarlet cap on your head I adored you. I didn't want to, but I did."

"You didn't want to love me? Oh, Walter, why not?"

"Love is so dreadful, it's so devastating. I've never been in love, I mean really in love, and I'm afraid of it. I've always been afraid of it, because I knew that unless it was perfect, unless I was wholly satisfied and content, it would wreck me. I'm like that, Dina. I must have perfection or nothing." His eyes were clouded, intense.

Dina was troubled. "I can't promise you perfection, for I'm anything but perfect myself. And I've never been in love either, even a little, but I don't see what you're afraid of. I'm not afraid."

"That's wonderful, darling. You're wonderful too. I can't help being like this. I've had such a miserable, lonely life ever since mother disappointed me; it shook my faith in human affection, d'you see?"

Yes, Dina understood that. He went on: "I need someone who can be everything to me, who can make me believe that there are still faith and loyalty and devotion in the world for me. When I met you I knew at once that if anyone could do this you were that one, and I wanted to get down on my knees and beg you to be kind to me, then and there."

"Why didn't you?" asked Dina. "It would have added lots of interest to the party."

"Darling girl, don't laugh at me. This means everything to me." He drew back aggrieved.

"I'm not laughing at you, I was just being silly. I do love you, Walter. I hate to think of the years of unhappiness and loneliness you've had."

"But not any more, that's all over."

"That's all over forever," promised Dina, solemnly and tenderly.

She pitied Walter fervently, she determined to make up to him for all he had suffered. This determination helped her to be gentle with him when he insisted there was no need of a long engagement and they could be married at once.

"But I can't be married until next summer," said Dina. "There's my contract at Miss Garry's; and James won't graduate from high school until next year, and I must see him through. He's been promised a good job then, and he'll go on studying at night. And besides, Walter, father and mother would be miserable if I suddenly leaped off and got married."

"It's our lives, not your father's and mother's. And it's not sudden. I feel I've known you always."

"I feel exactly the same about you too. And yet if you stay here this winter, and we're engaged and go about together and make plans for—for being married—oh, Walter, it'll be marvelous!" She went on more slowly: "And even if we do know one another now very well, in our hearts, I mean, there are ever so many ways we don't know each other at all."

"That's nonsense, I couldn't know you better in any way. It's enough for me that I love you so much."

He went on saying eager, exaggerated, passionate things, and Dina listened rapturously. This was the ideal lover, impetuous, demanding, exacting. But she would not let him persuade her into a hurried marriage.

"I can't begin being happy with you by making father and mother unhappy," she said. "You mustn't want me to."

"Why should it make them unhappy? Maybe they'd like it. Darling girl, I need you more than they do. Talk to them, persuade them, let me talk to them."

Dina would not do that either. She was stuck between her loyalty to Lois and Jerry and this new commanding desire. She felt sure that they would be disturbed and dismayed enough by her getting engaged without anything more. Through the haze of the week she had been aware of them watching her in helpless solicitous affection. She had told them nothing, and they too had been silent, trying to behave as if nothing was happening.

They said very little when she told them her news, and nothing against Walter. Jerry hesitantly suggested that sometimes one might be in love with love and being loved, instead of caring for the lover himself. "He's such an unusual young chap, I want you to be sure it isn't that, Dina," he concluded.

"It isn't. I'm not such an idiot, dad."

"You're not an idiot at all, and you've had enough—what does Amy call them?—'heavy suitors' ever since you were sixteen to be able to compare and judge. I don't want you to mistake fascination for the real thing and be disappointed in any way."

"But I couldn't be disappointed in Walter."

"That's a typical point of view. Yes, my child, I'm making fun of you. But seriously, all that Lois and I hope is that you won't rush too fast without seeing exactly where you're going." He put his arms around her, held her tight. "You know, Dina, all the love in the world isn't confined to you and Walter. Your mother and I think a good bit of you, and I suspect that James and Amy under their youthful hard-boiled fronts rather cherish their sister. And we know that you love us. But I know, too, between you and Walter it is different, it is quick and flaming and overwhelming. But don't be impatient with us that we feel our love has some importance too."

Lois said something more, out of Jerry's hearing: "If you don't want to wait, Dina, don't do it. Nothing would be so bitter to me as to feel that you'd hesitated because we need you here at home. I wouldn't say this before Jerry, it grinds him so much anyway that you've had to help out here at home."

"Don't worry, it's not you and dad that hold me back. It's all mixed up; my contract with Miss Garry, and—I can't quite make up my mind to change my life all around in a minute. It's enough to be engaged, for a while."

Nevertheless Dina knew very well that if it had not been for the helplessness of her parents she would have blithely tucked her hand into Walter's and started off to the minister that very minute. She did not dare tell Walter this; it wouldn't be fair to Lois and Jerry. Walter was exceedingly impatient with them anyway, he did not, as yet, Dina realized, understand them, and they did not quite understand him. That, she considered another good reason for waiting.

But outside of these small pinpricks, life was rose-colored. Walter dashed up to Chicago and brought her a square diamond of such magnificence that Gwen Murray's ring, which until now had held the local record for size and beauty and brilliance, looked as if it came from the five-and-ten. He brought other presents, too, constantly, the house was filled with flowers, boxes of

(Continued on Page 67)

Always an Asset---
A Face that's Fit

"I lend on character", said a famous financier, on a memorable occasion. Keen insight! And we venture to guess that his judgment of character was the more favorable when scrupulous grooming was in evidence; when the borrower's look was clean as well as honest; when his face looked Fit!

Face Fitness is an asset any man may have. If you prize it, begin your day with the Williams Shaving Service.

First, Williams Shaving Cream. The Williams lather has been for 90 years the Standard by which all others have been judged, always leading the van.

Scrupulously pure, with no touch of doubtful dye. Cool as morning. Mild as real cream. Extra moist,—absorbing, indeed, by authentic test, 10% more moisture than any other we know of. Lather for the skin as well as for the beard, gently cleansing, *unclogging* pores, without which there cannot be clear complexions.

For close clean shaving, fine Face Fitness, Williams Shaving Cream!

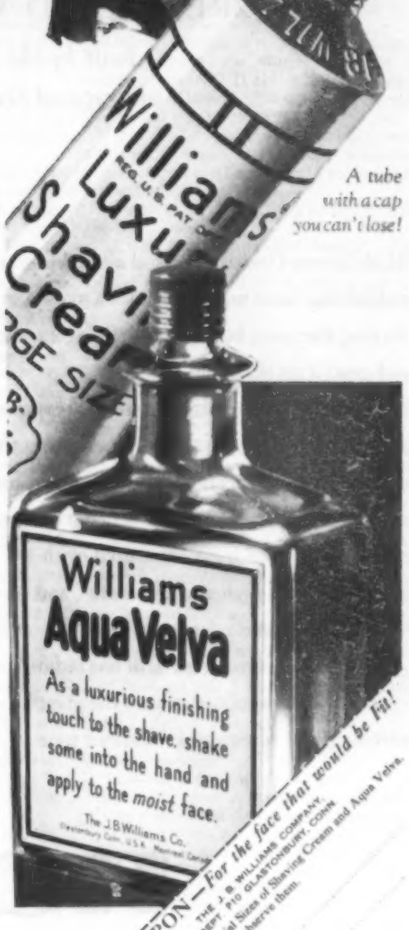
Then Aqua Velva, made just for after shaving. Made to *keep* the skin, all day long, as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and Fit.

You'll look forward, morning after morning, to Aqua Velva's tingling thrill. It stimulates the skin, gives it a feeling of new life.

A thrill, yes! And in addition Aqua Velva cares for tiny nicks and cuts. Protects from dust and germs, wind and weather. Helps to prevent roughness and chapping. Conserves the skin's natural moisture. Tends toward youthful firmness of facial tissue.

Aqua Velva, for pleasure and good grooming!

Try this Williams Shaving Service complete. See what it will do for *you*. Try it without charge, if you like. Send the coupon or a post card. Free trial sizes sent gladly.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Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B.Williams Co.

A tube with a cap you can't lose!

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THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
DEPT. P10 GLASTONBURY, CONN.
Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.

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RCA Screen-Grid Radiolas *in all models* give you the superb tone and realism that have made Radiolas a synonym of radio perfection. Why? Because they are built by the RCA experts who created screen-grid and gave it to the radio industry.

Screen-Grid Radiolas are not an experiment. Years were spent in the RCA research laboratories perfecting the Screen-Grid Radiotrons and the special screen-grid circuit which made screen-grid radio possible. RCA engineers then designed a screen-grid set in which interfering foreign noises were eliminated without dulling the high and low notes, and narrowing the musical range.

Tone quality—first essential of fine radio—need not be sacrificed to gain the great advantages of screen-grid. Without tone quality this advanced type of high-power radio is only a makeshift.

Look for and insist upon the famous RCA trade-mark

When you buy a Screen-Grid Radiola you get super-power screen-grid performance as you have a right to expect it—plus all the qualities of fine radio reception that are guaranteed by the famous RCA trade-mark.

RCA RADIOLA 46—The acknowledged leader in screen-grid "all-electric" radio. A cabinet model with built-in RCA electro-dynamic reproducer. For alternating current $130 *(less Radiotrons)*. For direct current $140 *(less Radiotrons)*.

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RCA RADIOLA

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

RADIOLA DIVISION RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION OF AMERICA

(Continued from Page 64)

marrons and *glacé* nuts and candied fruits delighted Amy's and James' young appetites; and Dina had to beg him to stop buying gloves and handkerchiefs by the gross, and every trinket that he thought she might fancy. Not that she didn't enjoy his spendthrift generosity, but it embarrassed her, especially after Jerry Roper remarked dryly one day that Walter seemed to have the King Cophetua touch.

The engagement was not formally announced, though everyone knew it, and Walter's mother and stepfather, who had been informed by Mrs. Sands, not by Walter himself, wrote Dina welcoming letters. Dina showed these to Walter and he laughed at them in a harsh proud way.

"They imagine they'll make it up with me through you," he said. "Don't notice them, Dina. Don't answer them. If my mother thinks I can ever forgive her cruelty she doesn't know me. I suffered too much from it. She doesn't want to be talked about any longer as having driven me from home, that's her idea, and she and that fellow think they'll work it now."

"The letters don't sound that way," said Dina, "and I hate to seem rude to them. Don't you think I ought to write something, just pleasant and noncommittal?"

"If you do," said Walter, his low voice tense and tragic, "you simply reopen the sharpest wound I ever received. I couldn't bear to have you, darling girl, send them anything your precious hands had touched. It would be horrible to me. It would make me feel that you were on their side and wanted to hurt me as they did."

"You could never think that," said Dina. "And when you say such things I see how fearfully they did hurt you, Walter. I won't write a line if it troubles you so much."

After Walter had gone Dina read the letters again. They didn't seem to her to have the sinister tone Walter detected; she simply couldn't find any ulterior motive in them. Rather, they sounded gentle, kind and long-suffering.

In a sudden impulse Dina determined to telephone to Mrs. Sands. Walter's mother was her sister; she would know whether the letters meant what they said, or more, or less.

Eddie Sands answered the telephone. His mother, he said, was not at home and he didn't know exactly when she'd be back, probably not until dinnertime. "I'll tell her you called her up," he offered. "Or if you want to leave a message ——"

"I'd better call up again," said Dina.

Eddie caught the bother in her voice. "Anything I can do?" he asked.

It was nice to be talking to helpful old Eddie.

"No, this is a case for your elders, young man. By the way, you've not congratulated me."

"I don't intend to. My congratulations are for Walter."

"Well, felicitate, then, if you're going to be fussy about words."

There was a long silence from Eddie, so long that Dina thought they had been cut off. "Hello, hello," she called. "You still there, Eddie, or asleep at the switch?"

"I'm here. I do hope you'll be happy, Dina, if that's what you're waiting for me to say."

"You don't sound hopeful."

"I'm not, unless you change an awful lot."

"What d'you mean?"

Eddie coughed: "I'm talking too much. I don't mean anything special. But just don't ever forget that Walter writes plays."

"But, Eddie—what of it? It's not a criminal occupation."

"You think it over. You're beautiful enough to be dumb, but you're not. I'll tell mother you called up. G'by."

He rang off abruptly, leaving Dina staring at the telephone. Never had Eddie Sands talked like that before. And what was it all about? Walter wrote plays! Of course he wrote plays. Maybe Eddie didn't consider play writing real work; maybe what he said was simply a slam. But no, it hadn't sounded so. She couldn't twist or turn it into anything that made sense.

Later, when she talked to Mrs. Sands, there was something more to puzzle her. "Of course, Dina," said that lady, reasonably enough, "there were faults on both sides, but Jeanie—that's my sister—was willing to do anything except let Walter absolutely rule her, as he wanted to do. Goodness knows, she had a right to a little peace and happiness after the life she led with Walter's father. He was exactly like Walter—supersensitive and a selfish egotist."

"Oh, Mrs. Sands, Walter isn't a bit like that!" exclaimed Dina. "He suffered awfully from his mother getting married again."

"He suffered because he didn't have his own way," persisted Mrs. Sands, "and I do think that now he might let bygones be bygones. It would be such a happiness to Jeanie to have a daughter-in-law like you, Dina—it would to anybody! I only wish Eddie could find a girl half as nice! However, if you say he doesn't want you to write, I couldn't counsel you to do it, but I hope that later you'll try to patch up this trouble. And I'll tell Jeanie that you wanted to write. She'll be glad even of that much. I hate to say it about my own kin, but it wasn't any excessive love or solicitude for his mother that made Walter oppose her marrying Sam Kenton—he's an awfully fine man, Sam—but just plain jealousy and wanting to rule. Don't you let him begin that way with you."

"But he's not like that a bit with me. You don't understand him; you're talking from your sister's side, Mrs. Sands. You're prejudiced."

"Maybe I am," admitted Mrs. Sands. "It's hard not to be."

Dina put down the telephone indignantly. Of all the unfair, mean, horrid ways to speak of Walter! Up until now she'd liked Mrs. Sands, but evidently she'd never really known her. To call Walter supersensitive, and a selfish egotist. Sensitive he was, surely, but that was no fault. "And if there is any egotism in loving your mother, then," thought Dina, "I'm an egotist too."

She did not speak to Walter about either Eddie's or Mrs. Sands' comments. Indeed, she almost forgot about them because of something Walter wanted her to do. The first of the Assembly dances was to be very soon and he did not want her to dance with anyone but himself.

"I don't mind," said Dina, "but everyone will shout at us. Of course, I'd much rather dance with you than with anyone else."

"There's something in the back of your mind—you're not being frank with me. You do want to dance with other men. I can't bear to think of them being so near to you, holding you. Dina, it would be agony for me!"

"How would it be if we didn't go at all? I'd just as soon not."

"Then you don't want to dance with me alone!"

"It isn't that. I adore dancing with you."

"But, Dina, don't you see what it means to me to have another man put his arm around you?"

"But I don't mind if you dance with other girls."

"Then you don't love me as much as I love you."

"I love you as much, but maybe not in the same way."

"There's only one way of loving."

"I don't know, Walter; I think there must be as many ways of loving as there are people who love."

"That's nonsense. If you love, if you really love, no one else exists for you; you're miserable away from the one you love; you can't endure that anyone else should claim any of her time or thought or affection."

Dina gave a small sigh. "This is getting away from the Assembly dance. If you feel it so much, I'll go and not dance with anyone but you. The girls will probably think that I'm afraid to have you dance with any one of them ——"

"Does it matter what they think, darling, so long as we're satisfied?"

It occurred to Dina that he might have said "so long as I'm satisfied," but she cast away the treasonable gleam. "No, I suppose it doesn't," she replied.

As soon as his own way was assured to him Walter became his dear and delightful self. Later, considering the matter, Dina was discontented with the lingering grain of unwillingness that she still felt about doing such a small and unimportant thing for him. But the grain of unwillingness continued to linger, and she would have been just as pleased to have a cold, or a mild sprain, or any trifling illness which would have made her not very sick but would have prevented her from going to the dance.

She could not summon up even so much as a headache when the night came, and when she was actually there she didn't mind quite as much as she'd expected telling the men who rallied around her that she was the perfect fiancée and was trying to make up for all the years she hadn't been able to dance with Walter by being his partner alone, tonight. The wails of rage were flattering and they certainly gratified Walter. But when Caspar Grange said, "Who does he think he is—the Grand Turk or something?" and Bill Haines, who looked disgusted, remarked that he hoped Mr. Chicherle wasn't setting a fashion, and likewise when Ruth Keene whispered "I don't blame you, I wouldn't let him loose for a second if he was mine," why, then Dina was a bit rasped. Likewise when some of the stags who hadn't heard about the arrangement tried to cut in and Walter refused to hand her over, there were some awkward moments. It was not, to Dina, an agreeable way to be conspicuous, but Walter seemed to like it.

Eddie Sands came along early in the evening and stopped to talk. "I won't ask you to dance," he said to Dina, "because I don't want you to turn me down."

He didn't smile and Dina felt silly. She was conscious also that people were talking about her and considered her quite as silly as she felt. She tried not to care, but could not manage that, even though she kept on explaining to herself that Walter's satisfied affection was all she needed to make her contented and happy. He was more princelike than ever tonight in his swanky London dress clothes; he made the other men appear dull and small-town by contrast; he danced marvelously, he was all devotion. "What could I possibly want more?" she asked herself. But the fact remained that she did want something more.

Lois asked her the next day: "Did you have to dance with crazy old Timmy Barnett, or has he stopped going to Assemblies at last?"

And Dina answered: "I didn't dance with anyone except Walter. He didn't want me to."

Lois raised her delicate eyebrows; she didn't know what to say. "He's a romantic born out of his age, Walter," she offered at last, lightly; and Dina was grateful for no harsher comment.

"You see, mother, he wasn't brought up the way I was. I've known everybody here all my life, and we've all gone to school together and played round together and we're free and easy and—and—almost as if we were related. But Walter's lived all by himself, without any settled home, or any one crowd of friends, and he —— You understand, don't you?"

"Of course I understand," said Lois, and said no more.

Neither did Dina. When she tried to explain Walter she found herself running into criticism. And she knew there was nothing to criticize in him. She had no right to criticise. It was her own limited life and incomplete experience that were all wrong. And she had fallen in love with him in exactly the way she had wanted to fall in love! It was unfair, disloyal, to wonder if love was quite enough.

As the weeks went on, however, Dina found that this wonder persisted. She also found herself tight in the nerves, a state she had never known before. It was not her work at Miss Garry's, though there was one little imp named Virginia Devlin who played havoc with discipline and order in the ten-year-olds' class; it was not her work at home, though the part-time maid was bent on reducing her "part time" to none at all. Dina had known other naughty ten-year-olds, other irresponsible servants. She could not understand her tensity, the strange disorder of her mind. She did not realize that never before had she been anything but natural in her human relationships. But with Walter she was obliged to tread on eggshells; to think before she spoke and before she acted, for fear what she said and did might seem to him below the standard he had set for their love.

There was, for instance, the occasion when she had met Caspar Grange by chance on the street and he had walked home with her—on the way to his own home—and when they reached the Roper door Dina had asked him in for a cup of tea, just as she had done many times before. Lois Roper liked to have people brought in for tea; it gave her a contact with society which she was not strong enough to go out to obtain. But when Dina and Caspar appeared, Walter was waiting and his face became a thundercloud. All through the half hour of Caspar's stay he was a brooding, silent gloom. As soon as he had gone and Lois had tactfully removed herself and the tea tray, he broke out with reproaches.

"When you came in with the fellow looking as if you were enjoying yourself I couldn't believe it! It did something frightful to me! Darling, you mustn't hurt me like this, it's unbearable!"

"But, Walter, mother likes to have people; nearly always, as you know, someone drops in. So when Caspar and I came along it was perfectly natural ——"

"Came along from where? Where did you meet him?"

"I didn't meet him intentionally. I'd taken a package down to mail to Grandmother Roper, it had to be insured, and as I came out of the post office he was walking by."

"He probably saw you go in and waited for you."

"I don't see why he should. And I don't see why it upsets you so."

"Then you don't love me as much as I love you!"

"I don't see," pursued Dina, "how a simple politeness to a man I've known all my life could indicate that I don't love you. I can't stop knowing people because I love you, Walter."

"I wish you could! I wish I could take you away this minute from all these people who call you by your first name and think they've a right to talk to you and be with you because they live in the same town. Dina, why won't you marry me at Christmas? I can't stand sharing you with whatever Tom, Dick and Harry comes along. I can't stand it! I want you for myself alone! You're too precious, too beautiful, to be wasted on these swine."

"Caspar isn't a swine, though he's not specially exciting."

"Are you defending him to me?"

Dina felt a curious wish to laugh, but Walter's aggrieved tragic eyes stopped her.

"Caspar doesn't matter one way or the other. And you know very well that if there was only myself to consider I'd marry you today. I wouldn't wait until Christmas, or even until tomorrow. But I can't do it, and you know why. Walter, dear, dear Walter"—she did not want to laugh now—"if I've hurt you by my thoughtlessness, do forgive me."

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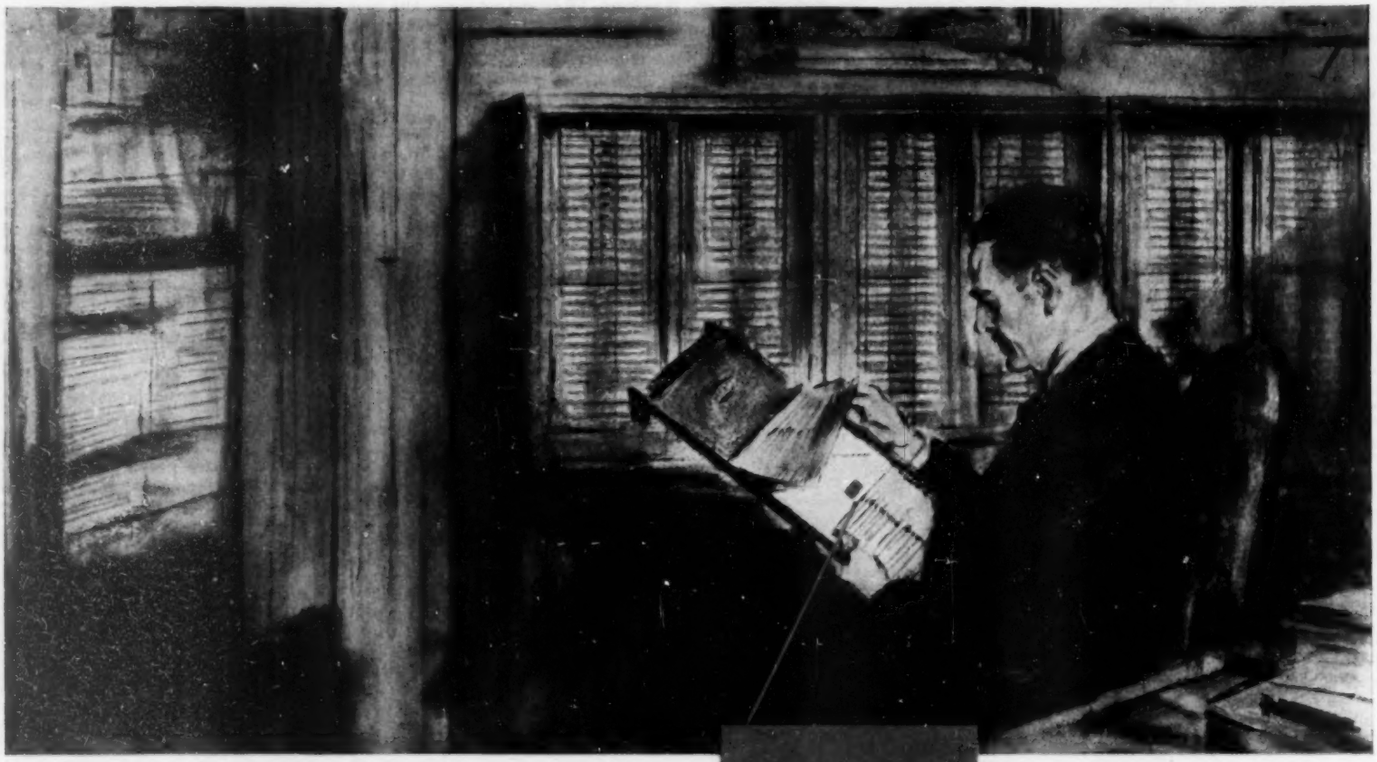

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(Continued from Page 67)

He showed signs of unbending and she coaxed and cajoled him into calmness, but when she had achieved this she was conscious of a resentment that she had been obliged to do it. All that fuss and nonsense about Caspar Grange stopping for a cup of tea! There was a lack of proportion about the cause and effect which grated on her. Walter really must stop seeing offense where there was none, and magnifying molehills into mountains. The lovely string of gold and amber which he brought her the next day and clasped about her throat with tender hands and more tender words she could not like very much. It seemed to her a reward for something unworthy.

Walter's possessiveness marred every party they went to together. He was offended if she showed any signs of having a good time with anyone but himself. Yet he seemed to like to go to parties. Dina was beginning to dread it. Every party meant a scene afterward, sometimes only a very small short scene, to be sure, but any length scene had been absent heretofore from Dina's young experience. When the scenes were long and violent—on Walter's part—she loathed them, she felt bruised and stained after they were over and she had won Walter back to reason.

And she could not tell anyone, she had not the release of confiding in Lois or in Jerry and asking them to counsel her. She was afraid of what they would tell her, of how they would confirm her own doubts and wonderings and dislikes. It seemed the best plan to go to as few parties as possible and spend her evenings alone with Walter, helping him work on his play, or listening to him talk, or going with him to whatever public entertainment the city offered. She declared a passion for the movies—they were open every evening, she could sit beside Walter and feel his arm against hers and look at his marvelous profile and not say a word for an hour and a half! So much peace was a great gain. And she learned at once to pay no compliments to the hero of the film. Walter might find admiration for Colman or Gilbert or dauntless Doug a sign that all of her interest was not centered in him.

Concerts and such road shows as came along were also aids in the evenings, and Walter liked to take a car and drive to town twenty, thirty miles away for dinner. Dina grew better acquainted than she had ever been with the geography of her native state, but too often, after a lukewarm mediocre meal in a grubby hotel, Walter would become gloomy and point out, for the most of the way home, that they might now be dining delightfully in London or Paris or Nice or Venice, if only she had cared enough about his wishes to marry him when he first asked her.

Then, as occasionally happens to all of us, came a day! The part-time maid reduced her hours to the vanishing point and did not come at all, so Dina and Amy had to scramble up some breakfast and plan an emergency luncheon. That was the first event. Lois, by trying to help, was smitten with a long and terrifying fainting spell, and the doctor had to be called in to bring her round. When Dina finally arrived—very late—at Miss Garry's, her little black sheep, Virginia Devlin, was staging a class strike which took much strength and patience and control to vanquish. Miss Garry likewise chose the time to be temperamental and called an extra faculty meeting. Dina had to attend it, and came from it late in the afternoon exasperated to the limit by Miss Garry's futilities and the Devlin brat's behavior, anxious to get home to her sick mother, tired, worried; and as she came out on the classic portico of the school, behold, it was raining in mighty torrents. She dashed back and telephoned for a taxi, to be told that it would be sent "as soon as one comes in," which meant, probably, never. She was about to dash out in the rain and walk home, braving the drenching, when she thought of Eddie Sands. His office was close to the school. If he was in and had his car he wouldn't mind coming for her. She telephoned again. He was in. Of course he would come for her, he'd be there in two shakes. And he was.

She explained to him about her mother on the way home. Eddie understood. And then she went on a little hysterically about the trials and abominations of the day in general. Eddie understood about them too. He sympathized without slopping over. When the tale of woe was told, Dina betrayed herself. "I'm awfully obliged to you for bringing me home, and letting me spill all this stuff," she said. "You've no idea how great a relief it is to talk to somebody who really gets what you mean and doesn't turn it into something else."

"Yours to command, at any time," said Eddie, but he looked at Dina oddly, and she realized that she had been thinking about Walter and how careful she had to be with him, and Eddie perhaps suspected it. But it was too late to take it back, and anyway they had reached the Roper house. "If you want me to wait and go for medicine or what not ——" offered Eddie.

"Oh, no, James will be here, and probably dad. But thanks again, Eddie—you've been a life saver and a lamb. I won't forget it." As she ran into the house Dina thought that this was the best talk she'd had with Eddie since they were kids in high school.

For the next two hours the day kept to its standard of trouble. Lois was alarmingly weak, and Jerry was correspondingly worried and helpless and almost as much care. The innards in the ancient furnace had suddenly collapsed and James was out hunting a repair man. The house was very cold and to keep Lois' room warm Dina made a fire in her fireplace, bringing armfuls of kindling and wood from the cellar two flights below. Then she went down to see about dinner. Amy was already in the kitchen, working with the range, which was as old as the furnace and nearly as decrepit. The fire languished maddeningly. Likewise it transpired that the groceries ordered in the morning had not come, and dinner, a meager, unsatisfying, belated meal, because of the unheated house was eaten in the kitchen.

Dina had finished with the dishes and settled Lois for the night when she heard Walter's ring. Wearily she came downstairs to let him in.

"I hardly expected you," she said, "it's pouring so. I ought to have phoned you, but I haven't had a second. The furnace is out of order and the house is like a barn."

"Darling, I couldn't let the day go by without seeing you." He advanced cheerfully into the icy living room. "Let's have a little fire in here, I don't mind if it's a bit chilly."

Dina opened her mouth to speak, then closed it. She went out of the room and down again the steep cellar stairs. James and a sullen, unwilling repair man were tinkering at the furnace, James in his overalls, and black with dust and soot. He was holding something for the repair man to hammer at. This was not the moment to ask him to bring fuel upstairs for an unnecessary fire. Dina gathered up as much wood as she could carry and staggered up the stairs.

Walter rushed to meet her as she entered the living-room door. "Darling, let me ——"

"Leave it alone," said Dina sharply. "There'll be dirt all over the floor if I let go of it here."

She put the wood down by the hearth and commenced to lay a fire. Walter hovered about distressfully. "I hate to see you doing that—it's not right that you should. Where's your father—or your brother?"

"Dad's upstairs with Lois; she's very sick. James is trying to get the furnace going. I don't mind doing it."

"I'd do it if I knew the first thing about it, Dina, but I've never started a fire in my life."

"I've started thousands." She scratched the match, watched the flame run up through the cleverly criss-crossed sticks. The friendly warmth and light made her a little ashamed of her brusqueness. "It's been a frightful day," she explained. "Everything happened that could happen, and mother being so sick is the worst, of course. She's such a wisp—every time she has a severe attack like this I don't see where she gets the strength to struggle back."

"I've had a wretched headache all day, too," said Walter. "And then this rain is so depressing."

Not a word about Lois. Dina's reply was slow and mechanical. "Yes, it's depressing. It was coming down in sheets when I left school. I thought I was going to be drenched. I phoned for a taxi and couldn't get one, and then I happened to think of Eddie's office being so near ——" She stopped. She hadn't intended to speak of Eddie.

"Whose office?"

"Eddie—Eddie Sands. His office is only down the block from Miss Garry's"—she was in for it now—"he brought me home. It seemed the quickest way, and on account of mother I wanted to get here as soon as I could."

"Why didn't you telephone to me? I would have hired a car and come for you."

"I thought I'd better try Eddie first, since he was so near and probably had his car right there. I wanted to save all the time I could. Good heavens, Walter, what difference does it make? He's your own cousin, for one thing."

"It doesn't matter whether he's my own cousin or not, if you choose to put him before me. You knew how I'd feel about it." He rose, began to walk up and down.

Dina found herself suddenly and completely possessed by a cold lucid rage. "You needn't work up a scene," she said. "I don't feel equal to one tonight."

"What do you mean? How can you speak to me like that? Dina, darling, you don't understand how much I love you, how much it hurts me to have you with any other man ——"

"I've heard that before and I don't want to hear it again. It's all tosh."

Walter stopped and stared. Dina rose and looked him in the eyes. "Yes, it's all tosh. You don't love me. You love yourself. I told you a few minutes ago that my mother was desperately sick, and you answered by saying that you'd had a headache all day and found the rain depressing. Then you begin to yowl and yammer about how you can't bear to have Eddie Sands bring me home when I need to get here quickly, and it's raining in torrents."

There was a pause unwarmed even by the mounting fire. "I didn't mean to be unsympathetic about your mother," began Walter stiffly. "I'm extremely sorry if she's ill. On the other hand, Dina, let me point out that my whole life is bound up in you, and I cannot bear to have you constantly putting other ties before me. And I feel that if it were not for your parents' selfishness we might have been married ——"

Dina's rage suddenly became red hot. "Don't you dare call my parents selfish—don't you dare. You're a monster of selfishness yourself. And you're always talking about what you can't bear. There are some things I can't bear either." She took a furious step toward him, clenching her fists.

She never knew whether he took hold of her shoulders to keep her away, to shake her, or as a preliminary to a conciliatory embrace, though it was most likely not the last, for his face was as scowling and furious as her own. But at his touch the tension of the repressed weeks before it broke in violent action. Dina struck at him as he stooped toward her, with all her strength, and landed with unexpected accuracy a perfect one-two, the first on his left eye, the second on his chin. He staggered and came down on the floor with a thud. No professional boxer could have administered a neater, completer K. O.

For a horrible moment he remained sitting at her feet looking up at her in such amazement as he had never known, while she gazed back in equal stupefaction. Then she dropped onto the sofa, put her hands over her face and began to cry, stormily, heartbreakingly. When her paroxysm was over and she raised her head the room was empty. Walter had scrambled to his feet and departed without a word. Dina stopped crying and regarded the fire. Its light twinkled gayly on the large square diamond, and Dina turned the stone on her finger thoughtfully and then slipped it off and laid it on the table. Presently she raked the ashes over the coals and went upstairs to bed. She was asleep the instant after she pulled up the coverlet. The ring was still on the living-room table, forgotten.

The next day being Saturday she did not need to go to Miss Garry's, which was a blessing. Lois was better, much better. The furnace man, though reluctant, had done his work well, and the house was warm again. James had dashed out early and they all breakfasted sumptuously on popovers, eggs in black butter, bacon and marmalade. Dina said no word of what had happened the night before, but while she was washing the breakfast dishes the bell rang, and Amy went to the door. "It's Eddie Sands," she reported. "He wants to see you."

So Dina wiped her hands, took off her gingham apron and went in, and there was Eddie, looking very embarrassed, but somehow pleased also.

First he asked for Lois. Then, awkwardly, "I thought I ought to come round and tell you—he said he wouldn't even write you—you know—Walter ——"

"What about Walter?"

"Mother sent me round to the hotel last night with a letter from Aunt Jeanie she thought he ought to see, and I meant to leave it for him—it was only about half-past eight—and I had just got up to his apartment when he came running in like a crazy man and bawled me out for—for, well, as near as I could understand it, for alienating your affections. And then—then he packed up his things and left these parts by the midnight train. I gathered that he doesn't intend ever to return."

"That's all right with me," said Dina. "It's the best thing he could have done."

"But, Dina, you know I hadn't the least idea of making trouble between you. I can't get it through my head yet what I've done."

"You didn't do anything, Eddie. We're all through. The truth is, he and I hadn't been hitting it off very well for quite a while. He doesn't want to be engaged, or married, to a real girl. He wants an echo, a cushion, a box of self-administering sweet stuff, if you see what I mean. And last night was just too much. I told him what I thought of him. Maybe I overdid it."

"No, it wouldn't be possible. I warned you that he wrote plays."

"I never understood that."

"I meant that he dramatizes himself all the time; he isn't real. And look here, Dina—this isn't the first time this has happened. Aunt Jeanie wrote mother. He thinks he's in love and when the girl isn't right there with the salve every minute, it gets broken off. You don't mind my telling you now."

"No, I don't mind." Strangely she realized it was true. She didn't mind a bit.

"But this is apparently the first time," went on Eddie, "that any girl ever got mad and told him the truth about himself. It must have been grand, Dina! He had it coming."

"I did lots worse than that," said Dina.

"What? What did you do?" He began to laugh. "Dina, did you give him that black eye?"

She nodded, and she began to laugh too. She and Eddie Sands sat there and laughed together as if they could never stop. "I didn't mean to," said Dina, at last. "I really didn't. But I'm not sorry. I mean, I'm not very sorry."

"Dina," said Eddie Sands, "that's the swellest thing I ever heard. That's marvelous! That's old *ne plus ultra* himself! I've always thought you were the ——" he stopped short.

"What have you always thought I was?"

Eddie Sands waited two whole minutes before he answered. "I'm not going to tell you right now," he said at last, "but I expect to spend a good bit of time in the near future explaining in full."

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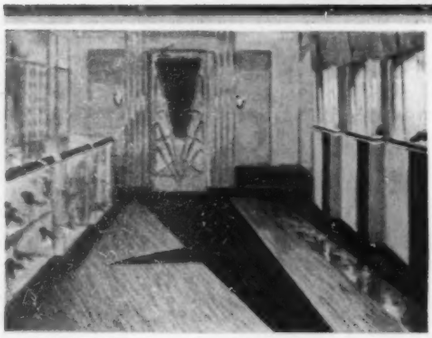

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Since 1839 Crouch & Fitzgerald has been a leading name in leather goods. Though old in years, this company has always been new in ideas. Witness this smart Fifth Avenue shop with its Handmade Marble Inlaid floor—one of the new Armstrong's Linoleum effects, Design No. 62.

MR. AND MRS. ANDY CONSUMER are the same people everywhere. Whether they shop on Fifth Avenue or Main Street, their eyes do most of the buying. They'll walk extra blocks to the better-looking shops, spend more money in the smarter-looking stores.

You know that. But the merchants on New York's Fifth Avenue have done something about it. Here are but three of many that a stroll down the Avenue will discover.

How do these places of business inherit that extra-quality appearance, that added eye-appeal? Look at the floors! Nothing drab about these smart, spick-and-span surfaces underfoot.

Now walk on these Armstrong Floors. From the very first step they comfort, cushion, quiet. How can you help but look around . . . shop awhile . . . and buy?

Most of these Fifth Avenue smart shop floors were laid over old floors—permanently cemented in place over linoleum lining felt. Each was selected for its ability to create the right tone and atmosphere for the business home in which it was to do a sales and service duty. All possess the practical virtue of easy cleaning care.

Their new Accolac-Processed surface is spot-proof. Tracked-in dirt wipes right up. Light waxing and polishing keeps that smart new look. Even where street floors need frequent washing, the surface can be kept smilingly bright by an occasional renewing with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. Do not apply lacquer over wax.

Find out for your store—Why not look at this floor-styling suggestion in a cold, practical manner? First get *all* the facts. You'll find them illustrated in "Enduring Floors of Good Taste." Next visit a good store—or have the merchant bring samples to your door. Find out about wear, care, and cost. Then decide whether extra sales are worth dressing up for.

A letter to us brings you the book. (Canada, 25 cents.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 326 W. Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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PLAIN — INLAID — EMBOSSED — JASPÉ — PRINTED — ARABESQ — *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

ONE NEVER DOES

(Continued from Page 15)

crept up his throat. Of course it was dad's own business, if he was excited about something. Didn't have to tell. But he might tell. It was clumsy to change the subject from the Perrin family to drivel about old books in a newspaper. . . . Oh, well! It was dad's business. Ailanthus halted the car in the spectral barnyard and told Shelley, "There's your wife sittin' up for you, Percy B. Go tell her the news, fella."

Mary G. Shelley was waving her white tail in the mist on the step of the toolshed. Shelley strolled over to her, and the married couple stood nose to nose when Ailanthus turned the lights off. Ailanthus went on thinking, as he walked behind the judge and the editor through the hedge and up to the flint house. Four or five times this week dad had asked if he had seen Bill Perrin downtown. He had interrupted a report on a new book about Sumerian architecture to ask, out of his end of the living-room couch, if Ailanthus had seen Bill Perrin. That was Thursday night. There was something funny going on.

The kitchen was stuffy with a smell of dough from two covered pans. Mr. Westlund's red curls flared as he lit the place and twitched his moleskin jacket with the fur collar from his dense shoulders.

Then he spun sharply and said, "Now, baby, scoot up to your room and strip clean off an' get into a bum suit. Hold on! Your mamma says you've got woolen underclothes. She was moanin' in the blizzard 'cause you won't wear 'em. Put 'em on. And wool socks. And a black jersey. And rubber soles. Scoot. Make it five minutes, son."

"Yes, sir," said Ailanthus.

He went up the back stairs and into the black upper hallway without thinking. Then every muscle froze about his stomach and his heart stopped, because he came into something wet and heavy, hanging there, and he stepped back three times, dizzy with fear. Even when his heart went on he could not think for a little time what this must be. It was a corduroy jacket hung to a disused old jet, drying out after a douse of water from the hose in the hands of the second and dumbest hired man that morning. That was all. Ailanthus shoved past it and went into his bedroom, flushing.

Was he never going to get over being scared when he bumped into something in the dark? One never did outgrow some things, maybe, but this was such a stupid thing, and it was one of the things he couldn't remember. It had begun somewhere. Not the darkness frightened him, but the sense of objects in darkness. His stomach thrilled when he met a chair in his bedroom, before he dragged the door shut and found the light. It was sillier than being scared by cats, like Bill Perrin. Cats could pile up a mystery in a dark room, purring and moving about. But chairs were immovable and dead.

"Yah," said Ailanthus, getting out of his stiff shirt, "y' yella cheese!"

Mamma had arranged four new woolen union suits in the second drawer of his dresser in November. Ailanthus sat on his bed and drew this abhorrent stuff up his white legs. He had succeeded in keeping out of woolen underthings for ten years, pretty well. He was now doing his duty by dad, and doing it with a certain royal willingness, because the suit was distinctly one size too small when he buttoned it up his chest. The sleeves mechanically climbed his forearms at once. In the mirror of his closet door he looked a lot too like advertisements for woolen union suits—King Winter Has No Terrors for Wearers of Wallop Wool. . . . How much did the handsome young men who posed for advertisements of seamless underclothes and jerseys get? . . . Ailanthus pulled on a pair of skating socks and turned an old jersey inside out, so that the white B of the high-school football team didn't show, and dug his worst suit out of the rack. It smelled considerably of medicine forced down the throat of an ailing calf week before last, and there, by heaven, in the left trousers pocket was a whole packet of cigarettes! He lit one and dodged past the wet jacket in the hallway, and trotted down the back stairs into the kitchen.

"Great Scott," said Judge Ransome.

"Four minutes," Westlund chuckled. "He can get from bed down to the barn in two, summers. It just takes a pair of pants and a shirt then. You're all right, baby. Find me the tea, will you, please?"

Ailanthus flicked into the pantry to find the tea caddy. Ransome said, "He's a wonderful invention, Hosea. Either of my pups would have waked the whole house up. Why wouldn't he go to college?"

"What for? He didn't want to, anyhow, an' I don't just know what I'd do without him. . . . Thank you, baby. . . . Kid, Bob thinks you ought to be in college."

"Hated it when I went up to visit Red," said Ailanthus. "Too many folks around. Of course," he courteously added, "it ain't as bad at Princeton as it is in New York. This Perrin fella lives in a hotel with one thousand bedrooms, he says. That'd drive me crazy as a woodlouse. 'N' I couldn't get along without dad."

The little judge chuckled, swinging his black-rimmed glasses on their cord.

"You make a sentiment sound like a pound of butter, 'Lanthus."

"That ain't a sentiment, sir. It's just a fact."

"Good boy. I'm glad you appreciate Hosea. My whelps regard me as an unmitigated nuisance."

"I dunno about Ben, judge. Red don't. He's got all your letters in a box in his trunk at college," said Ailanthus. "He thinks you're grand. You are awful nice, you know?"

"Good Lord," Ransome murmured, and swung his glasses violently, in silence, for a whole minute, while steam rose from the saucepan on the gas ring, and Mr. Westlund grinned, the stump of his left arm stirring inside his blue sleeve.

"Your virtues keep findin' you out, Bob. . . . 'Lanthus, the judge is worried. He's responsible for Mrs. Held's property here. That means Doctor Perrin's house and the rent of a couple of cottages down Shirley Street. Just now he's worried about the house. Last night he was waked up by Red comin' in kind of heavy hoof after midnight. . . . Just where was the party last night, kid?"

"Ellen Campbell's, dad. . . . Only, Red was all right. It was just he'd borrowed Nils Olsen's g'loshes to come home in 'cause the snow was meltin'."

"You relieve me," said Ransome. "Red's only nineteen. . . . Well, 'Lanthus, I can look across from my room at those fire escapes on the back of the Roosevelt. I stayed awake an hour or two, feeling paternal and all that. Red hasn't your constitution. Anyhow, on or about two o'clock of January ninth, this year of grace, a man carrying a package of some kind under one arm climb or climbed up the fire escape and entered a room on the third floor of the Roosevelt. It interested me, particularly when he turned the light on and I could see him undressing through the shade and getting into pajamas. That seemed to indicate that he lived in the room. Mr. William Hobson Perrin is the only person on the third floor of the Roosevelt. If he chooses to come in by the fire escape at two in the morning, it's his business. You see, 'Lanthus, this is none of our business. . . . Here's the front-door key of the Perrin house. Your dad's going to fill a vacuum bottle with hot tea. You're engaged as night watchman of the Perrin mansion until Mr. W. Hobson Perrin leaves town. There's a big couch in the back parlor. You'll take a steamer rug from my place. Here's a neat little flash light. . . . What about a gun, Hosea?"

"No."

"You're probably right," said the majesty of the law. "The point is ——"

"Oh," said Ailanthus, "it's the books!"

All the books, shimmering in particles of gold on backs and slippery sides, glowed from white shelves in the long room where patients waited for the old doctor. He saw them. The room ended in double doors that clacked open and shut when Doctor Perrin beckoned the next patient into the rear parlor where you got vaccinated or had your sore foot looked at by the big, pale man with such cold hands. The books were famous.

"Precisely. . . . He's amazing, Ho! Why, he was only ten when Perrin died! . . . Look here, 'Lanthus. What can you remember about this—this would-be Count D'Orsay downtown there?"

Count D'Orsay was a silhouette in the book about Lord Byron. D'Orsay. M'm-huh. The last of the dandies. The judge was being literary tonight. Ailanthus stirred his big feet on the oilcloth and closed his eyes. The water bubbled and tea smelled strongly. Dad and the judge would be staring at him. . . . The tall Ailanthus Westlund shrank and vanished from himself. He grew small and it was summer, and dad let him run in a pair of overalls and a shirt. He had to be vaccinated. . . . All the books shimmered in the long white room. Old Mrs. Toohey came alive in a blue chair, with her goiter, over in the corner near the folding doors. Dad took down a wide, flat book and showed him pictures while they waited. Pictures by Cruikshank—little twisted men in tight-tailed coats, and flouncing women. . . . Bill Hobson came through the hall in his shirt sleeves, and Miss Perrin spoke to him sharply from the stairs. . . . Then there was Bill being scolded on the bright grass of the back yard about the airplane, with Ailanthus and Red Ransome watching from the top of the high wall. Then there was something else. But it blurred. There was something else.

"He—got—in some kinda trouble. Dad, you told me to shut up an' forget it. . . . It was—1916. . . . Wait a minute."

"Watch his eyelids go," dad said.

"Aw, shut up, daddy, please!"

"I'm sorry, son."

Blurred 1916. A cow came walking through the kitchen door. It was right after that happened, that this other happened. He was telling the man at the grocery about the cow. It was still summer. His bare feet were in sawdust on the floor of the grocery, next to the police station. . . . There was a stale lettuce leaf next one foot. His toes turned dark red in summer. Green beside his toes was the lettuce leaf. . . . Oh, it fell on the lettuce leaf. Mamma said, "Now, Ailanthus, stop talking and run after Bill with that bottle he dropped, quickly!"

"So I ran after the doctor's red car. Down the Square. 'Round into Campbell Street. He was gettin' out of the car."

"Oh!"

"He's done it!" said dad.

"Yeh! Was this bottle. The doctor sent Bill into the grocery—Armstrong's—for somethin', an' he dropped a little bottle on a lettuce leaf. Mamma sent me after him with it. Only Doctor Perrin said, 'What the devil were you doing with that stuff, William? Answer me!' . . . They went in the house. . . . Then Gug Murphy got his job drivin' the doctor, an' Bill wasn't here any more. . . . And you said I was to shut up, dad."

His head ached a little. Ailanthus opened his eyes and watched the judge close his mouth carefully. Dad was smiling. So Ailanthus smiled at him.

"It's preposterous, Hosea!"

"I call it darn useful, Bob. . . . And you needn't remember that, baby, when you're talkin' to the kids downtown. This handsome hero left home under a cloud. We ain't just sure he's entitled to that Legion of Honor ribbon in his buttonhole either. But there's no good remindin' kids that you can always find someone who'll buy drugs of one kind or another. There's five doctors in the county, these days. . . . Bill Perrin's been here a week, lookin' at real estate for a firm in New York. Haven't heard he's taken an option on any. He'—— Have you made your head ache?"

"Little bit, dad," said Ailanthus.

Dad went on talking. But Ailanthus had become an iced grain of sand sloshing down a funnel into blackness. He heard nothing. He was going to spend the night in a black, empty house. It crashed on him, suddenly. That was what they were having him do. He was going to watch for Bill Perrin in the dead doctor's house with chairs all around him, and things that would catch his legs—stools and wires. He was going to do that. The mist heaped itself into a tumult of remembered horrors all about him. He kept saying "Yeh," and then "Yes, sir," to Judge Ransome in the car. But he was not hearing anything. His muscles were cold plates in his back, and sweat moved on his legs. Blankets weighed his arms.

"You're so darn professional, 'Lanthus," said the little judge. "A man'd think you were used to being a night watchman in an empty house."

"Yes, sir."

The noise died out of his ears. Ailanthus stood on Judge Ransome's granite steps, with the dark blankets on one arm, and looked over at the Perrin place. Shuttered windows were long pauses of shadow on the pale green of the brick.

"All right, sonny. You've the key. Run along over. The phone's connected."

"Oh, it is?"

"Why, yes. I said so just now."

"Oh," said Ailanthus, "so you did, sir. 'N' if anything happens, I just yell for the p'lice station?"

"Right."

Funny, but he could remember, and the judge had said that, right now, just as they passed Wally Warren's silvery runabout on the road. If he heard anybody coming in he was to tell Central to send the police to the Perrin house. Why, he could now remember dad's face with the cigarette lighting his big eyes, back in the barnyard. Ailanthus trotted the space between the Ransome steps and the Perrin steps, and looked back toward the judge. But the mist fluttered and the small man was scarcely a shadow. And it was best to get inside quickly, or else he might just freeze here on the stone steps. Ailanthus slung the soft blankets over his shoulder and fumbled the key. Light from the street lamp produced an exact shadow of Ailanthus Westlund on the varnished panels of the heavy door.

"Here I am," he said to his shadow.

"Yar-r?"

His tongue curled back in his mouth. Then Ailanthus looked down at Percy B. Shelley and the brown cat stared up at him.

Golden roses and the perfume of unknown flowers swelled in the light from the lump of fur which flopped its tail on the ancient doormat. A cat was a perfectly wonderful thing. The Egyptians worshiped cats. Besides not wearing woolen underclothes, the Egyptians were intelligent in lots of ways.

"You're a swell fella," Ailanthus said. "Come on, Percy B. This is just a house."

It was just a house. Shelley at once ran up the carpetless stairs to investigate the bedrooms, and he was not invisible, going up. A kind of delicate light hung in the broad hallway and showed a tall chair against a wall. Ailanthus looked into the room to the right and saw the shutters of the south window ajar, half turned beyond the panes. Oh, it was going to be all right.

(Continued on Page 74)

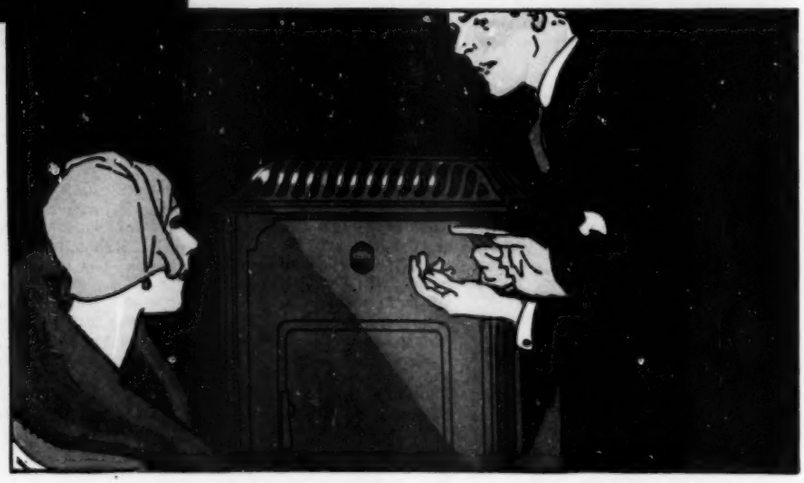
Open the Gates to Happiness . . .

Ninety Danger Days Still Ahead . . .

are you going to shiver through them, in the half-hearted heat of an antiquated stove? House "cold as a barn" in the morning . . . not much warmer at night . . . and everyone huddling close to the stove, evening after evening, roasting on one side, freezing on the other.

Children Sniffling and Sneezing . . .

colds and ills and doctor bills, while you spend most of your time coaxing and humoring that fuel-eating stove, trying to make it last through until Spring. Never again, you tell yourself, will you go through the Winter like this . . . next year, *your* family will live in modern, healthful comfort. *But why wait?*



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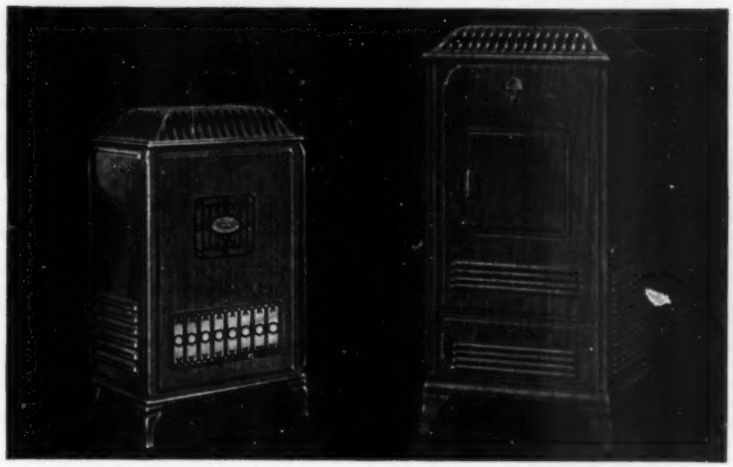
Join the 4th Annual "Enjoy-It-Now" Club before February 1st. Your stove comes out . . . a Heatrola goes in . . . a small down-payment, ***THEN NOT ANOTHER PENNY UNTIL FALL***

Thousands joined last year—thousands will join this year. When you enroll, your Heatrola dealer makes you a surprisingly liberal offer on your old stove. He replaces it immediately with a genuine Estate Heatrola, that adds charm to your living-room while it brings health and happiness to your family. You make only a small down-payment, then no more to pay until Fall, when regular payments may be started on the convenient deferred payment plan. What's more, you actually pay yourself money by joining this Club, for Heatrola gives whole-house furnace comfort at the fuel cost of a single stove.

This offer is limited . . . for three weeks only—from January 11th to February 1st—after that no more members can be admitted to the 1930 "Enjoy-It-Now" Club. So see your Heatrola dealer at once—he will show you the various Heatrola models, for coal, for wood, for gas; help you select the one best suited to your home. Or, mail the coupon to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 15-A, Hamilton, Ohio, or to any of these Branch Offices:—

Branch Offices:—225 W. 34th St., New York City; 1336 Boston Furniture Mart, Boston; 714 Washington Ave., N., Minneapolis; The Furniture Exchange, San Francisco; 635 Terminal Sales Bldg., Portland, Ore.



The Estate Gas Heatrola—circulates warmth. *Made in three sizes for the thorough heating of small homes, apartments, stores and other buildings, or as an auxiliary to basement heating plants.*

The striking new Model 6-D, *in which traditional Heatrola heating efficiency has been developed to an even greater degree. One of three coal-burning Heatrolas—a size to meet almost any heating requirement.*

Read what the *"Enjoy-It-Now"* Club offers you

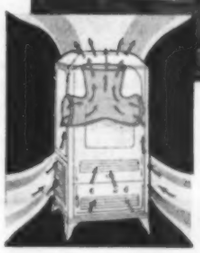
1 You deposit with your Heatrola dealer a small membership fee—which is the first payment on your Heatrola.

2 You do not make another payment until next Fall.

3 Your Heatrola dealer removes your old stove and allows $10 for it ($5 if you decide on a Junior Heatrola or a Gas Heatrola). This is also applied on the purchase price of your Heatrola.

4 Your Heatrola is installed. You enjoy its whole-house comfort and convenience *now!*

5 In the Fall, you begin your regular payments on a convenient payment plan. And, remember, you are already credited with your membership deposit and old-stove allowance.



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Only the Heatrola has the Intensi-Fire Air Duct that captures and utilizes heat which, in ordinary heaters, goes to waste up the chimney. Insist upon seeing it. You'll find it only in the genuine Heatrola.

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For Coal ☐ Wood ☐ Gas ☐ (Check which)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... R. F. D. .....

State .....

TROLA

UPSTAIRS AND DOWN

(Continued from Page 71)

But he would have the misery of remembering how scared he thought he was going to be, and it was certainly cold. And his legs itched.

He moved into the long room, though, cautiously, and had to flinch when his leg brushed a small chair coyly lurking just inside the doorway. But a car filled with mixed voices went past. He heard Tommy Rimmel laughing, very clearly; and that surprised Ailanthus, as one shouldn't hear so well through glass and shutters. But the noise of the laden car lasted a long while, and he found a reason when he moved toward the luminous window. Glass crackled under his right sole, and the flash light showed him brilliant shards, fragments an inch long, scarring the dust below the window. There was a hole, almost a square, in one lower pane.

After a little he blushed. He remembered standing—this was last year—with Red Ransome and some unimportant girl on the sidewalk beside the judge's house and pitching bits of gravel across. It was inconvenient to recall idiotic things one did, but he wasn't so sorry just now. Air and noises circulated through that hole. A policeman lagged past, down Campbell Street, and sneezed twice within earshot, and soon a car shot by, distinctly breaking the town's regulations. It had a squawk like a sick hen when the fellow driving put on his brakes near some corner. And then a collection of voices came up Campbell Street, and that was cheering. A girl shrieked cheerily and someone was whistling. It was the last of Kay Baxter's party on its way home. Presently Ailanthus could hear shoes and the slumph-galumph of galoshes.

". . . go over to Riley's and get somethin' fit to eat!"

"Isn't that nice," said Edith Cooper, "when there was such a quantity of things to eat at Kay's!"

"You didn't eat any," Alan Welch answered, "so you don't know how sad those cakes were. Girl, they were grim!"

"But they looked ——"

"Isn't that like a woman? 'They looked!' . . . You throw her up her steps, Red. I'm goin' to go and be fed. Ailanthus and Perrin were the only pants with any sense at this funeral. They quit an' went home. G'night."

"Hey," said Toby Edge, "what do I do, Alley? 'Lanthus walked off an' left me. How d' I get home? Someone gets out his bus and drives me? Speak all at once, boys!"

"I might do that," Alan pondered, "if—notice that if, Tobe!—if you forgot about those three bucks you say I owe you for another couple of months."

"That's takin' a mean advantage of me. Well, I'll forget one buck, Alley. An' you can go on owin' me the other two until Easter. T' hell with expense! Feed the cat another goldfish. Go get your bus."

Miss Cooper retired up West Street with Mr. Welch, her galoshes flopping. Toby or Red lit a cigarette. Ailanthus had the sensation of standing on the corner with them, under the light. He knew what his cousin would say now, and smiled as he heard him say it:

"Wouldn't live next door to Edie for a million dollars!"

"Uh-huh," Red yawned. "Too much work. She's beautiful but dumb, all right. . . . Where'd 'Lanthus go?"

"Takin' Uncle Ho home."

"'At's so. Mr. Westlund can't drive, can he? . . . I'd hate losin' an' arm worse than a leg. . . . Hey, 'Lanthus is what you'd call a good son, isn't he?"

"Fifty-fifty," said Toby. "Uncle Ho's a good father. He teases the kid somethin' awful about not seein' a joke or bein' so solemn. But he's prouder'n hell of him. 'Specially because the kid ain't scared of anything."

"Huh," said Red, "if I had a build like 'Lanthus, I'd go in for bein' awf'ly brave myself. I bet there's one thing he's scared of, though."

"Never heard of it, Red."

"I bet there is! Got to be," Red argued. "Dad says every human bein's scared of one thing. I don't know what 'Lanthus is scared of, but there's got to be something, Tobe. He's not—not superhuman. . . . Oh, listen to that!"

A horrible clatter announced that Alan Welch had got out his famous third-hand car, which had belonged to Toby's older brother, Jack, and then to an Italian house painter, and was now worth practically nothing to anybody, but still moved.

"Watch me ring a rock on that," said Red, backing across the street.

"Don't get him cross! I won't walk three miles home, Red!"

"You won't have to. . . . G'night!"

Ailanthus lost the sound of Red's feet in the terrible noise of Alan's machine nearing the corner. It slowed and then stopped, and then metal boomed and something smashed finely, and the shutter was black.

"You putrid fool!" said Alan.

"Gosh," Red remarked, forty feet away, "she bounced! Isn't it nice the town put electricity in the street lamps? It'd be an awful stink if 'at was a gas lamp. So long!"

He trotted up the judge's steps.

"Let's leave here," said Toby. "I don't like the cop on this street, and we didn't bust that lamp. Come on."

In a while Ailanthus turned from the shutter and faced the utter blackness of the long room. He was right in it now. Red had playfully chucked him into what he was most scared of, and left him there by just bouncing a pebble from Alan's machine. Trees hid the farther lamps of the two meeting streets. The illumination of Blandyburg was economical everywhere, and now the chinks of the shutter were hardly streaks, and Shelley's floating eyes seemed suspended six inches from the floor.

"S-stick to me, fella," said Ailanthus, "or I'm g—— Yah!"

He pried back the neck of his jersey and carefully hauled the breast of the woolen union suit away from his chest. As he did this a fiery worm started up his right calf, and a spot on his left elbow began to itch. A fold of the wool had got creased under his belt too.

"He's the best father," Ailanthus said, "anybody ever had, but look what he's done to me."

Shelley got up on a hidden table and purred. Ailanthus kicked about for a chair and sat down to scratch his legs. Maybe skins altered from generation to generation or something. Fellows simply weren't made to wear woolen things next to them any more.

This was ruin. Couldn't stand it, wouldn't stand it. Yah! Nobody ought to be allowed to manufacture this stuff or sell it. Get the Constitution amended!

"I know why fellas run off and be beach combers, Percy B. It's 'cause they have to wear —— Hey, where you goin', cat? . . . Oh, thought you were leavin' me. 'At's right! You ain't got nothin' on but fur. Make yourself comfortable, fella."

Shelley turned around four times on the vague table and lay down, his eyes close to the wood. Ailanthus leaned forward to pet the worthy beast and let Shelley chew his thumb, until a new patch of misery commenced on his stomach. Then he thought of several oaths he had heard exchanged in a fight at the railroad station, and used them, his deep voice expanding remarkably below the high ceiling. Projects came into his head. He might spill the tea from the patent bottle down his back. If he got all wet, all over, the wool would stop its infernal games for a while. Or he might take the thing off and freeze with dignity, wrapped up in blankets.

Men had worn this stuff under the uniforms in France. Dad said so. It was one of the horrors of war. Yes, and dad said that one of the alleviations of losing an arm and going to hospital was that they took off your woolens and put you in pajamas. Why had dad done this to him? Oh, why? Things would never be the same between them again. Or not for a couple of days, anyhow. He would wake dad up when he got home in the morning and tell him a lot of things. He saw Mr. Westlund sitting up, sheepish in the glow of dawn, and addressed him hissingly: "I got something to talk over with you, dad—father—and you've got to listen to me. I'm the only son you have! You can see in the book on art—I mean the one in the parlor bookcase—about this fella they gilded all over to be a livin' statue in a masque or one of those things back in the Renaissance, and it suff'cated the poor cheese! 'At's what comes of stoppin' a person's circulation up! Now, it may be organic evolution or I don't give a hang what it is, but it's something, and fellas my age can't wear woolen underclothes. It's a fact and not any darn theory that confronts you! I don't mind bein' scared to death in a dark house and doin' my duty for law and order or what—what ——"

He stopped thinking of furious words which still had dignity enough for a fella twenty years old who had to shave every week, now, because both his legs were incased in prickles. Ailanthus said aloud, "It ain't sanitary!" and stooped to begin a system of scratching.

This was what a sense of humor must be. If you heard of a man fairly sweating with misery because he had on tight woolens that bit his white skin everywhere and raised volcanoes on his shoulders, you gave yourself a good laugh and told his friends. As if that was funny!

Only—and he knew it—dad didn't mean any of this. He had made him put on woolens because he was going into an icy-cold house and didn't want him to get pneumonia. Dad never would do anything mean. One never saw people look at the red-headed, lazy man with anything but a smile. It would make dad chew his mouth if he thought his kid was in trouble with a lot of fibrous cloth. . . . [If Red was two inches taller, I could go and borrow some decent stuff off him. I'm just not goin' to be able to see this through. Not in these things, anyhow. I'll have to strip and wrap up in a blanket. Or are they wool blankets? Soft, anyhow. Been washed a lot. When I get home I'll take a hot shower, even if the pipes yell and wake mamma up. Soap! That green, slimy kind with a lot of oil in it. Oh, so much soap! 'N' there's those silk p'jamas Aunt Emma sent me for my birthday. Or I'll swash powder all over an' get in bed naked, and I don't care if it is January! Malediction!] That was a grand word. It was from Shakspere or Byron or some other classic source. He could not bother to remember. A parade of Lilliputians shod in red-hot iron marched under his right thigh and camped on his knee. Ailanthus brought down a fist on the bivouac and killed the lot of them. He smiled. Perhaps pounding was better than scratching. The next army began marking time in the middle of his chest. Ailanthus lifted aside a hand and —— Shelley rose on the table and turned his eyes.

A great coldness swelled from somewhere in his body. He had forgotten what he was here for. He had now a sense of extreme stillness in the world and knew that the room was cold about his wretched skin. The darkness rushed upon him from all sides. He reached and took the cat against his heart. Shelley's ears were tremulous upon his chin. But there was something else that moved in the deep house.

So strange! His mind had been yowling his body's discomfort, and he had for gotten everything else. But here he was, in this empty place, and a man moved closer to him, a man perhaps desperate, who had been a thief once before—a strange man who talked about gay Europe to silly girls at parties. It was all, and suddenly, very strange.

He was coming up the stairs from the basement. That was it. This motion that was no sound rose from below. Ailanthus thought. The man had come slipping over the rear wall from the fire escape of the cheap hotel. He had a key, or last night he had broken in a shutter below the back porch. That was how he had hurt his hand. Well, he was in the house. And here were the famous books. . . . He pressed Shelley closer.

So men feared ghosts. It was this sense of movement without body, of a presence without a voice. A twig might creak or a wind howl softly among branches, without a body seen, and a Bohemian farm hand would run, screaming. This was fear. He thought, "I'm scared stiff!" and sat with the cat writhing in his arms.

But he found his lips working and could not reason why that was. And then it seemed to him that this was really funny. Here he sat, bigger than this man in the back parlor now, and certainly stronger, and hard as nails all over. But he was scared of the skinny dandy from New York, and just because he couldn't see him. If that wasn't funny, nothing was! That was the power of darkness. It was an awful joke. He thought [Well, do something! He's in the doors there. He has to light a match to see the books. He's —— That's it! Got a suitcase with him. Hold still, Shelley! He's —— Aw, say something!]

"What you doin'? Collectin' first editions?"

A real body heaved and hit something. A book clapped the bare floor.

"What the hell are you?"

"I'm—lemme think," said Ailanthus, feeling Shelley's ears. "I guess I'm a volunteer detective or a night watchman or somethin'. . . . Quit 'at, Shelley! . . . You can't do this—this kind of thing, Mr. Perrin."

Mr. Perrin did not speak at all. But this something that was his being came closer. Leather tapped on wood.

"Young Westlund?"

"Yeh."

"Oh, I might have thought of that. Your father and Ransome represent the civilized minority in this bloody town. They know a rare book from an omelet, anyhow. Drew their conclusions—and drew 'em right. Let's talk business then. You've got a bright blue eye."

"Pretty near violet, really," said Ailanthus. "Just like dad's."

"A little too cool," Perrin answered. "Afraid you—or your father—aren't doing this for your health. Put that cat out the front door and let's get down to cases. Do get it out of here!"

"Are you honest scared of cats?"

"One never does get over some things. I happen to be deadly scared of cats. Please put him out of here. Put him in the hall anyhow. He won't freeze. I'll go lunatic if you go on holding him. Put him in the hall, please!" the man begged softly.

"'N' then what?"

"Then we can talk business. I suppose you people want 50 per cent. We'll—will you put that fiend out of here?"

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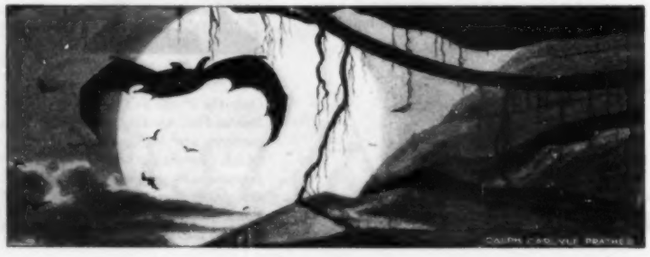

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Only one kind of coffee *was served in that famous old* Southern Hotel

It was famed for its fare in a land famous for good living—the old Maxwell House in the days of the Old South. And of all its fare, most famous was its coffee—a special blend with a rich and mellow flavor that lingered long on the palate—and in the memory even longer.

You can enjoy that same fine coffee today, for the news of its rare goodness has spread until it has become the largest selling packaged coffee in the world! Your grocer has it waiting for you—Maxwell House Coffee—and in every blue tin you will find a refreshment and a fragrance that will make you look forward to mealtime as never before! Indeed, if you are not fully satisfied, your money will be returned.

"Tune in" to the Maxwell House radio program every Thursday evening, at 9:30, Eastern Standard Time. Broadcast over WJZ and associated radio stations.

GOOD *to the* LAST DROP

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MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

(Continued from Page 74)

But Shelley had stopped wriggling. He was utterly still, his head under his friend's chin.

Shelley was scared now. Of what? The man three feet away from his fur? Why? A cat was small enough to run under legs and dodge all dangers.

"Suppose I just yell for the cop? Hole in the window here."

"You're no such fool, my lad. I've got at least ten thousand dollars' worth over in my room at the hotel. Then there's all this Scott here—and a first Anatomy of Melancholy. And the signed Poe pamphlet. This is a haul! Can't you understand? You and your father can have —— Oh, do get him out of here!"

[It would be six steps to the door into the hall. Yes, and I'd have to walk past him. He's near as tall as me. Hit me from behind.] The man's face was beginning to appear in the darkness. Ailanthus stared.

"You're no fool. How can you stand there with that thing under your chin?"

"You," said Ailanthus, "put your gun on the table. Right beside you. You couldn't fire, anyhow. Hear 'at? That's the cop walkin'. He'd hear if you tried anything. Put it on the table."

"I've no gun, Westlund."

"Put what you've got in your hand on the table," Ailanthus said very slowly, "and hurry. The cop's comin'. I'll kick back with my foot and smash the glass and yell bloody hell!"

"I haven't any gun, I tell you!"

"Quit movin'! Or ——"

The shadow swayed. Ailanthus shoved the cat at the ghost of a face and backed. Something whirled under his arms as Mr. Perrin yelled. Everything slid with a terrible racket. Shelley hissed from far away and the table seemed to roll. Ailanthus drove a heel back and the window crashed and the shutter yielded in a second crash, and a voice out in the street said, "Well, for the luvva —— Hey, what goes on? Say, what's in there?"

But the man was getting up from the floor. Ailanthus stamped on the flat thing that now glittered, and felt a blade curve under his sole. Then he hit Mr. Perrin rather clumsily in the face and knocked him down again.

"You were gonna stab me, you big louse, and there's no use lyin' about it. Shelley knew! . . . Hey, Broderick!"

"What you doin' in there, 'Lanthus? Tryin' to be funny?"

"You come in here and 'rest this ape! He's stealin' first editions!"

"He's what?"

"Stealin' books!"

"What?"

Judge Ransome said, thirty yards away, ferociously, "Broderick! Go in there and make that arrest! Good heavens! You'll wake the whole town up!"

"Yes, Mr. Ransome, but ——"

"Do as I tell you!"

"Well, I call it confusin'," said the policeman, and blew his whistle.

Shelley was now sitting on a bookcase, still swearing in long hisses.

Ailanthus wondered if he must hit Mr. Perrin again. The man was sitting up. Only dad said, under the window, "Baby, are you all right?"

"How'd you get here, dad?"

"Oh, some of it on my feet. Then I made the 'cycle cop bring me on in. I'm sorry. Are you all right, son?"

"Of course I am!"

"I'm sorry I let you in for this."

The policeman was now pounding the front door. Ailanthus cautiously picked up the knife and walked backward from the sitting man to the hallway. He opened the door and left the house to the law. Several people and the motorcycle policeman in polished leggings and a female in a curious gown with fur on it all watched him as he came down the steps.

"I want to get home, dad. The car's over in the Ransome garage. Shell! . . . Hi, cat! . . . Oh, there you are! Dad, let's get home!"

Windows appeared everywhere behind trees. Red Ransome hung out of his bedroom in striped pajamas. Mr. Westlund had his son's arm. Shelley went scuttling across the street.

"What's that knife, kid?"

"Oh, that! Well, that's just his knife. I don't want it. Shell knew he was dangerous. He got all quiet. Up next to my neck. . . . Dad, people must ha' had harder skins once. Let's get home. Please!"

Westlund shouted furiously to Judge Ransome, on his steps, "This is a bright idea we had, Bob! That whelp had a knife!"

"Yes? Well, it was you had the idea, Hosea!"

"I did? All I said was that the kid wouldn't be afraid ——"

"Aw, dad! Let's get home! Please!"

"'Lanthus, you must go over to the station. You have to charge this man with ——"

"Aw, they can keep him for me! I've got to get home, judge!"

He ran the car backward down the drive while Mr. Ransome seemed to be talking a lot. Shelley showed his contempt for everything by curling down on his share of the seat with his face in his stomach. He was much offended and didn't move all the way across the Square and down Market Street.

"Baby, if that hog slashed you, don't try to be brave about it!"

"I ain't! It'd be just my luck if we run outa gas gettin' home! Dad, a person's circulation is—I mean, their skin! You know what I mean!"

"You've got a chill?"

"Naw! I'm hotter'n hell! . . . But you know the Renaissance kid they gilded and he suffocated. . . . And is there any of 'at green soap that makes a big lather?"

They bounced on the first track of the railroad and soared across in a swirl of slush. Mr. Westlund seemed stunned, and was now silent. The car buzzed up the dark valley. Ailanthus bit his lips. A host was crawling his back and the patch on his right knee was fire. He might weep, any minute. The wool was a winding sheet of prickles. If he died, they must bury him in decent linen.

"Maybe you could stand it when you were a kid, daddy! I can't!"

"Tell me what happened!"

"Aw, nothin'! One never does get used to some things. . . . I threw Shell at him. Of course, you thought it was right. . . . I hope there's some hot water!"

The car pitched up the lane toward the barnyard. It banged and jarred on a gatepost and some glass broke. He'd have to apologize for that. But Ailanthus was out of it, now, and running. When he was on the kitchen steps he had his coat off, and his belt gave on the stairs. The moist curtain of the shower bath hit his face in blackness. That was just rubber. . . . It was coming off! The suit ripped with a lovely, revengeful sound, clean up his back. The faucets spun in his fingers. Oh! Water fell on him. Never mind the soap!

"Baby!"

"I'm all right, now, dad. Dad, take that thing and throw it out the window. Please, dad! . . . I think water's wonderful," said Ailanthus. "I think it's swell. I think it's grand. I dunno how a person would get along without water! But darn the sheep that invented wool! . . . Say, dad, try and find me some soap, please! And throw that out the window."

TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

(Continued from Page 33)

work. Beyond and above everything must stand the man with power—the man whose orders none might disobey, who could correlate all these activities, who at the appropriate moment could launch the decisive attack. The man who could enforce his will to destroy, and thereafter on the ruins to build up that new Utopia on whose details no two revolutionaries could agree. That man must one day be himself.

The orator descended from the platform amid hisses, cheers and booings. Martov took his place. Once more was to be renewed the factional struggle over the precise wording of the first paragraph of the statute of their organization. Martov again read out his proposition: "By members of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party are to be understood all those who accept its program and actively work for the realization of its aims, under the control and direction of the party."

There was a furious clamor of applause and dissent.

Vladimir Ilyitch leaped to his feet, amid yells of "Sit down! Tovarishtch Lenin!" "Let Tovarishtch Lenin speak!"

"I protest against that wording!" he cried, overcoming that perpetual huskiness of voice which a doctor would have found of significant diagnosis. "It opens the door to defeat. I propose ——" He fumbled in his pockets for a slip of paper, read from it:

"By member of the party is to be understood any person who accepts its program and supports the party in one of the party organizations."

The storm of vituperation, of enthusiastic agreement, was intensified. Martov shouted from the platform:

"Surely it is sufficient that the supporters of the party should be in general agreement with it! Why tie them down to personal work in its organizations? What does Tovarishtch Lenin mean by his proposal?"

"I will tell you!" shouted back Vladimir Ilyitch. "Chairman, I demand the right of speech!"

There was uproar, a fiercely antagonistic confusion of Ayes! and Noes! The chairman gave the word to Tovarishtch Lenin. He mounted the platform, stood awkwardly, a stumpy ill-dressed man with one hand in a trousers pocket. He spoke without eloquence, curtly, unamiably, with that habitual throaty huskiness. Yet—he was confidently conscious of it—there was something in his cold, severe logic which could always compel these ranting babblers to listen to him. They listened now.

"In itself there is nothing in this difference of opinion, although it discloses subtle differences of principle. . . . But any difference of opinion is capable of becoming serious if persisted in . . . if every root and every branch of this difference of opinion is deliberately and carefully traced out." He proceeded to trace them out. Martov's formula made possible an alliance with opportunists, with nonrevolutionary liberals. They did not want such people in the party of uncompromising revolution. There must be a wall against their penetration to the secret membership register—a wall only to be passed by unquestioning obedience in a strict discipline.

The shouts broke out again, the two camps trying to yell each other down.

Trotzky sprang to his feet.

"Tovarishtch Lenin wants to make himself an autocrat," he screamed, "a Jacobin dictator!"

Lenin swung round upon him.

"What is there wrong in that?" he demanded. "There must be an autocrat—a dictator!" The storm of protest drowned his voice. He shook his fist at them, his face convulsed. "Listen!" he cried. "You shall listen!" Again his voice became huskily unemotional. "Only by absolute discipline, only by absolute obedience, can we win. Hand firmly grasping hand, we are proceeding, a tiny band of men and women, along a rocky and difficult path. We are surrounded on all sides by enemies. We have bound ourselves by a freely adopted resolve to fight against the enemy and not to stray into the swamps by the side of the road. But there must be discipline. There must be leadership. As for being a Jacobin—the Jacobin who is closely in touch with the organized proletariat is the real revolutionary Social Democrat. The Girondist, who thinks in terms of professors and students, is frightened of the dictatorship of the proletariat." He concluded amidst howls and cheers, stepped down from the platform.

Plekhanov got up. He scowled badtemperedly at Lenin as he passed him. This talk of dictators was against his grain, but still, if there was to be a dictator, it had better be himself, the original leader. To everyone's astonishment, he allied himself with Comrade Lenin's proposal:

". . . Discipline has no terrors for the workers, but it frightens many intellectuals soaked in *bourgeois* individualism from joining the party. Comrade Lenin's proposal may keep them out of the organization, therefore all opponents of opportunism must vote for it."

Comrade Lenin heard him with a grim smile. He was under no illusion as to the motive for this support. The vote was taken amidst tumult. Comrade Martov's proposal was passed. Comrade Lenin was defeated.

Immediately he was on his feet again with another proposal. In addition to the central committee in Russia, a second headquarters should be set up abroad. This second headquarters should carry on the revolutionary journal Iskra—The Spark—and should be the supreme authority. He spoke with dry logic, his husky voice unimpassioned, craftily concealing his ulterior determination to make himself master of the Iskra, to drive Paul Axelrod, Vera Zasulitch and Martov from the journal and leave Plekhanov and himself in charge of it. Plekhanov was the man of theory, he was the man of action. In the long run the man of action must win. Meanwhile this resolution would split the party, would determine who were to go along the path he had already mapped out for them, who were to be recognized as adversaries. Even of those who adhered to him, he would presently weed out not a few. He wanted not rivals but implicitly obedient subordinates functioning in an organization autocratically controlled by himself alone, the one man who saw realities, the one man who with ruthless, unscrupulous will-power could enforce a yet distant triumph, commanding a regimented proletariat to an overwhelming assault upon society. All this was in the back of his brain as he spoke coldly, dryly, huskily, in simple unprovocative sentences, leading these fools into his trap.

The vote was taken. Comrade Lenin's proposal was carried by twenty-five votes to twenty-three. The congress at once split into two. The supporters of Lenin dubbed themselves arrogantly "Bolsheviki"—the majority-ites. Their opponents were, scornfully, "Mensheviki"—minority-ites. They hurled insults at each other, reminded each other of scandalous delinquencies, taunted each other with verbal crimes in the shape of heretical resolutions.

Comrade Lenin sat quietly, smiling that crafty, purely superficial, Asiatic smile he could conveniently assume, his dark-brown little eyes glittering with a point of reddish light. These fools should destroy one another, leave the road open for him.

Some of Plekhanov's intimates had clustered round the master, were complaining of Comrade Lenin's autocratic pretensions, of the contemptuous coldness with which he addressed the *tovarishtchi*, everything reduced in advance to cut and dried formulæ.

(Continued on Page 78)

Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat and checks it, should it develop.

Let them play . . . but afterward
Protect them against *colds* and *sore throat*

It isn't while playing that children catch cold—it is afterward, when, still overheated, they sit around in damp clothes or unconsciously expose themselves to drafts. These exposures, like wet feet and sudden changes of temperature, weaken body resistance so that disease germs in the mouth get the upper hand.

Therefore, in addition to the regular morning and night gargle, see that your children, however sturdy, use Listerine on returning from play.

Listerine aids Nature in warding off colds and ordinary sore throat because it is fatal to the germs which cause them. Tests in the great bacteriological laboratories show that full strength Listerine kills even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), the Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and the Streptococcus germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000, in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we could prove it to the satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

How to prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys the germs ever-present on them.

Yet Listerine is so safe that it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Gargle with Listerine regularly every day, as a preventive measure against infection. And at the first definite sign of colds or sore throat, increase the frequency of the gargle, meanwhile consulting your physician. If serious complications are threatening, he will detect and treat them properly. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Listerine *kills germs in* 15 *seconds*

(Continued from Page 76)

Comrade Plekhanov worried at his little pointed beard, glanced at Vladimir Ilyitch, spoke to Axelrod.

"Of such dough are Robespierres made," he said. It was at once the highest possible praise, and a warning, significant in its implications for all of them.

It was late in the sultry summer night when the congress broke up. They streamed out into the Whitechapel Street where yet slum dwellers haggled at costers' naphthalit barrows.

The policeman outside laughed to another burly constable.

"Look at the poor silly blokes!" he said. "Been 'owling like monkeys they 'ave! Them's the lads to push the Emperor o' Rooshia orf 'is throne—I don't think! Wot they want's a wash an' a square meal. Never done a honest day's work in their bloomin' lives!"

"Mangy rats, I calls 'em," amplified the other. "Never do nothink, they won't, excep' scurry in an' out o' dark 'oles."

Meanwhile Comrade Lenin was walking along the litter-strewn street with Comrade Nadeshda Konstantinovna.

"It's a beginning," he said in his husky voice. "We have made a beginning at last."

"Yes, Ilyitch," she agreed, with docile admiration, her plain peasant's face irradiated, "you have made a beginning." Her voice also was husky with a similar huskiness.

They talked jubilantly all the way to their mean lodgings in Bloomsbury.

It was September 4, 1915. Above the little village of Zimmerwald, the Alps towered in gleaming magnificence against the blue sky. The village street was abnormally populous with a recent immigration of men and women, unkempt and shabby or garbed in the fantastic styles indicative of advanced thought, who talked in German, in Russian, in Scandinavian, in Italian, in French, in almost every European language except English.

Tomorrow would begin the conference which should resuscitate the Internationale, killed by the war then raging over three-quarters of the world. The Italian Socialists had summoned it and the extreme Socialists of eleven countries had sent their delegates, thirty-odd in all.

These polyglot strangers nudged and tugged at each other as a stumpy little Mongolian-looking man with a short beard emerged from the inn, accompanied by a spectacled comrade of Jewish appearance.

"That's Lenin!" said the better-informed, a touch of awe in their voices. "He's a terrible fellow. No compromise about Lenin. He's the Cause personified. Pure Internationalist. That's Radek with him."

Familiar to all was the name of the Russian revolutionary, unknown as yet to the world at large, but celebrated in obscure meeting places where exasperated men and women talked hungrily of the inevitable world revolution which should topsy-turvy society and make them, the outcasts, masters. To them, if for nothing else, he was famous as the organizer in Moscow of that premature armed revolution following the Russo-Japanese War, which had also seen the Menshevik Trotzky as the leader of the quickly suppressed Petersburg Soviet. The pacific Socialists hated him cordially by reputation, but all turned to look interestedly at him. He passed through them, without greeting, with contemptuous indifference, continued with his companion along the street. The delegates stared after him, whispering among themselves. There had been something sinister in his passage, something which quelled loud talk.

Vladimir Ilyitch walked up the steep road beyond the village, Comrade Radek—by birth Sobelsohn—at his side. They exchanged no word. Neither was athletic, and this stiff ascent took all their breath. Moreover, Vladimir Ilyitch was plainly thinking hard, and he did not like to be interrupted when he thought. For all the not very numerous Bolsheviki, Comrade Lenin was, very emphatically, the master, to be respectfully revered. Vladimir Ilyitch—he had merely been thinking what stupid *Schweinhunde* those German delegates, Ledebour and Hoffmann, were—was pleasantly conscious of that reverence. It was a tribute to his superiority over these fools.

Much had happened in the twelve years since the Bolshevik Party had been born in that squalid Whitechapel hall. Not only had he organized the barricades of Moscow in 1905—and had been defiantly unrepentant amid Socialist diatribes in the sanguinary collapse of the armed revolution—he had continued skillfully to organize a following among the Russian factory workers even during those difficult days of Czaristic reprisal when he had been again an exile, wandering over Europe. He had done more than that—he had organized a small purely Bolshevik party in Russia with the direct connivance of the Okhrana, the Czarist secret police, not displeased to have an extreme revolutionary section under their hand and therefore surreptitiously favoring it as against the other revolutionary parties. It was a useful scarecrow to justify their own existence. Of the small avowedly Bolshevik representation in the prewar Duma, at least three were paid agents of the Okhrana, including the leader, Malinovsky. He, Lenin, was well aware of it, had been grimly amused. Cunning against cunning, he was confident of outwitting this would-be clever police. He would take all they were willing to give him in the way of help, certain that in the long run Bolshevism would profit more than the Okhrana.

Nevertheless, it would have been testing amiability too far for him to have returned to Russia. Also it was quite unnecessary. He could quite as well pull all the strings of his organization from Galicia, where, with Zinoviev, he had taken up his residence from 1912 to the outbreak of the war. Very soon after that event he had been for an instant in danger. The Austrian military police had arrested him. But Galetzki, otherwise Fürstenberg—a very useful fellow, Fürstenberg, in close touch with those stupid pigs of Germans who shoveled out money to any allied revolutionary—had telegraphed at once to the leaders of the Austrian Socialists, Viktor and Fritz Adler, also Jews. They had gone immediately to Count Stürgkh, had pointed out what an asset he would be to the Central Powers, had procured for him a safe conduct into Switzerland.

Here, with Nadeshda Konstantinovna as his secretary and the sycophantic Zinoviev as his zealous aide, he had lived very comfortably. Thanks again to Fürstenberg, and to that mysteriously migrant well-to-do revolutionary Helphand, alias Parvus, alias Israel Lazarevitch, who had a finger in every pie, financial as well as political, those fools of Germans had subsidized him almost lavishly. An account had been opened at the Reichsbank in favor of Zinoviev and Lunacharsky; that was preferable to having his own name identified with it and possibly hampering his freedom of action thereafter. For the moment, however, he was quite content to obey the instructions given him by that insolently condescending German major in Bern. In his tiny paper, the Sozial Demokrat, smuggled into Russia and there distributed by his secret agents, he preached indefatigably: "We Russians are for the défeat of Russia, since that would facilitate her internal enfranchisement, her liberation from the fetters of Czarism."

He did more than this. Scornful of the pacifist Socialists who magniloquently withdrew from participation in the war and urged the international proletariat to refuse to fight, he clearly saw the colossal conflict as his greatest opportunity. In Russia his adherents had been ordered to join the armies, to work ceaselessly to undermine the morale of the troops, to do everything possible to facilitate a catastrophic disaster. It was merely convenient for him that this policy also happened to be a policy that Germany would pay for. He could take her imperialist money with a sardonic satisfaction. From the collapse of the Russian imperial power surely would spring a Russian revolution. From that Russian revolution, if once he could become the ruthless master of it and of the resources of one hundred and eighty million people docile to the governmental machine, he would assuredly develop that world revolution which was his obsessional dream. He could do it, and he alone—*for* he alone, of all these voluble revolutionaries, knew exactly what he wanted and how to bring it about—given the opportunity.

He sat down now on a stone by the roadside, removed his cap, mopped his dome-shaped, almost completely bald head. Sobelsohn sat down also.

"It is hot, *tovarishtch*," he remarked.

"Pouff!" said Lenin. "It is hot, but it was worth while to get away from those fools in the village. Bleating sheep!" His husky voice expressed an intense contempt. "They will pass their silly resolutions. And what will happen? Nothing. Words! Words! Words! That imbecile Trotzky will enjoy himself. He's like all those accursed Mensheviks! All babblers! Not one of these people is a genuine revolutionary internationalist. You will see. When the time comes they will all take the side of their own countries. Bah! They make me sick!"

"And what will you do, Tovarishtch Lenin?"

"Attack them! I will form a Left by myself alone, if necessary." His Mongolian eyes narrowed as though he were looking into a future visible only to himself. In these last few years the expression of his features had permanently changed. They were a living embodiment of that elemental hate which was his sole reaction to the world. "These people live in illusions. They believe in brotherly love because themselves they are too cowardly to fight. Their illusions must be dispelled. They must be forced to see reality. Only by uncompromisingly identifying ourselves with reality shall we one day seize power."

He spoke with harsh emphasis, with that absolute certitude impressively characteristic of him.

Comrade Sobelsohn-Radek glanced round to him, gave him a shrewdly appraising look through his spectacles. A Polish Jew expelled from the Polish Socialist Party, he paraded a fanatical Marxism.

"You may rely on my warm support in the conference, Tovarishtch Lenin," he said. "As you say, we will create a new Left—a Left we can rely on."

Vladimir Ilyitch did not answer. He was brooding on the tactics to be pursued in this conference of mutually hostile revolutionary theorists where his extreme intransigence, shrinking from nothing in his war against a civilization he hated, would be in a minority. In this miserable remnant of the old Second Internationale he would even now sow the germ of another Internationale one day to be the authentic organ of world revolution. He would attack, scare them, win adherents by his very audacity.

Comrade Radek had also been musing. He turned again to his companion.

"Tovarishtch Lenin," he said, "our time is at hand. Russia is disintegrating. It is impossible to supply her armies. There is corruption and discouragement everywhere. With every defeat our chances grow. Another year of German victories like this and the revolution is certain. I do not doubt that you—though perhaps only you—might seize that revolution, turn it to our aims. But how will you maintain yourself? You will be at best in a minority; against you the old régime, the *bourgeoisie*, all the other Socialists who hate you, the peasant masses who dream only of being owners of their land ——"

Vladimir Ilyitch smiled his external Asiatic smile.

"*Tovarishtch*," he answered, "the masses do not count. They will do as they are told. At first with the enthusiasm with which I shall intoxicate them. Afterward because they must. I have not studied mass psychology for nothing. As for the others ——" He paused a moment, smiled again. "You may remember that a king of ancient Rome was asked the way to govern. He said no word. Merely with his stick he cut off the heads of the tallest poppies."

Sobelsohn-Radek also smiled.

"'Slay the best of the gentiles, crush the head of the best serpent,'" he murmured. He quoted an aphorism of Mechilt, the Kabbalist writer.

Vladimir Ilyitch looked round at him, his face suddenly expressionless. That phrase was more than an aphorism, it was a password familiar to them both. Precisely what did Radek mean by it now? Behind all the revolutionary parties, permeating them all, was the mysterious society controlled by unknown superiors for a vast and shadowy purpose in a mystical future. Its definite backing would lift any one of the revolutionary groups into supremacy over the rest. Was Comrade Radek subtly offering him that supremacy—on terms? His crafty mind leaped to all the implications. He quoted in reply another aphorism from the Kabbalist writer Bogar.

"'To conquer the universe? Fight unceasingly against human society until due order is established and until all the nations of the world have become your slaves.'" He winked slowly, cunningly, suddenly a typical Russian peasant. Radek would think him just that—a peasant with an unequaled genius for revolution, the most perfect of instruments. He thought: "I commit myself to nothing. I use those who would use me, just so long as it is profitable to use them." He hated mysticism of any kind, had no intention of making himself the partisan of any variety in that soulless material world whereof he dreamed, the world which should acknowledge him as the master who had fashioned it anew.

It was April 9, 1917. Vladimir Ilyitch sat in a dirty third-class German coach of a train standing in Bern Station. In his compartment sat Nadesha Konstantinovna, Zinoviev, Fritz Platten, the secretary of the Swiss Social Democratic Party, and one or two others of his intimates. Thirty-two members of the Bolshevik Party were in the coach, not counting Comrade Radek, stowed away under the baggage, since he was not included in the agreement with the German authorities. On the platform was a large crowd of Russian revolutionaries. They booed and howled and yelled in a furious hostility. They were Mensheviks, Social Democrats, and other exiled Socialists, screaming their hatred of these comrades who were going to Russia, with German help, to seize for themselves the revolution which had at last—authentically, almost incredibly, bringing true the café dreams of years—broken out, the Czar deposed, the country in chaos. Five hundred of them had been promised transport to Russia in a train that would start in a few days. They howled their resentment that Comrade Lenin should get ahead of them.

Tovarishtch Lenin ignored them, sardonically. Well might they fear him. Precisely as they screamed at him, he was going to capture their precious revolution. He had no doubt of it. For a day or two after the great news had come, he had been in a fever of despair. How to get back into Russia—to seize this chance? It meant passing through the opposing lines of still embattled armies. For one wild moment he and Zinoviev had thought of walking through Germany to Sweden, with false passports and pretending to be dumb Swedes. Then Fritz Platten had come to the rescue. Together with the Swiss Socialist leader Robert Grimm and the invaluable Helphand, he had negotiated with the German Government. Permission was granted to Nikolai Lenin, together with all his associates except Radek, an Austrian subject, to travel through Germany without passports, their names not even asked, in a coach that would be sealed at the German frontier. In Russia, a credit of seventy million

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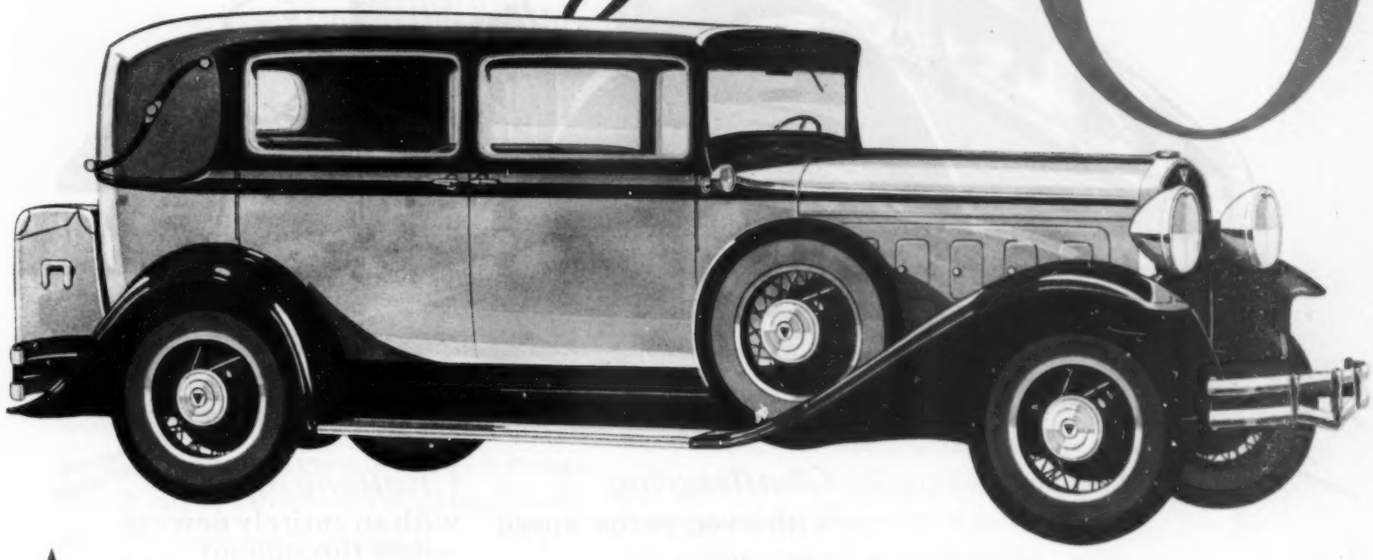

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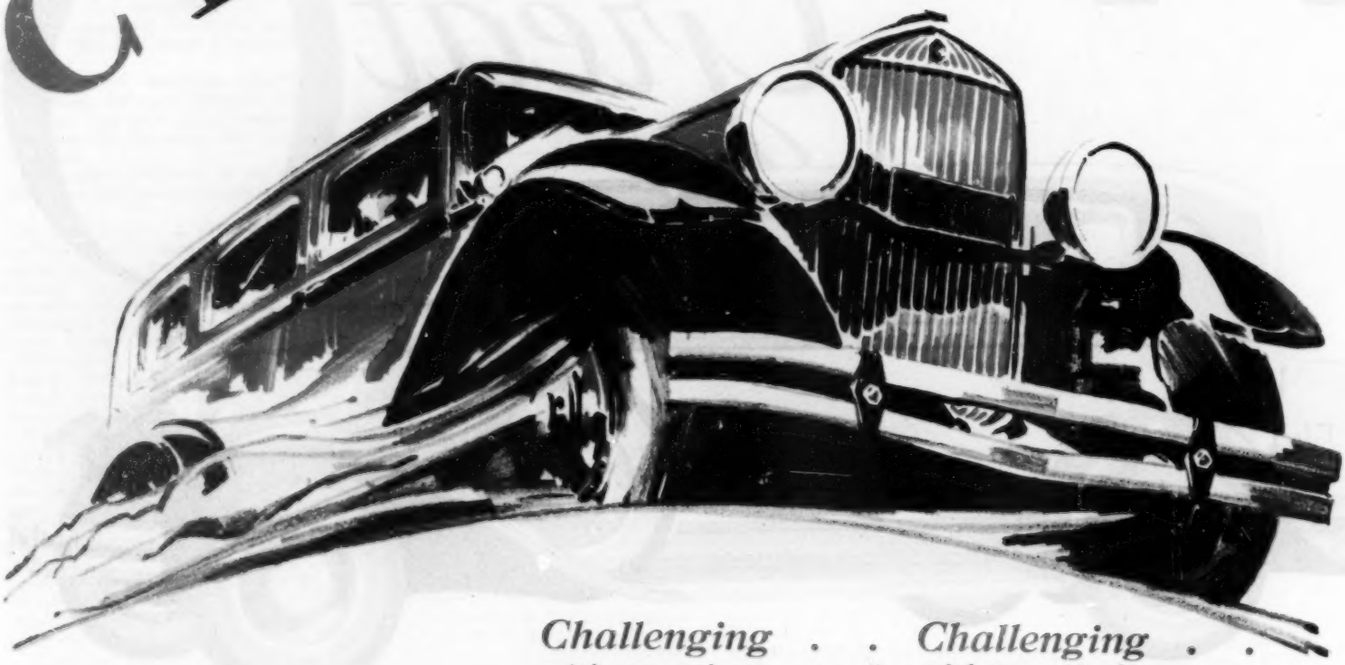

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marks would await them. Here in Switzerland, not another centime. It was like those stingy Germans. Fritz Platten had had to persuade the local coöperative to advance traveling provisions for the party.

Impatiently now Comrade Lenin fidgeted with the pile of books he had brought with him, with the exercise books in which he proposed to write during the journey. If only this accursed train would start! Something might yet prevent this miraculous journey to the scene of opportunity at last magnificent in front of him. Russia was in anarchy. The Provisional Government had only one outstanding figure, the flamboyant Menshevik Kerensky, son of his old schoolmaster in Simbirsk—a windbag easily punctured, like all these ranters. Real power was increasingly in the hands of the Soviets which had sprung up as by magic in Petrograd and Moscow, Soviets of revolution—drunk soldiers and workmen dominated by doctrinaire bourgeois-Socialist leaders, mostly Menshevik, but where already his Bolshevik emissaries were acquiring the authority of the most reckless, driving the frenzied masses into more and more of the excesses which would intoxicate them with blood and loot. Already those emissaries had engineered the famous Prikas No. 1, issued to the armies and instantly dissolving their discipline. Already the soldiers were shrieking, "No annexations and no indemnities." Already they were streaming away from the front. The Germans had been pleased. He had been grimly pleased also. Let the Germans do as they liked. The first essential for the seizure of power by a determined revolutionary minority was the dissipation of organized force in the hands of opponents. He had thought it all out. If only this maledictory train would start! If only those accursed Menshevik comrades did not persuade the Provisional Government to arrest them at the frontier!

Whistles shrilled. The German agents attending to this departure stood back from the coach. The non-Bolshevik Russian revolutionaries shrieked and howled again, were answered derisively from the windows. The train jerked, moved.

They were passing through Germany. A bleak, dead country with women working on the land. At Stuttgart, a representative of the German trades unions, escorted by a captain of cavalry, had come to bring greetings. The German Government had stipulated that he should be received. Vladimir Ilyitch had flatly refused to see him. He would have nothing to do with betrayers of the working class, he had said sardonically. It was good propaganda, also it was a smack in the face to these pig-headed Germans who thought that he was working in their interest instead of merely his own. The discomfited trades unionist had had to travel in the next coach, along with the supercilious German officers escorting the party.

He, Vladimir Ilyitch, worked and read, wrote indefatigably in his exercise book. He exercised peremptorily his autocratic authority over these faithful few. He loathed smoking. Those in his compartment who wanted to smoke had to do so in the corridor. The coach swarmed with bugs. Nadeshda Konstantinovna picked them off him dutifully; watched over his comfort while the master thought—thought—wrote—wrote—and planned.

It was the evening of the sixteenth of April. The train which had brought them from the Finnish frontier was approaching Petrograd. Vladimir Ilyitch fidgeted restlessly, even at last ceased to curse the stupidity of the contributors to his own Pravda, copies of which he had bought at the first Russian station. It had been a long, tiring journey. In Stockholm the Swedish Socialists had given them a gargantuan breakfast. Also Radek had bought him a new pair of boots, had wanted to buy him a new overcoat. He had refused scornfully. "I am not coming to Russia to open a tailor's shop." For these trifles he cared nothing. For one thing only did he care—opportunity—power at last! If only those accursed pseudo-revolutionaries in Petrograd did not arrest him as he stepped out of the train!

A file of soldiers had boarded the train, stood in the corridor. What was their purpose? He talked with them, smilingly, concealing his anxiety, assured them there must be immediate peace "without annexations or indemnities," told them that Russia was theirs to take, that henceforth there would be neither ranks nor classes, only the proletariat, counseled them to hurry back to their villages lest others be before them in the seizure of the land. They became enthusiastic, shouted, "All power to the Soviets!" laughed delightedly—simple fools! But there might be other soldiers awaiting him in Petrograd, soldiers to whom he might not have an opportunity to speak before he was hurried off. He hardly knew how to endure this suspense. Nadeshda Konstantinovna was white-faced, terribly anxious for him. If it all broke down at the last moment!

They were slowing, approaching the terminus. The lights of Petrograd were around them. He had not seen them for fifteen years. They slid into the station, stopped with a last jerk. There was a deafening roar of voices. The platform was a packed mass of people, of soldiers. They were singing the Internationale. He looked out of the window. Searchlights lit up the station with an uncanny brilliant white radiance, crossed their beams, played upon red banners with golden inscriptions, upon bayonets massed in a glittering scintillation. A spasm of alarm leaped in him at this military display. Arrest? But there could be no going back now. He opened the carriage door, descended, was at once wedged in the crowd that pressed upon him, vociferating madly.

A squad of soldiers came pushing through the mob. The Bolshevik Shliapnikov was at their head. He greeted the master in incoherent excitement, shouted to the soldiers to clear a passage.

They forced a lane through the surging mass yelling with one vast voice: "Lenin! Lenin!" He heard it with a peculiar thrill. It was the first time in all his long revolutionary career that he had been acclaimed by the multitude. Rarely, indeed, had he addressed as many as a hundred people, and then most of them rancorously hostile. Now his day was come! The mass—that featureless nonindividual mass which in his solitude he had half deified; the mass which was the source of all power; the mass of the ignorant, the downtrodden, the hungry, fused in a colossal, anonymous unanimity which under his leadership should wreck and renew the world—that mass thundered his name, formidably resounding under the station roof: "Lenin! Lenin! Lenin!" He mastered an unworthily human emotion. He must think, think clearly, keep his head, instantly improve this opportunity if possible.

Shliapnikov's escort fought a way for him, led him to a large ornately decorated hall that had been the waiting room of the Czar. In the center, at the head of a red-ribboned deputation, stood the Menshevik Tcheidze, chairman of the Petrograd Workers' Soviet. Someone pressed a bouquet of red roses into Comrade Lenin's hands. The hall filled with a crowd of soldiers, Red Guards, workmen, bourgeois revolutionaries, blue-uniformed sailors from Kronstadt. They hushed as Tcheidze lifted his hand, cried for silence, addressed Vladimir Ilyitch. "Tovarishtch Lenin! In the name of the Soviets of the whole Revolution we greet you"—Comrade Lenin barely deigned to listen; this blockhead Tcheidze was hypocritically trying to reduce him to one of themselves—". . . but we consider that not division but union of the democracy is needed. We hope that you will join us in pursuit of this aim."

There were cheers as Tcheidze finished. Tovarishtch Lenin insultingly ignored his official welcomer, swung round to the crowd. "Soldiers, sailors, workers!" he cried in his husky voice. "In you I see the vanguard of the world army of the proletariat. Everywhere the imperialist war for plunder is being followed by civil war. Already we can see the dawn of world revolution!"

They cheered again, yelled, screamed, in delirium.

A group of Kronstadt sailors came forward, constituted themselves his guard of honor, forced a way for him through the crowd solid on the splendid staircase to the imperial waiting room, led him to the square outside. It also was packed with people. Searchlights from the fortress prison of Peter and Paul played over the mass of heads, swung joyously across the clouds. The chant of the Internationale greeted him in a vehement, indescribably thrilling unison of thousands of voices. And then again his name: "Lenin! Lenin!" It seemed as though the capital were greeting its acknowledged master. Yet the Provisional Government still reigned—the Provisional Government of Prince Lvov, of the bourgeois Miliukov, of the Menshevik Socialist Kerensky. The handful of Bolsheviki had done their work well. Never would the Petrograd proletariat forget the return of Tovarishtch Lenin, the friend of the poor, the liberator, the licenser of loot, the destroyer of traitors secretly in league with the old régime—whom, naturally, the aristocrats and the *bour joui* pretended Socialists hated.

The Kronstadt sailors hoisted him, amid frenetic tumult, to the roof of an armored car. It moved slowly through this dark, ebullient sea of people, stopped at every street corner. At every street corner, under the red flags waved by the sailors, Comrade Lenin made a speech. "Capitalist robbers!" "Steal back the stolen!" "Peace at the front and civil war at home!" "No annexations, no indemnities!" "Peasants, seize your lands! Workers, seize your factories!" "Down with the Provisional Government which betrays the Revolution!" "All power to the Soviets!" "All power to the workers!" They yelled reiteration of the revolutionary catchwords he gave them, yelled in a collective madness, a collective hate.

So at last they came to the splendid palace of the dancer Kceczinskaya, ex-mistress of the ex-Czar, on the fashionable Kamenoostrovski Prospekt, which had already been requisitioned as the Bolshevik headquarters. A group of the comrades awaited him, led him to the great ballroom where a crowd of factory-group leaders, of delegates from the soldiers' committees in the barracks, was clustered in excited anticipation.

He spoke to them for two hours—reading to them the thesis he had written in his exercise book on the train. It was a thesis of uncompromising extremism. Nothing less than the dictatorship of the proletariat would suffice. They must emerge from this first *bourgeois* stage of the Revolution, make it the Revolution of the mass—the triumph of the proletariat class. They must destroy the *bourgeois*, destroy the opportunist pseudo-Socialists in league with them. Only the Bolshevik Party, erecting itself in hostility to all others, could achieve success—achieve the beginning of world revolutions, give the signal to the proletariats of other nations to unite, to lose their chains, to win a world. And the condition of success was implicit obedience of the mass to a single direction, a single will.

The comrade party workers frowned and fidgeted. They had no desire to lose their new positions of revolutionary authority, to come into bitter conflict with the comrades of other insurgent parties with whom they now shared the spoil of victory. The master was forcing them into perilous isolation. The factory workers and the soldiers cheered. They had not understood a tithe of the abstract propositions academically enunciated by this shabby little man with a husky voice and no power of oratory. But still they cheered. There was something in his personality which dominated them. Also, was he not going to give to them and their like—to the proletariat—the entire earth? Yes, it was their turn now. This was the man to lead them.

It was September, 1917. Vladimir Ilyitch wrote at a table in a hayloft in a Finnish village. Piled about him was the hay under which he would creep at the first alarm. At any moment, Kerensky's police might appear to arrest him. For in July, the Bolsheviki had made their armed coup against the Kerensky Government—and failed.

Nevertheless, save for that one miscalculation which had necessitated this flight and concealment, everything had developed precisely as he had foreseen. Not for nothing had he all his life realistically studied revolution. All restraint suddenly removed from millions of propaganda-intoxicated simple folk, the primeval massmind emerged, the lowest common denominator of humanity revealed as still not far from the savage, from the brute. Impotent to create, it was—as always he had known it would be—terrible in its elemental destructiveness as it slaked the greeds repressed in it for ages. Precisely, he had forecast that rôle for it, with a cynical disregard for unimportant human agonies. What mattered the atrocities committed by bands of primitive peasants as all over Russia they burned the big houses of their lords, seized that precious land which they fondly imagined henceforth was to be theirs? What mattered the horrors in the armies, murdering with sadistic refinements of cruelty officers officially no longer to be respected, streaming back over the countryside, wantonly pillaging and massacring, ferociously determined in a ferocious individualism to be in time for their share of the soil?

He had clearly foreseen it all, had—although in an impotent political minority excluded from the governmental machine—immensely assisted the process by his swarm of paid agitators—Germany had kindly provided ample funds—orating in the armies, in the factories, in the villages, at every street corner. Russia had relapsed into the wild anarchy he had confidently expected and desired as an essential prelude. No army could be held together by any reactionary general—the collapse of Kornilov had demonstrated it—no army would obey the Provisional Government vainly exhorting a demoralized rabble to continue the war against Germany. That Provisional Government of eloquent talkers, deprived of armed force, would now collapse at the first shock like a house of cards.

In July he had been premature. The process had not gone far enough. But every day since then had seen the structure of government dissolve like sugar in boiling water. Now, if ever, was the time to seize power!

From this hayloft he was writing to the Central Bolshevik committees in Petrograd and Moscow—as every day he wrote, voluminously, in feverish anxiety, in panic lest at this crisis they should miserably fail him—urging them to organise insurrection, to seize upon the government. He cursed under his breath as he wrote. These wretched weaklings whom he had to use, whom he had to inspire with his own vision, his own implacable force of will! In Petrograd, Zinoviev and Kamenev were flatly against an insurrectional attempt that exposed them to terrible risks if again it failed. Why not wait for the newly elected Constituent Assembly and obtain power peacefully?

The fools! As if they did not know that would give prestige to that Constituent Assembly, the dream of generations of Russian revolutionaries, which he proposed to destroy at the first possible moment. Only a dictatorship, ruthless, clear-willed, could carry out their program. He had proved it, in logical thesis after logical thesis.

Mercifully he had managed to persuade Trotsky to acceptance of his views. That former Menshevik had returned from America a little later than himself, had joined the Bolsheviki, was now chairman of the Petrograd Soviet. Within it, he had formed

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a revolutionary war committee. Yet still even Trotzky dallied, wanted to wait for the forthcoming Congress of Soviets which should declare the Provisional Government deposed. The fool! Did he not perceive that it was only by a miracle of ineptitude that Kerensky had not already arrested him and his precious war committee? Action—action at once! He saw it with a harshly clear perception—a perception that was an agony in him.

He wrote feverishly: "Revolution is an art. . . . It would be childish to wait for a formal majority. . . . There is no machinery? There is one—the Soviet. . . . Seize power now simultaneously at Moscow and at Petrograd—little matter which begins; perhaps Moscow can do so—we are certain of victory."

It was the afternoon of the seventh of November, 1917. Some miles along the Neva, outside Petrograd, the huge red-bannered Smolny Institute exhibited an abnormal activity. Originally a boarding school for young ladies of the nobility, it was now the headquarters of the Soviets, the delegates of which from all over the country were now assembled in congress in its great hall. It harbored a swarm of committees, a multitude of typists, of hurrying, spectacled officials, a suddenly created revolutionary bureaucracy. In Room No. 18 worked the Bolshevik Parliamentary Committee. In Room Nos. 10 and 17 worked the Revolutionary War Committee.

The men in those rooms sat, haggard-faced, at telephones, putting through call after call, asking feverish questions, giving feverish orders. None of them had slept for days. Now they were nervous wrecks, their hands shaking, their speech often excitedly incoherent as they telephoned incessantly to all parts of Petrograd. For at last their preparations had been completed. At one P.M. of that day Comrade Trotzky had appeared in the Soviet Congress Hall below, had said, slowly and distinctly, to the assembled delegates:

"We, the Soviets of the Workers, Soldiers and Peasants Delegates, are on the point of making an experiment that has not its like in history."

Some of the delegates had cheered, half comprehendingly. Terrible fellows, sticking at nothing, were these Bolshevik leaders. It was well to be in with them.

Already, in fact, the armed insurrection had been sprung upon Petrograd. Several ministers of the Provisional Government had been arrested. The railway stations, the post office, the banks, the news agencies, had been occupied almost without the firing of a shot. Bands of Red Guards, of Finnish soldiers, of sailors, of armed workmen, had turned blocks of houses into fortresses at strategic points. Very thoroughly had the Bolshevik comrades learned the technic of revolution from their master.

Now, once more in Room No. 10, Comrade Trotzky paced up and down in a fever of impatience, of anxiety. Telephone message after telephone message had assured him that all was well, that there had been no resistance whatever. Yet still he could not believe that this petty handful had in effect seized that power which had been their dream for so long. Surely the Provisional Government was also organizing its adherents, would make some attempt to defend itself, would spring some surprise upon them! Trotzky had just telephoned to that government, negotiating with it about the fate of the garrison, assuming a deceptive reasonableness. So would they perhaps yet be lulled a little longer—till all was certain. Meantime, dry-mouthed, his brain a whirl, at almost its last effort, he paced up and down, ordered yet more telephone queries, snapped at those who could give him no definite answer.

There was an exclamation from one of the telephonists. Trotzky jerked round sharply in that jumpiness of his nerves. Lenin stood in the doorway. He looked odd in that absence of a beard he had shaved off for more complete disguise.

Only at midday had the master left his hiding place in the suburbs of Petrograd. Stealthily, nervously, anxiously, he had crept by side streets and unfrequented ways toward Smolny, had seen nothing of the insurrection save the exclamatory placards posted up by the Revolutionary War Committee. Now already, from those he had met in the corridors of the Smolny Institute, he had heard that it was succeeding.

He came toward Trotzky, looked at him piercingly. He had also heard that his confederate had been telephoning to the Kerensky Government.

"Are you fellows agreeing to a compromise?" he asked angrily.

Trotzky eagerly and apologetically explained to him that it was merely a stratagem, preparatory to the final attack.

The master's expression changed. He rubbed his hands in excitement.

"Well, that is g-o-o-d!" he drawled ecstatically. "That is v-e-r-y good! Only a stratagem! Splendid! That is the way. Take in the enemy. Get the better of him—get the better of him at any price! That is the way!" He rubbed his hands again, began to pace excitedly up and down the room while Trotzky explained to him the details of their success so far.

Down in the Congress Hall of the Institute, the Mensheviks were shaking their fists, screaming impotent curses. "Bandits! Liars! Murderers! You have occupied the city behind our backs like highwaymen!"

Up in a small room of the same building, Comrade Lenin heard, grimly amused, that they had marched out of the congress.

Messengers arrived at every moment with tidings of greater and greater success. After midnight, Lenin and Trotzky lay down upon the floor to try to get some sleep. They were awakened from their uneasy excited doze. The Winter Palace had been stormed. Kerensky, who had dwelt there in the magnificence of the Czars, had fled. They had won!

In the pale dawn, Comrade Lenin threw off the rugs that had covered him, rose from the floor where neither had slept. He looked at Trotzky, who also rose.

"This transition from outlawry—a vagabond driven all over the world—to power is too violent," said Vladimir Ilyitch, a peculiar half frightened expression on his haggard, unwashed, scrubby face. He added, in German: "*Es macht schwindelhaft!*" "It makes one dizzy." Then, curiously, this arch atheist—like any *muzhik*—illogically, instinctively, made the sign of the Cross. Comrade Trotzky noted it sardonically. That involuntary absurdity was the first time in his life that he had seen the master betray a genuine personal emotion.

It was the year 1921. Comrade Lenin sat in his simply furnished room in the palace of the czars in Moscow. It was very quiet. He was safe here. A multiplicity of sentries at every turn of the labyrinthine intricacy of the Kremlin assured him that not again would an assassin penetrate to him as had done that Menshevik, Dora Kaplan, who had fired two bullets into him in August, 1918. Thousands of counter-revolutionary prisoners and hostages had been shot in reprisal. It had been a good excuse for an object lesson.

Now he was secure, the master of Russia. All attempts at counter revolution had failed. The White armies had melted away. Some few thousand leather-coated Bolsheviks—he himself cynically computed that each hundred contained sixty fools, thirty-nine criminals and one genuine Communist—controlled, on his behalf, some hundred and eighty million people. He had destroyed ruthlessly. Now he could construct the materialist Utopia, was feverishly, indefatigably, engaged in the task.

It had been a fierce time. Carefully though he had chosen his helpers, they had almost broken down with the strain; some had even committed suicide. Not all had been equal to that imperative necessity for ruthlessness. "What is all this pap?" he had often exclaimed angrily in the beginning. "Devil take it, is this a dictatorship or is it not?" It had indeed been a dictatorship. Dzhershinsky, a fanatic as pure as himself, had created the Cheka, largely from the secret police of the old Okhrana. Thousands of people had been tortured, stripped abjectly to their underwear and been lined up in cellars to be shot, a motor-lorry engine drowning the detonations. There might have been heroism in a public journey to the guillotine. There was nothing romantic in being secretly shot in a dark cellar. Diabolically, he stripped the victims even of glamour, in a psychology of hate that could always reach to the most unworthy springs in the human soul. Incomputible multitudes had been shot down by machine guns, drowned in batches. The whole vast land of Russia was in the grip of a Terror, a Terror in which none might trust his nearest and dearest. That was the way to paralyze resistance. One will, and one only, functioned—his own.

At the beginning he had boasted that in six months the new society—this new state where there should be no individuals but a soulless mass, a vast machine functioning mechanically, harnessed to a colossal electrification—would be complete. Now, after four years, it had failed as yet to come into being at his incessant decrees—the multitude of those little slips of paper he had written imperatively to his colleagues. Now, after four years, the factories were derelict, the fields barren. There was famine, such starvation as Europe had never known. The peasants, stubbornly holding to the land they had seized, refused to supply the towns in default of nonexistent manufactured commodities in exchange. Punitive expeditions had burned their villages. The peasants had replied by growing a minimum of grain for their own requirements, had failed even to grow that. Millions had died. He knew it all. But still his dogmatic faith did not waver. The theory could not be wrong. Yet a little longer—meantime perhaps he would introduce again a temporary freedom to trade—to tide over this crisis.

Pathetically, if millions hated him as none had been hated, multitudes of the simple folk, trained to worship autocracy, revered him as a czar, his portrait on their walls together with the icons they were still stubbornly stupid to retain. He jeered at that worship of himself, had no use for personalities as such, even for his own. They suggested the arch-heresy of a soul, when, logically, all was but a machine. In this terrible famine, those adorers sent him parcels of food. His room was stacked with such parcels, which presently he would send to the hospitals, himself ascetically content with the barest of rations. He was scornfully superior to the other Bolshevik leaders, wallowing in sumptuous orgies, refusing themselves nothing, greedily taking all they could lay hands on—women, money, luxury.

He wrote now, coolly: "It has been brought to my notice that relatives of condemned persons write appeals for mercy to Comrade Nadeshda Konstantinovna Krupskaya. Such appeals are useless. They are not read."

It was the autumn of 1923. Comrade Vladimir Ilyitch sat in his wheeled chair in the room of the little cottage at Gorky, near Moscow, whither his physicians had relegated him for absolute rest. Near him Nadeshda Konstantinovna sat and worked, patiently, indefatigably, as for twenty-five years she had worked, the ideal secretary.

He contemplated her dully. Again today his brain would not function at all. He tried to force it to think, to remember, with an effort of his will. He had been ill for a long time now—increasingly ill. It had commenced with violent headaches. Then a cloud had seemed to settle on his brain—a cloud that numbed him. He knew what it was, of course. For years that disease had been a secret terror within him, a terror he had fought off—had had it treated by the best doctors, not those fool Bolshevik doctors, as once long ago he had written to a comrade—who was it?—someone who lived in Capri. When was it that the crisis had come upon him? He could not remember. But he remembered, vividly, atrociously, the terror of that morning when he had found himself unable to rise, unable to move his hand, unable even to speak.

He would never get better. He knew that with the realism that was part of him. The doctors had diagnosed an organic disease of the brain. He had forced them to confess it. Then he had for a while got better after all—when was that?

The effort of thinking was too much. He renounced it, looked toward Nadeshda Konstantinovna. She was contemplating him, her countenance concerned. Two tears rolled slowly down her puffy cheeks. That was odd. All their life together he had never felt any human emotion for Nadeshda Konstantinovna—or for anyone else, for that matter, except hate. He could hate. Nadeshda Konstantinovna had merely been the ideal secretary, indispensable. He had never suspected in her any human emotion toward him. Like himself, she had lived only for the Revolution, had worked for him because he was the perfect instrument of Revolution—"the revolutionary appliance," he had gloried in that materialist, genuinely Bolshevik description of himself. All their life together they had jeered at the *bourgeois* illusion of love, of tenderness, of pity. She had, indeed, been as pitiless as he. It had been necessary to be pitiless for that Revolution which had triumphantly succeeded—surely it had triumphantly succeeded? Yes. They had created a new world. But without him it could not go on. If he ceased to exist, went into black nothingness? He must write a memorandum, warn the party—Trotzky, Stalin, Zinoviev—they were none of them to be trusted.

But what had he been thinking? Ah, yes. Nadeshda Konstantinovna—Madame Krupskaya as she preferred to be called these days—yes, all these years his wife. Though he believed not at all in marriage. Had they ever been legally married? It mattered not. He would have cast her off, ruthlessly, had she ceased to be useful to him, to the cause.

What had he been thinking of her? Yes. He remembered. She was weeping—weeping for him. That was odd, very odd. Why should she weep for him? He would not have wept for her.

Under the walls of the Kremlin, a monumental vividly scarlet mausoleum of wood is inscribed with the single word LENIN. Every day, from every quarter of the world, a stream of revolutionaries descends to look reverently upon the glass case within, where lies embalmed, dressed in a khaki tunic, his fist clenched in immortal hatred to the world, "the revolutionary appliance"—Lenin. With them come also a crowd of simple Russian peasants and workers, taught long since that "religion is the opium of the people," who cross themselves piously at sight of that mummy and carry away memorials which they set up where the icon used to be upon the walls, in the beginning of a new religion. And all over the world, fanatical devotees anathematize one another over the exact interpretation of the gospel according to Lenin, craving morbidly—they, the neurotic, the dispossessed, the enemies and haters of a civilization that denies them their megalomaniac lust for unearned prominence—the annihilation of the society which persists despite of them.

And in the prison house of Russia, bands of nameless children rove like wolves. The older generation is dying out. The young generation is being systematically educated to a bitterly doctrinaire and ineradicable hatred of the outside world. A strange, portentous symbol is that perverse deification of the atheist Lenin. The Satanism he incarnated yet survives, parceled out among millions, for some future Titanic conflict, in which either it or humanity must perish.

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The twelfth and last will appear in an early issue.

ANNOUNCING

A NEW HELP IN SOLVING THE HOUSEWIVES' PROBLEMS . .

For sixty years Heinz has been making fine foods—foods of unmatched flavor and goodness, yet priced so reasonable as to be within reach of all. Only the finest of fruits and vegetables and spices go into Heinz products. So there are no substitutes for Heinz foods—all are flavorful—*good*—all kept that way by endless experimentation and development.

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This department, called the Home Economics Department of H. J. Heinz Company, is in charge of Miss Josephine Gibson, who will tell women new ways of serving the old familiar dishes, how to make many delightful new dishes, and who will give them complete menus that are not only appealing to the appetite, but healthful and good as well. It is a lecture department, for already each day in the big auditorium at Pittsburgh, Miss Gibson advises thousands of visiting women on their problem of meals; it is a correspondence department because Miss Gibson answers any questions directed to her; and it is a radio broadcasting department. Altogether, this department's purpose is to give a worthwhile service to *all* women in *all* parts of the land. It is a connecting link between the scientific preparation of foods in the great Heinz kitchens, and the planning and preparing of meals in the kitchens of housewives the country over.

She broadcasts each Tuesday and Friday morning at 10:45 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, over WJZ, KDKA and many other important stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company, direct from the Home Economics Model Kitchen of H. J. Heinz Company, in Pittsburgh.

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CHARCOAL

(Continued from Page 17)

his staring eyes, the streaked and filthy look of his skin were strange to him. He stared, as if it reminded him of something else, quite different. On shore he stood for a moment looking musingly at the bright wet scallops at his feet, and on an impulse stooped and dashed the bright water over his head and shoulders, scrubbing at them awkwardly. Cooking his fish over the little fire that sent its light fitfully among the darkening shadows of the clearing, his eyes were soothed under his calmer brows. He slept profoundly, very soon after.

But there were dreams, strange fleeting realities which were not realities, moving across his blurred mind and catching at the muscles of his throat with confusion, with fear—hurrying, unaccustomed scenes, faces he knew and did not know, confusions and compulsions. And then, out of the flight and urgence in his brain, making the muscles of his sprawled, unconscious body knot and twitch, leaped the vivid, dangerous face of that man who had shot Charlie. If he had not remembered it clearly before, if describing it had been impossible for his tongue, now the face stood clear—sharp as in bright sunlight, the rough black hair, the long nose, the ugly, grinning mouth, the eyes pale under the lowered brows. But more clear than anything else, he saw what he remembered best—the dent of a scar that clove the forehead deeply between the eyes. It glared at him over the man's shoulder. As he saw it he whimpered in his throat, and his own terrified shout woke him, to sit up shivering and staring about in the empty twilight before dawn.

Driven by the vividness of that, he stumbled out to the beach, rubbing his hands repeatedly over his face. But he would not forget it now, he told himself. Something hot and abrupt, like a dull capacity for rage, swept over him. If he ever found that man—if he could ever get his hands on him—the rage passed, but the steady focus of that thought remained in his mind. He stood still, and thought moved more orderly in his head. He was lonely—he was utterly lonely. He had not known what it was like to be as alone as this. He stared up and down the length of the empty beach, across the shining empty waters, coloring faintly under the first light. It was that man's fault.

He moved toward the clearing uncertainly. What should he do now—what should he do? He could not force himself to decide. But he was hungry, and presently, having lighted his fire, he ate. And later, when the first sunlight flared in bright gold among the higher tree tops, his wandering glance caught sight of his ax. He caught it up and went to work.

At various times through the day he dropped his ax to stride and stare at that brush over Charlie's body or to walk the beach a bit, as if thought, once roused in him, would not let him alone. Each time he returned to his ax as if with relief, and the woodpile grew slowly. At night, after fishing and eating, he did not sleep directly, but sat frowning into the little flames, head propped up on hands. He slept and tossed and muttered under the aroused flight of dreams.

But the next morning, waking in the earliest light, it was as if his first problem, by some trick of his stirred mind, were solved for him. With his hands and a machete he dug a deep grave in the high sand at the edge of the beach and the jungle, and laid Charlie's body in it and covered it over. He marked the mound carefully with shells and sticks and then went fishing for his breakfast. Before taking up his ax, he stood looking at the pyramid of woodpile. Something was astir in him besides thought, a driving thing, that was as yet only a continued sense of desire—something that was like will, something that was like purpose. His slow thoughts turned and swerved, but that other newer thing in him, like a mute but faithful dog, herded them straight.

The thing was, he told himself slowly, the pile had to be fired. There were thirty sacks that had to be filled with charcoal and carried to Key West and sold. A dollar a sack. That's what Charlie got. You bought gasoline and grits and white bacon and coffee with money. It took a month to make thirty sacks of charcoal. At Key West he might find that man who killed Charlie. But if he had no charcoal to sell, he would have no money to buy food or gasoline. Over and over, clumsily, but with an increasing clarity, went the simple ritual of his reasoning. He went back to his ax, calculating how much more he would have to cut, now that his ax was alone in the work. If he went to work before breakfast, in the early light before the sun, he could cut more than he had been cutting. If he ate cold grits for breakfast and at noon, without stopping to fish until evening, he would get more work done every day. And he wanted to work; he wanted hotly to get the charcoal sacked and be on his way to Key West, because he wanted to catch that man who killed Charlie. He wanted to catch him and get his hard hands about his throat, tight, tight.

The sound of his ax was a steady, ringing staccato, lonely in the wide sunny spaces of the sea, of the wind and of the sky. Far off, it was heard here and there on some fisherman's boat, and a distant man looked up lazily and thought, "Charcoal burners. Lord, what a life." Once or twice, fishing from the dinghy, he saw a fishing yacht, all smart white and brasswork, moving along the outer channels; saw, without noticing, the gleaming evidence of some life other than his own. Pulling the dinghy ashore with the oars which he thought of now as "my oars," he thought only of the mullet or tomorrow's chopping. Once in a while he spun the engine in the larger fish boat that had been Charlie's, that was now, almost unconsciously, "my boat." Dick Morton's boat; Dick Morton's charcoal—it was an easy habit. And every night before he slept, he studied over, line by line, as if it were a well-thumbed photograph, the memory of that face he must never let himself forget. Daily the passion that it brought him drove him implacably from light until dark. His mouth, that had been slack, grew grim, and the pads of flesh on him melted to a steely leanness with that relentless labor under the sun.

There was little drinking water left in the last of the great bottles on the day that he decided to fire the pile. There was a tension of excitement in it for him, in the event that meant the beginning of totally unaccustomed action. He quivered with it, sitting half crouched on one heel, in that characteristic attitude of the fishermen of the keys, staring into the slow flames, the upward-puffing masses of smoke. The wood was close packed and green. The fire smoked and smoldered under the thick layer of leaves and sand he had covered it with to keep down the heat. He moved about it watchfully all night, a vague bending and rising shadow, and the rosy column of its smoke was a great, pouring beacon under the low-hung whiteness of the tropic stars. He breathed smoke, waded in it, swam in it, until his skin was soot color. The slow-banked crackling of the fire banished the old silence of the wind. At daybreak, with the wind fresher, he banked it with wetter sand and leaves, and went fishing. And all day and night and another day and night he dozed fitfully and woke to tend fire with his blackened hands, his eyes watchful and intent under his narrowed, blistered lids. He had no time now for confusion. He was doing two men's work, watching constantly, sleeping very little. Charlie's charcoal had always been burned right. He could not have his long lonely labor turn now, for lack of care, to unprofitable ashes.

But it was a good burn. He saw that, letting the mass settle, the fire slowly die. The little last stirrings of the ash, the fading cherry color in the pile's deep heart were grateful to him. He spread it wide to cool, fished, ate heartily, scrubbed his head and shoulders with sea water and slept all night long, profoundly, with no dream.

By sunrise he was filling his thirty sacks, piling them in the wide fish boat. The dinghy's painter was tied. The engine, turned over easily, startled the pelicans with its slow, dogmatic pounding. His hand on the tiller curved the boat's nose cunningly through the shallows. He glanced once at the long key, shortening behind him in the fresh morning light. He had not disturbed Charlie. There was no one, he found that he knew, who would care where he was buried, except himself. His engine chugged slowly along the deep lanes in the shining and multi-colored sea meadows. Standing, with his tiller between his knees, he worked his hand lines with the traditional key-fisherman gesture. His purpose was simple and grim and clear before him. He ate cold grits for dinner, drank the last of his water. By late afternoon, over a sea plain polished in wide streaks of pellucid green, of faint turquoise and deep-burning sapphire, opal-colored roofs stood shimmering at the horizon. He would be at the charcoal dock by dark.

He tied up at the familiar stringpiece, with the busy life of that open harbor humming all about him. In the morning he must sell his charcoal and start finding that man. But after the dark had moved in from the vast, encircling level of the sea over the murmuring, narrow streets, he went wandering, in his sooty rags and his worn shoes that made only a soft shuffling on the pavements. The lights from open store fronts, under wooden balconies, fell on his dirty, unshaven face, and his eyes that stared here and there among the crowds of young Cubans along the curbs, at the automobiles, at the hatless, black-eyed girls laughing in the doorways of soda fountains and ten-cent stores, at the hotels and the men and women in evening dress in the open hotel lobbies. He was a shadow slipping along the background of crowds, lingering among groups of fishermen crouched on their heels against a wall. The night of the little city was warm and quick with flavor and the easy movement of people and the flow of human talk. The charcoal burner listened and lingered and stared as if he had never seen these crowds before. And in a sense, he felt vaguely, he had not. He had not seemed to notice any of the things he was noticing now. Before, he had slouched at Charlie Bethel's heels, waiting in the alley by the bare, blue-painted little restaurant that was a saloon, until Charlie was drunk enough to take back to the boat. He had choked once on the fiery *aguardiente* which was Charlie's compensation. He didn't like it. Now it did not occur to him that he might have a drink. He was contented to wander up and down the streets, enjoying this forgotten sense of human kind.

Darker streets lured him on, still staring—streets of little wooden houses where doors and windows wide-open to the sweet air showed brightly lighted rooms within, and men and women about tables, women holding babies, children playing, boys and girls laughing and lounging. On a corner under a street light, in the doorway of a narrow wooden house behind fence palings and hibiscus bushes, a house blaring with light and tinny music, a girl in an orange silk dress stood and smiled at him. He hesitated, staring. She had enormous black eyes and her olive skin was white with powder. He didn't like her, and yet he stood there, staring. He wanted her to talk to him.

"Oh-h, ain't you dirty?" she said, and laughed. "There's a pail and soap by the cistern in the yard. C'mon in."

She was plump in the too-short orange dress. She wanted him to come in there. He went into the cluttery side yard and scrubbed hard with the coarse soap among the hibiscus bushes and the stephanotis vine. He had not used soap in—how long was it? When was that time when he had shaved and—— He could buy a razor tomorrow and shave, if he wanted to. And new overalls. For the first time it occurred to him how ragged and filthy these were. He could not go and talk to that girl like this. He felt for the first time how completely an outcast he was, by his rags, by his uncouthness, by his loneliness. It made him burn with a queer sense of longing and of pain, for something—he did not know what. Was it something he had lost or was it something he had never had? It held him staring at the ground and frowning.

When he raised his head with a long, perplexed sigh and started to move out of the yard, he came abruptly on an open window looking into a lighted room of that house. In the doorway, looking back lazily over his shoulder, with the very turn of the neck that he knew, was that scar-marked man who had killed Charlie. The shock of that turned Dick rigid. He shook and raged and stared. There—right in there—was the man he wanted.

The girl in orange was talking to him, laughing up at the scarred face. The man squeezed her forearm with a lazy gesture and walked out of the room. His steps sounded in the hallway. Dick slipped toward the sidewalk in the shadow of the bushes. The man stood in the doorway, talking toward the house.

"——in Flamingo," he said, and started down the steps. "Tell him I'll talk to him there. I'll buy you something pretty after that."

Her cackle of laughter followed him as he ran across the sidewalk and jumped into a car at the curb that clattered off among the shadows of the street.

The girl stared at the apparition of the charcoal burner, emerging from the bushes. "What's that man's name?" he said hoarsely. "Where's he going? What's his name?"

"Ed," she said. "Why should I know where he's going? Don't you know Spanish Ed? . . . Come on in."

The car slowly turned a corner up the street under a light and suddenly he began running after it. Spanish Ed—that was the man—Spanish Ed. The car was still ahead when he turned the corner, too far to catch, not quite out of sight. The crowds stared after Dick's running, ragged figure. The car had turned another corner. He had lost it. No, he saw it again. He was running down the blackness of an alley leading to a wharf, the blood stinging in his veins. The blackness and breath of the sea were ahead, lights on moored fish boats, the faint reflection of stars. His foot struck wooden planks. He saw the car's rear light stopped ahead. He walked now, breathing deep for the encounter. His feet went quick and still along the worn boards.

"Kill, kill!"—the savage thing in his blood, in his throat, in his clutching hands, cried out to his thoughts.

He stopped, a breathing shadow, with one hand on the car fender. A man smoked behind the wheel. Below in the starlit night was the sound of water lapping against old pilings, the creak and rub of boat lines, a murmur of idle voices from shadowy decks, the splash of oars. Dick slipped nearer the man at the wheel. It was not he.

"Where's Ed?" he said abruptly. "Where's Spanish Ed gone?"

The man looked at him leisurely. "You want Ed? Wha' for?"

"Where's he gone?"

From the farther darkness of the harbor came the uproar of an engine. "That's him now, I guess; just getting off."

There was a flash of green light, moving and turning. The uproar faded toward the west. The wake jostled a nearer boat or two.

"Ayuh, he's gone," the man said, snapping on his spark.

(Continued on Page 91)

NEW YORKER HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY
Sugarman & Berger, *Architects*

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LIBBEY-OWENS GLASS COMPANY

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Dick lay silent on his own boat's bow, breathing more quietly the smells of wharves, of boats and of the sea. The heat and impetus of his rage were quiet. But his purpose stood firm. Only, he saw clearly that panting and running and raging was no way to do. He would need to be shrewd and careful and utterly patient, being only one pair of hands absolutely alone.

Then as to killing. He rolled over, hands under his head, and stared straight up at the immense patterns of the stars. It would not do. His orderly thoughts were certain about that. It was not murder he wanted. What was it the man in white had said? He had a moment of panic that he could not remember, and a hint of the old confusion stirred in him. But he drove it back. The Federal Building in Miami; the immigration officer—he would catch him and take him there. That was what he wanted.

He bit his lip. If he only knew where Spanish Ed was going—but didn't he? Flamingo. That was it. It was only a hint, but it was something to go on. Charlie and he had been to Flamingo once. It was that group of two or three houses on Cape Sable, on the mainland. There was a drainage canal running up to a main canal, about ten miles above Flamingo. The canal was lined with buttonwood and black mangrove. Charlie had talked of burning there. There was a standpipe of brackish water two miles up the main canal, and plenty of mullet. There was a sort of road along the spill bank, where cars went from Flamingo to Miami and north. That was the idea.

The next morning he sold his charcoal readily enough, although the man glanced at him sharply when he said that Charlie Bethel was dead. With his thirty dollars in his pocket, he bought grits and coffee sparingly. What he needed most was gasoline. But he did buy a cheap razor, a pair of khaki pants and a shirt. He hardly knew why.

Back on his boat, he took ten minutes to shave, and stared at himself in the bit of broken mirror as he could not remember doing before. Yet the shaven, clean face was utterly familiar to him—the gray-blue eyes under the straight brows, the nose not badly shaped, the regular teeth. He wondered suddenly how old he was, and felt, without knowing why, that he was not very old—twenty-nine or thirty, maybe. A curious mist of something like memory rose in him again. What had become of that other life he had known? What other life? What was the matter with him, that he should think of anything but this boat and Charlie Bethel? He shook his head impatiently and went up to stow his extra gasoline drums and his stores. There wasn't anything else he needed, that he could think of. He had no firearms and he could not afford them. He had only seventy-five cents left. But he had fish grains aboard, the long trident-shaped spear, his ax, two fish knives, his machete and his two hard hands. They would have to do.

He chugged out from among the wharves and crowded fish boats across the glittering morning water, never once glancing behind him. He headed west and north, within the long marching arches of the railroad. If nothing else happened, he would be back in a month for another thirty dollars. No one would welcome him. No one would be sorry to see him go. Month after month, in his rags and his clumsy boat, that was the life he would lead, as Charlie Bethel had, and the other charcoal burners did, raising their solitary fires here and there among the empty keys and the low jungle of the half-submerged Florida coast. What else? And yet he did not think of that now. All his force, gathering from the half-forgotten convolutions of himself, were fixed in exhilaration upon his immediate purpose. He gnawed a loaf of bread, drank water, keeping his eyes always ahead. By nightfall the coast of this southernmost mainland was a shadow of density to his left. The moon rose. He went on at half speed, watching the depths in the moonlit, impalpable water. The straight path of the drainage canal opened, one smooth glare of silver. Up a mile or so, he tied up to the bank and slept.

The canal water, stained deep brown with the black mangrove roots, rippled in the brisk morning wind. Above him the northern bank of the canal was topped with a dense wall of jungle. Along the south was the spill bank, up which he presently clambered. There the jungle had ceased abruptly, opening out into wide, hard-packed earth, covered, in this dry season, with short grass and a thick short weed, tawny yellow and coral and clear juicy green under the hot sun.

Beyond, the wide painted plain lay shimmering with heat, broken only here and there with islands of cypress and buttonwood. Far down in that silvery shimmer, he knew, stood the few bleached houses that were Flamingo. Faint marks of automobile tracks led down the bank and wavered across the open land. But it did not seem to him there were fresh ones. Presently, when he had become part of the landscape for any casual passer-by, he would go down there.

Meantime, after breakfast, there was the wood. There was a lot of hard stuff here, enough for a good burning. He stripped off his shirt and went to work with his machete at that north bank, hacking away at the woven mass with one foot on his gunwale. By noon, with the sun lost in its own white rage overhead, he had penetrated a few feet. The sound of his ax presently lifted again in the stillness, insistent, hurrying and unhurried. Foot by foot he worried and chopped and hacked his way in.

In a week he had cleared a small square of rough ground and was burning underbrush. The rising sun found him at work. He was blackened again from head to foot, his rags torn with the curving thorns of the pull-and-haul-back vines. His eyes glanced, in every pause from his work, toward that roadway opposite. Hunched over his cooking fire, nights, he watched it. His purpose filled every cranny of his thoughts.

In ten days there had been one passer-by upon that road, a man trudging north with an ax on one shoulder and a rifle on the other, who stopped to stare and shout at him, working. He was going up the road a piece to clear some hammock land for a cornfield. He lived at Flamingo. An hour later Dick heard the distant, faint sound of his ax, chock-chock-chock against the stillness. Once he would have been excited by the nearness of another man. Now he kept his head down and hardly spoke when the other passed.

Two days after that a battered car climbed, roaring, up the road from the south and labored along the almost impossible highway. One of the two men in it held a rifle. Had he ever seen that man before? That night, when the other man went home, Dick was fishing from the south bank. Dick asked him, speaking dully, if the water off Flamingo would be deep enough for his boat. The man said there was a channel four or five feet deep.

"Boats there now?" Dick asked.

The man nodded. "I see one there this mawnin'."

"Not that black one that comes?"

"Mebbe so," the man said, moving off. "You know hit?"

Dick only shook his head, hunkering down with his rebaited line in his hand. But after the footsteps of the other man had ceased to sound on the packed earth, he got up and paddled across, his heart beating thickly. It might be tonight.

As soon as the swift dark had come, thick with low stars, but no moon, he crossed again and sat down below the level of the road. His hands were empty. He did not dare to carry even his machete. He had fifty cents in one pocket and a reel of new fishline in the other. His boat was ready to cast off, the gas tank full, his ax and everything in the clearing aboard.

An hour later, as he lay there, he heard the growling mutter of a car coming south along the main Cape Sable road. The sound was a great beetle droning nearer in the distance.

As the car turned along the road, its lights growing brighter with the increase in its droning roar, he realized suddenly that this was not the car that had passed in the morning. After a half hour of difficult progress, while its lights grew to a great glare, the thing stopped almost above him. It was a truck, he saw then—a big bulk with flapping tarpaulins. Two voices spoke from the seat, arguing about the descent to the flat land. A dark head and shoulders, with a rifle, moved against the stars at the tail.

Then, with a groan and a lurch, the truck tilted down the embankment, grated its gears and was off bumbling in diminuendo behind the white glow of its lights. The charcoal burner, grinning a little, walked down the bank after it, a steady shadow under the stars.

It was an hour before the faint track under his feet curved to westward about a clump of buttonwoods. A pin prick of light in the distance slowly grew larger, rayed, became a square white window, became a lamp in a bare room of a small dark house on twelve-foot stilts, facing the soft noises of the sea.

There were men's voices in the house. Dick stood peering up at it by a shed in the yard that reeked of still. He stepped toward the house slowly, past the bulk of the truck. As he passed it he caught a whiff of strange human smell. Shapes lay on the tarpaulin on the ground and stirred uneasily and muttered in a singsong as he walked by. Chinese, eh? Dick hardly turned his head toward them, staring up at the house. He walked slowly into the patch of light from the open door, above the long flight of steps. His empty hands sagged at his sides.

There was an exclamation above him and a man shoved a chair back and something grated like a rifle butt. He stood there dully, blinking in the light.

"Hey," he said after a moment; "got 'ny coffee? I'm all out."

Someone else—the man to whom he had spoken mornings—looked down at him from the porch. "Aw, hits on'y that charco' burner up the canal. . . . I dunno's I got much coffee. C'm up."

There were as many as six or seven men in the house. Dick glanced at them mildly, standing on the porch. Two on the porch, having stared at him, lay down again on a mattress on the porch floor. Within, four others were playing poker at the table, with tumblers full of whitish liquor at their elbows. There were tumbled cots in the room, a mattress in the corner.

The man he knew walked out to the kitchen, and Dick slouched after, his eye allowing itself only the most casual glance down on the black head and bent shoulders of Spanish Ed, at the table. He clenched his teeth over the sudden surge of his emotion. A blond man with a fat, unshaven face and Ed himself glanced up as Dick went by.

"Friend of yours, Taylor?" Fat-face asked. His eyes were red-rimmed gray flint.

"Jus' a charco' burner," Taylor said. "'E wants some coffee."

Spanish Ed said, "I'll take two cards."

"One here," said Fat-face.

Dick stood in the doorway of the untidy kitchen, his mind running wild. What in the world could he do against the lot of them? Out of the tail of his eye he saw four rifles stacked against the wall. What a fool he was, to think ——

The man Taylor shook a can. "I ain't got more'n enough for jus' on'y their breakfusses."

Dick said, "Got 'ny corn 'nstead?"

Taylor grinned at him. "Whyn't you say you wanted a drink?"

"I'll pay for it. Gimme two."

The demijohn was by the poker table. Taylor filled up an empty glass jar with clear liquor. The four men did not glance up. Dick slouched out to the top step with his full jar and hunched down in the shadow. Taylor sat inside watching the poker game. A man on a mattress began the heavy breathing of complete sleep.

Dick sipped once or twice at his liquor, but the stuff burnt his throat and, anyway, he wanted his mind absolutely clear. He spilled a little on his shirt, for the smell, and thereafter, at intervals, when the poker players talked or moved or the sleeper snored, he emptied the jar little by little on the ground below. He sat motionless, head on his arms, quite sodden.

After an hour he got up clumsily, his hair over his eyes, and slouched in to the demijohn. Taylor was half asleep. He nodded as Dick filled his jar again and stood looking vaguely down at the game. The men ignored him. One of them was very drunk. The fat-faced one was getting all the chips. Spanish Ed's eyes were watchful under the livid ravine of that scar. Dick leaned nearer him a little. It would be so easy to run a knife in him just there, at the top of the shoulder, his pulses told him. All the emotion he had in the world centered in rage about that long dark face.

Spanish Ed looked up at him abruptly. "Hey, get a hell outa here," he said. "Leanin' on my shoulder. G'wan, dirty; you're drunk."

Dick stood back, veiling his glance. Presently he shuffled out to the top step again. That one dangerous glance had calmed all the confusion of his rage. He must be utterly cool, utterly steady. He began spilling liquor to the ground below. There were no sounds but the faint whickering of night birds, or, within, the slapping of the cards. About this little lighted space the world was one black vast of night and silence and slow-crawling time.

The man who was drunk slumped over the table presently, so that Spanish Ed shoved his chair back with an oath, dropping his cards. "That's all for me," he said. "Ga-a—what rotten cards. . . . You pay me, Whitey. I'm gonna turn in. You guys better get some sleep if you're gonna get on the road before sunrise. You'll need to be goin' through Miami middle of the morning, you know."

They rolled the drunk over on the floor. Ed took off his shoes and flung himself down on the cot by the door. Taylor walked out the door and stood looking down at Dick. He stirred him with his foot, but Dick only breathed heavier.

"Charco's out," Taylor said. "He owes me fifty cents." He put out the lamp and another cot creaked under his weight. A sleeper rolled on a mattress. Someone sighed heavily and was still. Dick stayed utterly motionless, daring only to take deep breaths. Presently he stirred a little, and listened; stirred again, and listened. No one moved. He changed his position freely, rubbed his shoe on the step. From within there was only an alternating series of deep breathing.

He had no way of telling how late it was, except that from the feeling of the wind and the position of the stars it must be long past midnight. Whatever he did, he must be back at the canal before the truck left. Whatever he did ——

He could just see a streak of lighter darkness within the doorway, that was Ed's shirt, lying on his cot. The man was breathing with a slow puffing breath. As cautiously as he could, Dick slipped down the steps and stood looking about him. There were no sounds from the Chinese asleep on the tarpaulin. The night was so dark, for all the radiant powder of the stars, that he could just make out the dark shape of the truck. It was a good black night—black enough for almost anything.

He stooped and felt about him on the earth. No pebbles in this country. There were shells, though—little hard snail shells. He gathered up a casual handful and tiptoed back up the stairs. He stood at the top step listening with every strained cell of his body. Sleep was heavy under the darkness. Then he moved nearer to the doorway, flattening himself against the door jamb. Spanish Ed's heavy breathing had changed to a light, whistling snore. Very carefully Dick began tossing the shells he had gathered, lightly, accurately, on to that patch of white. The first two were too light. The third hit clothing and rolled with a click to the floor. The fourth he

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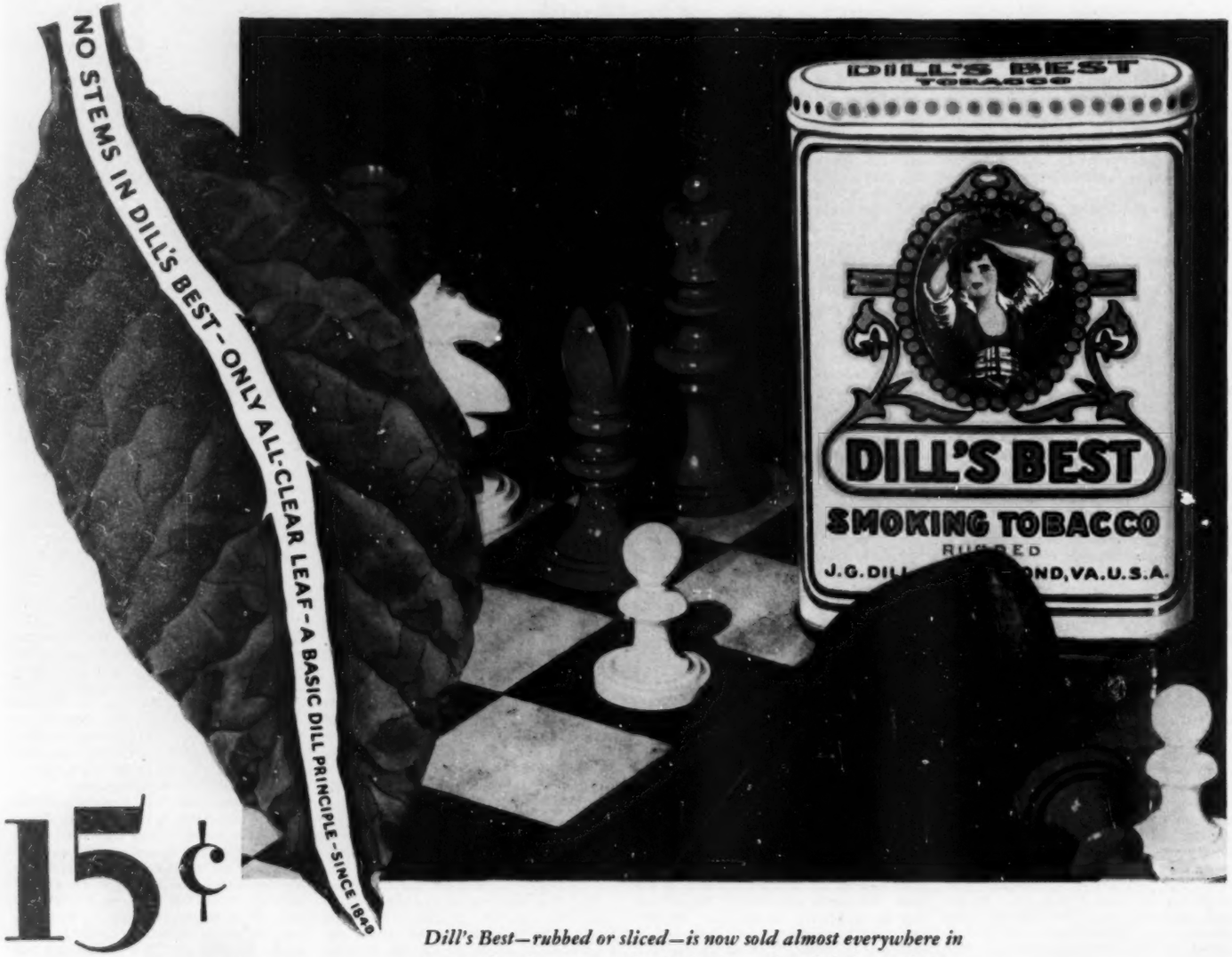

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THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has five cubic feet of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes.

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threw harder. If it hit flesh it might sting. The fifth ——

The snore stopped. He could not hear the breathing. He tossed another. There was then not so much a stir from the cot as a sense of sudden, gathered tension, an instant alertness, out of deep sleep. The white patch moved ever so slightly.

Dick breathed words that were only the faintest gathering of sound. "Ed," he whispered—"Ed, hey! Don't make any noise."

The shadowy figure lifted a cautious head.

"Ed, come out; I've got a message."

What if he moved abruptly, answered out loud, woke them all? What chance would a charcoal burner have then? His hair roots crawled a little, waiting.

"Don't make any noise," he forced himself to whisper again. "It's a message for you—not the others. There's something up ——"

The cot creaked once, slowly. The man on it put one foot on the floor, the other foot, groped for his shoes.

Dick moved soundlessly to the top step and waited then. His outline, he knew perfectly, was black and plain against the stars. A shot from within that doorway, now, would finish him off nicely. He stood and waited. Once he beckoned with his arm, pointing downward, and went down one step unhurriedly himself. Would Ed remember those rifles against the wall? Dick made an impatient, imperious gesture. There was not a sound from the house, except the heavy breathing of sleeping men.

Then a board creaked on the porch. His man loomed up silently at his shoulder, his shoes in his hands. Dick plucked at his sleeve. "Down by the shed," he whispered. "Can't talk here—important"—and moved like a shadow to the ground. His spine was cold, knowing that Spanish Ed was so close behind him, listening and creeping. Dick walked ahead. After a few paces, Ed stopped and put on his shoes. Dick moved on more quickly, his heart beginning to hammer. Past the bulk of the truck, silent under the stars, down the unevenness of the path, toward the still shed, almost up to the still shed, around it, in its diffused shadow, to the open, lighter space of the road. There Dick stood, faced about, taking long deep breaths, waiting for Ed to come up. They were hidden completely from sight of the house here. Their lowered voices would not carry. And yet, a single shout, one half-choked cry in the night, and those rifles would —— Dick gathered himself against that idea with a great, upsurging sense of power and of desperation. Ed walked around the corner of the shed and moved toward him. The starlight was on his shirt, on his dented forehead. The dark hulk of him stood out plainly in the glimmering light. Well, let what was to happen, come. Let it come fast. But there must be no outcry.

The man Ed was taller than he, wider in the shoulders. But Dick doubted, walking a step or two back toward him, and waiting again, that he had swung an ax day after day, for months and years. The other stood still, watching him suspiciously.

"Well?" he said challengingly. But Dick noticed that his voice was lowered. "What's the big idea? You from Gomez?"

Dick was silent, moving closer to the waiting bulk. "A message," he said softly, taking another step, so that he was staring directly up into the small eyes. "A message for nobody but you. From Charlie Bethel," he said between his teeth, and struck.

He had swung for the point of the jaw. But the blow, glancing a little because the head jerked, struck too much to the left. Instantly, in fear of the cry that might come, he reached for the throat, clutched and hung on. Like a rag he was jerked from his feet, thrashed about, shaken, torn at with desperate, clutching hands, battered and beaten with hard, flailing fists. He ducked his head, squeezed tighter, pressing in his thumbs. A knuckle cut open his eyebrow, hammered at his heart. Tearing fingers had the shirt off his back and the skin with it, in burning welts. The hard chest under his heaved and struggled. They kicked and scuffled in a wide circle, the long arms jerking and striking. The throat in his clutch was wet. Suddenly, with a writhing contortion, the man fell to the ground, carrying Dick with him. One of his hands, caught from the elbow, slipped its clutch. The chest below him breathed great gulps and the body heaved itself terrifically over on him.

A knee was in his stomach with all the other's weight on it. His face was ground in the earth under a hard shoulder. The other's hands were searching for his own throat. He clung with one cramped hand to the slippery windpipe, heaving himself violently, to free his left arm. They rolled and writhed, striking convulsively. His arm jerked free and up. A stunning shock crashed on his own jaw. The stars fled and exploded in the sky. Darkness was in his mouth, and the taste of blood. His head reeled. Dimly, an untamable power, a tremendous bulk, heaved about him. It was too much—he couldn't—the man would kill him—he was a killer—he would shout in a minute.

There was only a hot black passion left, no pain—only that searing rage that said, "You must—you must." There was no feeling except in his fingers. Right hand, thumb pressing—bring the left up again—get it up—clutch with it, although the dark shocked and stung.

He was lying on the earth and his head was queer. But his hands held, and what they held was quiet. He rolled over, gasping and smearing the blood out of his eyes with a bare forearm, and stared. Spanish Ed lay sprawled, his face dark even in the shadows. Dick kneeled up, listened at the chest. The heart beat faintly, but Ed was out, cold. Dick sat up and thought painfully, for his head throbbed and was numb. Ed was out, cold. So it was all right. Nobody had heard. He listened to the heart again, pumped the arms a bit so that the lungs would fill. He didn't want to have killed him.

He reached for a pocket and found only a torn hole. The other pocket was gone. He stood up, with a moment of panic clarifying his dizziness, and peered here and there in the dust they had trampled. He heard Ed's breath gasp and catch. Then his foot struck his reel of fishline. He tore off a handful of rags, stuck them into Ed's mouth for a gag, tying them behind the head. Then, with the tough new line he fastened the hands behind the back, wrapped the arms to the side and the legs almost to the knees. The heart was beating strongly now. The eyelids were twitching. The man lay, a long, trussed bundle, on the ground.

Dick stood up at last, stretching against his own aches. An ankle burned where he had been kicked. His ribs were sore. The cut over his eye leaked steadily. But he stretched and grinned luxuriously into the inclosing darkness. The wind flowed, rustling the weeds. The sea was a distant whisper. The house was blank dark and still. Dick grinned down into Spanish Ed's open-eyed glare.

"That's for Charlie Bethel, as I said. You'll hear all about that. But now you and I have got to get going."

The man couldn't walk—that was evident. He staggered when Dick had hoisted him to his feet. So there was nothing for it but to stoop and catch him under a shoulder and stagger forward himself, in a kind of running trot, bent under the other's superior weight. There were ten miles to go as quickly as possible before dawn. He managed fifty yards before his head went dizzy and a cramp ran along his backbone. He stopped, easing the other's feet to the ground, panted, relaxed, and then stooped to the burden again for another fifty yards. It was heartbreakingly slow. Looking back, after another rest, the shed had hardly disappeared in the night. After an hour of this, he rested, lying flat beside the wrapped body of the other, gasping great breaths, letting the whirl in his head abate. The pace was altogether too slow, he knew. They were not to the curve in the road yet, and already the wind was freshening toward the lifting of the dark. If dawn came upon them in the miles yet to go, they would stand out like ninepins on the flat of the plain for the truck roaring behind them.

So he made Ed walk. He could get both arms in a vicious hammer lock, and tightened his clutch a bit to show it. The man held back, balancing on numb feet, but Dick urged him faster. Dick took a long breath and achieved a stride. This was better. There was hope.

At the turn of the road, with no light showing behind him, he loosed the other's gag so that he could breathe better. "Faster," he said. "And don't stop to swear. You'll need all your wind."

The light was imperceptibly thinner. The dawn was not more than an hour away now.

Still painfully slowly, the line to the north that was the canal embankment came into sight. The man stumbled and whispered curses. Dick knew that he was listening for the sound of the truck. The plain was as bare and blank of shelter as a sheet of gray paper. The weeds flicked against their striding boots. A few early herons flew low above them. Dick twisted the other's arm savagely, forcing an awkward, stumbling run. He could see the colors of the weeds. The dawn wind blew behind them. His own lungs, legs, body and head ached with the effort of the pace. And yet he could not spare himself to slacken or spare the other.

Then the first light lifted sharply from the east, lengthening their shadows beside them across the white-dewed grass. The spill bank rose abruptly nearer. And far and clear behind them, as the light grew strong and brilliant from the sea, he heard the beginning growing drone of the truck. He glanced back. It had not yet rounded the buttonwoods. Spanish Ed heard it also and tried to fall forward.

But Dick caught him—caught him and ran with him, somehow, anyhow, the last twenty-five yards to the bank. He yanked the man to his feet at the foot of it, hauled him up the slippery clay, ran him down the other side and pushed him in a heap into the waiting dinghy. For a moment, huddled on the seat, both spent men shook and panted. Dick doused the other's head, and his own, with water. It was no more than two strokes of an oar across to his own boat.

Not very much later, the charcoal burner, glancing back along the narrow perspective of the canal, as his boat chugged sturdily out toward the sound, saw, in the distance he had left, the small dark shape of the truck climb up the bank and diminish down the road. The brown canal water was just widening into the open sparkle of broad water. The bow turned north and east. The engine chugged steadily. Spanish Ed, in the bottom of the cockpit, snugly tied to an upright, slept the sleep of exhaustion, with his face on the boards.

The decorum of clerks, desks, typewriters and filing cases of the immigration office was considerably disturbed, nearly two days later, by the entrance of the charcoal burner and a battered individual tied with fishline to his wrist. The charcoal burner was shaved, had on a clean shirt and trousers, and told his story crisply and with precision to the chief at the inner desk. He produced from a pocket the note written by the Coast Guard officer. There was, in addition to Charlie Bethel and the Chinese, the matter of the truck, probably now rumbling a hundred miles or so to the northward.

The eye of the immigration officer, making rapid notes, rested on the charcoal burner with interest, with appreciation, with respect. A large, suave policeman substituted for the twisted fishline a bit of shiny steel that clicked and held. Dick was given a seat and a cigar. There would be a reward. His testimony would be needed further as a witness.

It was all quite satisfying, very regular, official and respectable. But presently, free to do as he liked, Dick stood in the sun on the post-office steps, looking with absent eyes down on the hurry and jam of the traffic. Now that it was all over, now that he had done his duty by Charlie Bethel and had carried out his own purpose, he was filled with emptiness. Where was there for him to go now? What was there left that he wanted to do? There was nothing. He had never looked beyond the moment which was now over.

He began to walk aimlessly along the streets. The crowds held no interest for his blank eyes, nor the automobiles, nor the shop windows. They did not astonish or confuse him. They just did not matter. Nor did he have any overpowering desire to go back to his boat and his ax and the accustomed loneliness of the keys. He walked bleakly, crying out within him for something that he could not name.

At a corner he waited for cars to pass. He might go and have something to eat. Automobiles were infinitely more luxurious than they used to be. His disinterested eyes ranged among the cars and the faces of people in them, absorbed faces behind glass, as unaware of him as if he were still swinging an ax on Cape Sable.

Suddenly, with a shock that tore at the very roots of his mind, his eyes fixed upon one of those faces. It was a face in profile, in the rear seat of a huge limousine—a man's face, worn, fine, fragile, aristocratic. The eyelids were drooped and old. The hair at the temples was thin and white. The charcoal burner stared until his eyeballs stung. His mouth was opened in a shout with no sound.

The long car passed. It had a New York license. There was a man sitting by the chauffeur whose face was as familiar as Dick's own. He began to run after the car, down the sidewalk.

The car was always just ahead of him. It had a clear street. It gained, picking up speed. He hurtled into two men at another crossing, dodged before the nose of a turning car. He could just see the top of that limousine down the street. His breath was dry in his throat. He felt as if he had been screaming.

Then the car halted, turning in to a hotel entrance. There was a bustling of doormen. The man in front got out and came around to the car door. The charcoal burner stopped running. He was almost there. His knees, his whole body, were trembling dreadfully. He huddled against the wall with a hand shielding his face.

The elderly gentleman with the fine worn face got slowly out of the car and walked slowly, very erect, into the hotel with his hand on the other man's arm. The hotel door shut behind him. And all Dick's body wrenched in a soundless, tearing sob. He said one word and shut his teeth on it and felt the salt strangling in his throat.

After a little while, when his throat had stopped aching, he walked up to the hotel door and went in. The doorman glanced at him sharply. He walked, his head up, his lips tight, to the desk. The room clerk started to speak to him angrily and stopped before something in his eyes.

He spoke, in a clear, crisp accent which had nothing to do with his clothes or his battered hands.

"Would you be good enough to ask Mr. Richard Morton's man Charles to step down to the lobby a moment? He need not mention it to Mr. Morton just yet, but please tell him that Mr. Richard Morton, Junior, has come back."

THE REFUGE OF WEAKNESS

MOST of you who are reading this will not remember those cradle days of the motor car when a buyer's chief question was: "Will it run?"

For it did not take automobile manufacturers long to erase that query from the public's mind. The best brains and resources of the industry developed the motor car to such a point that people now say: "They're all good now. They'll all take you there and bring you back."

But this very confidence in the motor car can be a boomerang to the public. It can provide a refuge for weakness.

What do we mean by that?

Simply this. Automotive engineering advances rapidly. But all manufacturers are not equally progressive in advancing with it. Furthermore, all manufacturers do not give the same devotion to building a car that will be as fine as possible in every detail. There are cars that can give their best for only one year—there are cars that can give their best for many years. Yet, because the public accepts and approves the motor car in general, it is possible for the manufacturer of a poor automobile to trade upon confidence that the scrupulous manufacturers have created.

This is no new story in the world. Let any man in any field of endeavor create something of superlative goodness and win for it the confidence of the public, and there will be a host of lesser men who will trade upon that confidence. The shadow of the strong has always been a refuge for the weak.

This refuge is made doubly easy by the present-day craze for "style" in motor cars. A manufacturer, no matter how cheaply constructed his car may be, can make that car good-looking. Then, by focusing the buyer's attention upon surface beauty, he can cover up the skimping in quality that lies underneath.

But there are evidences that the automobile buyer is beginning to demand something more for his money than surface beauty. He is beginning once more to look under the hood. Beautiful lines he still wants, of course. But he also wants a car that will perform as smartly as it looks—and will keep on performing that way for a long, long time. Nor is that all. The American automobile buyer is beginning to tire of radical yearly model changes that outmode cars still mechanically sound.

In short the motor car buyer is demanding performance and beauty that will last—not for one short year or so—but for two, three, four years and even more, if he wants to keep the car that long.

Reo is happy to note this trend on the part of the public. Reo has never neglected style, but Reo has never, in the 26 years of its history, built to a price. In the very beginning, Reo set for itself one rigid standard—from which Reo has never wavered. That standard is to make Reo good for 100,000 miles—to make a car you will enjoy driving and be proud to drive for a full 100,000 miles.

RICHARD H. SCOTT,
PRESIDENT
REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Why REO *is* GOOD *for* 100,000 *miles*

Each Reo part is built to withstand a strain 50% to 100% greater than you will ever put it to, than it will ever undergo in actual service.

By spending from 10% to 25% more for parts, it is often possible to insure 100% longer life. It is Reo's unvarying policy to make that additional expenditure.

Reo's axles are so sturdy—Reo springs so tough—they can withstand a shock equivalent to driving a Reo off a four-foot drop at 60 miles an hour.

Reo uses only "live" metal in its malleable castings—no scrap metal is tolerated.

Reo's 7-bearing crankshaft, flywheel, clutch, brake drums—even Reo's fan blades—are balanced to hair-trigger accuracy to eliminate vibration, the enemy of long life.

Reo's internal-expanding four-wheel brakes are perfectly equalized and stay equalized. Wet weather can't affect them. And it's no uncommon thing for Reo brakes to go 50,000 miles without re-lining.

Reo first made its name by blazing new engineering trails. And Reo is still blazing trails. Reo engineers have incorporated into the Reo Flying Cloud Models 20 and 25 two outstanding new features:

A chrome-nickel cylinder block with seven times the endurance of the ordinary iron block, immensely reducing valve seat wear and the need of valve grinding and valve tappet adjustment.

Pistons made of Lo-ex—a new alloy so hard and with such low expansion that it permits a closer fit, better compression, freedom from piston slap, and twice the wear of ordinary pistons.

The car illustrated above is the REO FLYING CLOUD ... MODEL 20 ... SPORT COUPE ... *Reo prices range from* $1195 *to* $1870, *f. o. b. Lansing, Michigan.*

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Lansing, Michigan

REO FLYING CLOUD

GOOD for 100,000 miles

CONFESSIONS OF A DEAN

(Continued from Page 25)

bedazzled freshman chewing his pencil with screwed-up face, trying to remember his mother's maiden name, I used to urge a shortening of this torture or the instituting of a freshman week to give him time to think it over and write more legibly. There are, doubtless, in nearly all colleges some questions which could well be omitted, but after years of unhappy experience I found that the most important question of all was really never asked. That question is simply this: Are your father and mother still married and living together or have they been divorced?

After the freshman has registered, his troubles are not over; he is sent down to the Department of Hygiene and Physical Education and there given a thorough medical examination. On the basis of this he is rated as Class A, Class B or Class C. Class A means thoroughly sound; Class B indicates minor difficulties or under development; Class C means that the boy has serious physical weaknesses which must be corrected. Among these Class C boys the doctors and physical directors know that they will find their most serious problems and difficulties. These Class C boys cannot compete in the more strenuous sports, and need and receive special attention and training, that they may be fitted for normally healthy and active lives.

We have come to recognize that mental hygiene is quite as important as physical. If—as is not improbable—we ever reach the point in the colleges where, on the basis of the student's previous social history and existing disabilities, we establish corresponding ratings for what might be called mental and social health, the sons of divorced parents will certainly be listed in Class C. The chances are that they will, in their personal relations and conduct, encounter difficulties of one sort or another.

Joe's Queer Streak

I had always realized that divorce was a serious and unpleasant matter, but I felt that where a man and woman married and could not agree, it was best that they should part; and since I had always assumed that it was their own private concern, I had decided that they should be allowed to do so without unnecessary legal let or hindrance. My own experience has forced me to change my mind; certainly where there have been children, for it is quite evidently a problem in which the welfare of society as a whole is concerned.

My attention was first directed to this question after I had been acting as adviser to undergraduates for some years, when Joe, one of the young men whom I knew fairly well, seemed to be encountering more difficulty than I thought he should. He was personally attractive, intellectually above the average, and proficient in athletics. Yet there seemed to be some focus of infection and some cause of continuing irritation which I had not been able to discover. In the course of a conversation with his roommate, I mentioned Joe's difficulties. The roommate was much interested and concerned.

"I don't know how to explain it," he told me, "except that they are a queer family. You know that his father and mother are divorced. He has a sister who is only two years older than he; she has a child and is divorced. Joe's getting queerer too. He knows he's queer, but he just doesn't seem to know what to do about it."

A few weeks later I happened to meet the headmaster of the school which this boy had attended and inquired about his previous history.

"Joe," he told me, "is a very fine fellow and with us was one of the officers of his class. There's only one thing that may cause him trouble. You know his parents are divorced. This upsets a boy in so many cases that I wondered how he would make out when he came on to college. I have found that at our school we have more difficulty with children of divorced parents than with any other group." I had long realized that this headmaster knew his boys unusually well, and his statement gave me pause.

"You Know," He Told Me, "I Have Nothing Against Either of My Parents; I Only Wish They Could Settle Their Difficulties and Leave Me Out of It"

When a boy left college before graduation, it was customary to indicate on his card the reason why he had been dropped or had withdrawn. Usually it would be in some stereotyped phrase like "ill health" or "financial difficulties" or "to go into business." I saw Joe several times after my talk with the headmaster and was called upon to arbitrate in some of his troubles, and when, six months later, he dropped out of college, I wondered whether the entry upon his card should not be "unsatisfactory conditions at home as a result of divorce of parents." I was at that time far from certain that this was a correct diagnosis, but my attention having been attracted to the problem, I soon found that only too often the divorce of parents was the real cause of a son's failure.

One of the incidental reasons why such a boy experiences greater difficulty in adjusting himself to normal social life lies in the simple fact that he is conscious of his own social abnormality. His relations to his home and parents are not like those of other boys. On this side, like Joe, he realizes that he is queer. In general, from a boy who is queer you can expect anything except perfectly normal conduct. We are told that among certain advanced younger married sets a young man or young woman who has been divorced has no consciousness of any deviation from the normal in his or her social status, and that they will discuss freely, even with comparative strangers, the story of their marital adventures or misadventures. Even if this is true, it is here somewhat beside the point. The marriages made in such younger sets are those which have been contracted since the World War, when marriage had already become a less stable state. Boys in college today are, of course, the sons of marriages made twenty or twenty-five years ago, when the permanence of wedlock was still a more or less generally accepted social dogma. Sociologists tell us that of every five marriages made this year, the chances are that one will be broken by divorce. In that old-fashioned time this was not yet true. This may account for some of the difference.

However that may be, and in spite of all that has been said about the sophistication of the undergraduate, on the matter of marital disagreement between his parents he is even today acutely self-conscious and abnormally sensitive. This hurts. It causes him a continuing emotional discomfort. That is why he is reticent and why this is the one point which he refrains from discussing with his older friends. I cannot say that I have never discussed the matter of past or impending parental divorce with a son. On several occasions I have been compelled to do this. I cannot, however, recall a single instance in which a son willingly brought this problem to my attention. When it was raised, it was because unhappy and pressing circumstances had forced it to the fore, or because, as so often happens, it was found knotted up with the boy's other problems. A single instance will serve for several, and I cite it not only to show how such cases come to a dean's attention but because it illustrates the insoluble moral dilemma in which such a son occasionally finds himself.

When Parents are at War

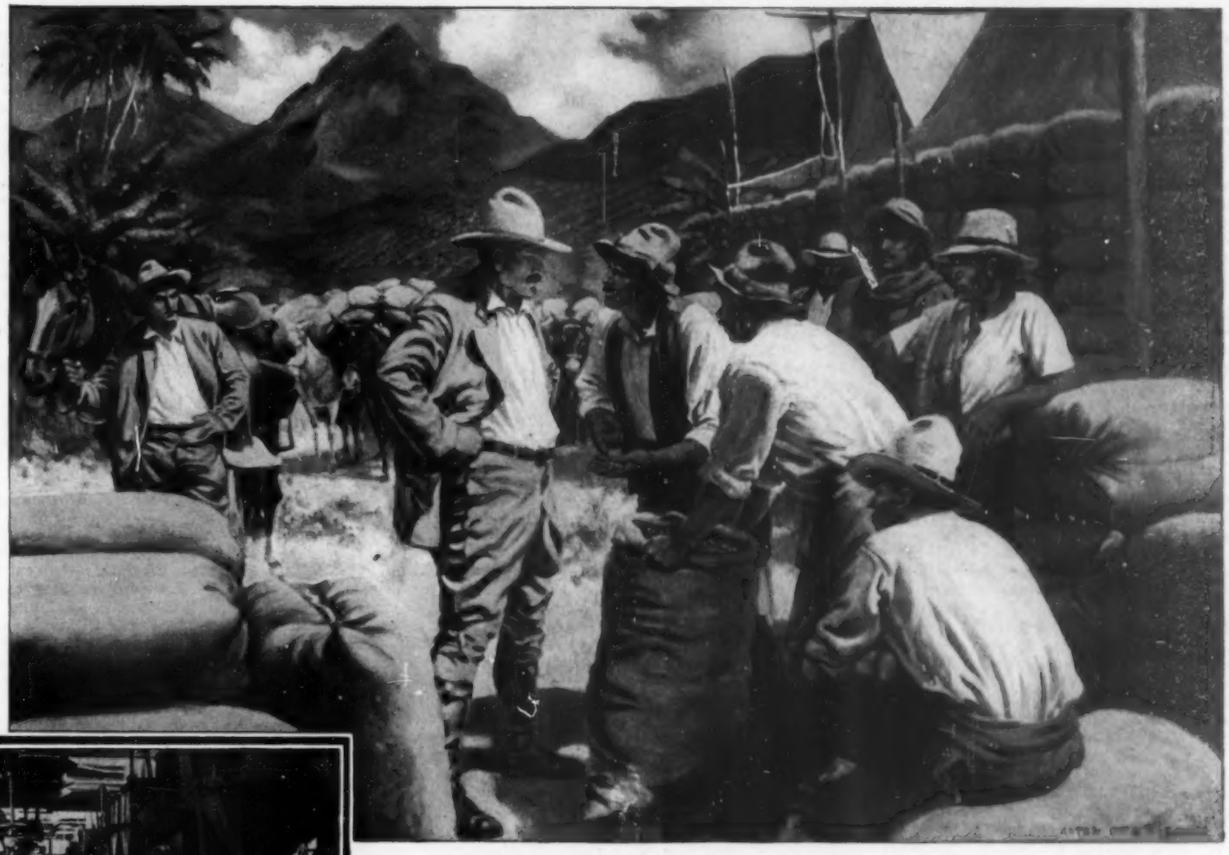
Although a university is not a money-making establishment, certain of its activities, such as the collection of tuition and fees, must be conducted upon something approaching a businesslike basis. Where a student is financially able to do so, he must settle his account by a certain date or let the treasurer's office know the reason why. Leniency is, of course, shown and credit extended to poor boys who are working their way. Occasionally a wealthy father sends the funds to pay the college bill to his son, and the young prodigal, instead of turning it over to the treasurer, cashes the check and spends it upon himself. Such cases call for action and are usually referred to the dean, who has to fight it out with the boy and his father; and sometimes the only way to have the bill paid is to suspend the boy and refuse to reinstate him until the account is settled to the satisfaction of the treasurer.

A few years ago, after the treasurer's last call had been issued, I was taken aback to find in this slow-pay line-up a boy whom I shall, for the purpose of identification, call Ted Jenks. I knew him well as a brilliant, somewhat erratic undergraduate, and he was among the group that might be classed as my more or less regular patients. I also knew that both of his parents were independently wealthy, and naturally, if somewhat hastily, I assumed that he had diverted to personal uses money which should have gone to the college. After some impatient and, as I see it now, platitudinous remarks on the necessity of being frank, honest and businesslike, I informed my young friend that he was under suspension and must leave until such time as he showed himself competent to manage his financial affairs. Something in the boy's manner and attitude indicated to me that what I had been saying had not registered, and meant nothing to him. Dumbly realizing that I had taken the wrong tack, I soon found myself in reverse and began awkwardly to question him as to why he had failed to pay the treasurer or to make the necessary arrangements for a postponement. "I could not explain all this over in the treasurer's office and I don't know that there's any use in going into it here," he began. It was evidently a painful subject.

He did, however, in the course of our subsequent conversation, which was embarrassing to both of us, put before me a situation which made it plain that in this case the son was innocent and any blame must be laid upon the parents. He had, since his return to college in the fall, received no funds

(Continued on Page 100)

Down in the Blazing Tropics where Coffee is King! . . .



Coffee . . . specially selected . . . roasted in A&P's own plants . . . under watchful eyes of experts . . . then . . .

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A&P's own buyers select for you the cream of the coffee crop!

FAR inland . . . thousands of feet above sea level . . . on the slopes of the towering Andes . . . with scorching sun beating down on vast coffee plantations . . . here you will find A&P's own coffee experts.

With critical eye they inspect . . . more critically they taste . . . finally they choose the cream of the coffee crop, which under the supervision of A&P's own foreign organization is speeded to the United States. Then rushed to A&P's roasting plants, scattered throughout the country.

There roasted . . . mellowed to the queen's taste . . . whisked away on swift motor trucks to the neighborhood A&P Food Stores . . . to give you coffee that is really SPECIALLY SELECTED and really FRESH ROASTED.

No other food stores . . . anywhere . . . handle their coffee as A&P does. A&P controls its coffee from plantation to your cup . . . and what a difference in taste is instantly apparent.

You can get this selected coffee in just three brands . . . EIGHT O'CLOCK . . . RED CIRCLE . . . and BOKAR.

A&P Food Stores are the World's Largest Importers, Roasters and Distributors of Coffee

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

(Continued from Page 98)

whatever from home and owed not only his university bill but considerable amounts in the town. His parents were divorced, and though each was abundantly able to take care of the son's expenses, neither would do so. They were evidently engaged in a bitter struggle for the son's affection; each was trying to turn him against the other and promised him a very liberal allowance if he would no longer visit or accept anything from the other parent. The boy tried desperately to turn a brave face upon an impossible situation.

"You know," he told me, "I have nothing against either of my parents; I only wish they could settle their difficulties and leave me out of it."

Unfortunately, the relationships between father, mother and child are such that this cannot be done. Although in this instance the boy's financial troubles were settled, it was not surprising that at the end of the year he withdrew from college because, as he put it, he preferred to go upon his own. The Greeks had a proverb, "Bitterest are the wars of brothers." They could not have known the bitterness which sometimes develops between a modern divorced husband and wife when they are doing battle for the allegiance of their son.

Regrettable as such situations are, they may still be classed as cases of simple divorce. As I have seen it, the situation becomes even more serious when either or both parents, after divorce, remarry and other children are born and another home is built on what might be called the ruins of the first. This, I have learned from bitter experience, often leaves the child of the first marriage in an utterly hopeless predicament.

From the standpoint of the son of the first marriage, such arrangements may be called divorce with complications. A typical case must here also serve for many.

This young man I shall call Percy White. Before he had been a freshman many months, it was plain that, in undergraduate language, he was going badly. He was a thoroughly unhappy young man, as most of these boys are, and from the standpoint of the college, the most serious aspect of the case was his tendency to dissipation—a tendency far more frequent, incidentally, among such boys than in the average run of the college mill.

A Social Waif

As I have previously intimated, it might almost be called a characteristic of the sons of divorce, that it is difficult to obtain their confidence. I never had Percy's, and so far as I was concerned in my relations with him, I early had to recognize that he was bound to go his own rather lonely and unhappy way. He had few friends even among the classmates with whom he had been in preparatory school. His difficulties in conforming to the simplest college regulations were numerous and varied. The only conversation that I had with him which might in any sense be regarded as relevant was a brief discussion after so serious a breach of college conduct that it had been necessary to suspend him. In such cases a boy is sent home and the college authorities naturally wish to be sure that he goes there. Where the father and mother have been divorced, this of itself is a slight complication, for each has a separate residence and you cannot send the boy to both places. I knew there had been a divorce in the case of the Whites.

It was, however, necessary for us to know where the son would spend his two weeks. I asked Percy, therefore, whether he intended to spend them with his father.

"If it's all the same to you," he replied, "I would rather not." I explained to him that in that case it would be entirely satisfactory if he spent them with his mother. He did not care to do this either, but felt that some explanation was necessary. "You know my father and mother were divorced when I was four years old, and both of them have married again and have younger children. I guess you can see that it's awkward. I just don't feel that I belong." He realized, as such boys do, that his situation was peculiar and that it caused me embarrassment, since under the rule I was supposed to send him home. Of his own volition he therefore made a rather unusual request.

"Wouldn't it be possible," he inquired, "for you to send me up to M?" M was the preparatory school from which he had been graduated. In other words, to this social waif whose father and mother were both living, an institution in which he had spent two years was the only place which, by any stretch of the imagination, he could recognize as home.

It's the Children That Pay

I have said that I did not have this boy's confidence before his suspension, though, as was necessary, he came in to see me on his return and we had a rather perfunctory talk. In spite of his socially unfortunate tendencies, I could not help respecting his honesty and manliness. He, too, left after further difficulties. After many years' service as a disciplinary official, in which one has general responsibility and oversight of the conduct of thousands of young men, one becomes inured to the necessity of corrective or disciplinary measures. One cannot allow his sympathies or emotions to become too deeply involved, and after dealing with hundreds of cases of undergraduate misconduct, I came, as one must, to regard them as part of the day's work. I suppose I learned to wield the big stick with the rest and the best of them, but I confess that in cases like this, even after years, I could not do it with any assurance. It is possible, of course, and sometimes defensible from the social viewpoint, to punish one individual for the good of the community. There must be judges, policemen, hangmen and deans. But in cases like White's and Jenks' you are left hopelessly at a loss. These boys are not really malefactors, and one is conscious that they have already been punished through long, unhappy years. Instead of punishing them further, one cannot escape the feeling that somebody owes them something, and instead of treating them like criminals, they should be regarded as the victims of an unjust social order.

When we try to discover the reason for the differential in conduct between sons of divorce and normal boys, we must be content to wander about in the realm of conjecture until further study is given to the problem. Some part of the difficulty probably lies in the fact that such children have been unfortunate in their parents. For, though there are signal exceptions, the men and women who seek early relief in the divorce courts are more than likely to belong to the emotionally unstable, happiness-hunting group. They lack those virtues of patience and mutual forbearance which are quite as necessary to successful parenthood as to successful marriage. Whether or not some of these qualities are transmitted to the infant by heredity, there can be no doubt that where the parents suffer from these disabilities the child will show their effects.

But aside from this, in our Western civilization the home has been the central social cell and the most important influence in education. It is there that the primary and fundamental attitudes and emotions are developed. There the child is trained to his sense of dependence upon others and responsibility to them. Confidence in the world and the sense of obligation spring from the family. They beget the earliest and deepest loyalties which make life possible and satisfying, and this sense of allegiance is later extended to include the child's community, country, and society as a whole. Where the sense of family solidarity is deficient, the sense of social solidarity will be weaker. The child is left morally marooned. His father and mother—the two persons whose example means most to him—are forever at strife. Since even they could not agree or live in harmony, it is difficult for him to believe in the reality of friendship or the social bonds, and he often becomes the lone-wolf type of boy, unhappy, morose and prematurely cynical. He is forced in upon himself and gives his confidence to no one. His is a case of maladjustment to society, and this is not because he is vicious or wicked, but because he is unhappy and has been underprivileged.

There are those who will object that the divorce itself is not the cause of the difficulties of these children, and there is something to be said on this score. Even had there been no divorce, these sons, they tell us, would have been condemned to live in unhappy homes, and it is better that the parents should separate and go their divided ways than that they should everlastingly wrangle in the presence of their children. I would be the last to minimize the unfortunate effects of quarreling in the presence of one's children. This, too, is a very great evil, and I can only suggest that this is not the only option open even to an undivorced, if unhappy, husband or wife, and remind them that neither the Good Book nor good morals sanction it. This, however, may be only futile, academic, old-fashioned moralizing, and I wish to confine myself to facts and reality as experience with young men has revealed them to me. It is not the parents who suffer as a result of divorce, but the children. From their standpoint, divorce in nearly every case causes more troubles than it cures. In normal homes, even where parents disagree about a boy's conduct or plans, he has a sense that both of them are acting in his interest. It may be mentally confusing, but is not emotionally upsetting or unbalancing, as the situation becomes after the home is broken, when they are both fighting for his allegiance. After divorce is pronounced, the son frequently becomes only a pawn. Even where both parents are individually fond of him, too often an element of selfish contention enters in.

Selfish Generosity

This was strikingly illustrated in violations of our automobile regulations. Our college rules, like those of many other institutions, allowed only upperclassmen to own cars at college under certain conditions of registration, and we had been forced to regard it as a serious misdemeanor for an underclassman to keep or drive one about the campus. I have no means of knowing just how frequently this rule was violated through the agency of wealthy divorced parents. I can say that most of the cases which came to my attention originated with them. Three times in two years I was forced to deal with cases in which, in order to outdo her former mate in generosity, a mother had given her son a car, thus knowingly and willfully involving him in a serious violation of university rules. One of these cases resulted in a bit of tragi-comedy. Both parents came down to protest against the severity of the penalty I had felt it necessary to impose upon their sophomore son. The mother had married again, and brought her second husband with her. For some time we maneuvered to keep them and the first husband apart, but they finally met by accident in my office, in the presence of the son. I was for a time compelled to defend the university's position in an unequal combat of one against three. When, however, at a certain point the father accused the mother of having given the son the car in order to "steal a march" upon him, the new husband resented this imputation of motives. In the twinkling of an eye the opposition was divided against itself and almost came to blows, while my presence was forgotten and I retreated from the field unseen.

At the risk of appearing ungallant, candor compels me to admit that not only in this case but in all that came to my attention, it was the mother who had presented the car. I am inclined to believe that they love their sons more, or at least more blindly, and care less for regulations. But even where divorce, as so often, results in overindulgence, the truer interests of the boy are not served, for in such contests of selfish generosity it is most often the recipient who loses. Where parents were unwilling or unable to practice forbearance in the interest of the boy and the boy's home, it is idle, human nature being what it is, to expect them to practice greater forbearance after they have sacrificed the boy's home and have only the boy remaining as a bone of contention between them.

Such facts will not astonish those who have been brought directly into contact with this situation, and able judges testify that "the element of fraud is present in 75 per cent of divorce cases and other cases involving domestic relations." I believe they are right, and it is unfair to expect that children who in their most impressionable years are forced into these legal and moral muddles will do as well as others. They are, naturally, less amenable to the recognized standards of good group conduct in school, college or city life.

The Need of Family Courts

It was not my purpose to suggest a remedy. There is, I am afraid, no simple and readily available cure such as extremists on both sides propose. As I see it, the child, the most innocent, and from society's standpoint, the most important party to the contract, is dropped out of society's reckoning. Juvenile courts do admirable work. But one of the difficulties is that we have too many different courts and that they can deal only with minor aspects of the problem of the fractured family and not with the major problem itself. While a child's case is being decided in a juvenile court, the marital difficulties of his parents, which often caused the child's troubles, are before the domestic relations or divorce court. Still a different court may only recently have adjudicated the case of desertion or failure to provide, which was part of the difficulty. In a recent discussion in Current History, Judge Charles W. Hoffman, of the Juvenile and Domestic Relations courts of Cincinnati, is authority for the statement that in some states "it is possible that ten courts may be dealing in one way or another with the same family." In some of these courts rules of evidence prevent bringing to the judges' attention really pertinent facts; and as a result, they issue contradictory orders and add to the confusion. That is why earnest students of the problem, like Judge Hoffman, have concluded that no court with jurisdiction in but one or two phases of family trouble can function effectively, even though called a court of domestic relations.

As a way out of this difficulty, as long ago as 1917 the National Probation Association adopted resolutions providing for the establishment of family courts which should have exclusive jurisdiction in all cases involving family relations. They recommended that such courts be provided with probation officers and the necessary psychological and psychiatric experts and scientific instrumentalities to make possible a really thorough study of the effects of the recent changes in social convention and law upon the family and society as a whole. A number of states have already taken the first steps in this direction. But until more has been done along this line and some really valid and comprehensive studies have been made, there seems little likelihood that we shall solve or even deal justly and fairly with those complicated problems which involve and vex the alarmingly increasing number of unhappy children of divorce.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles.

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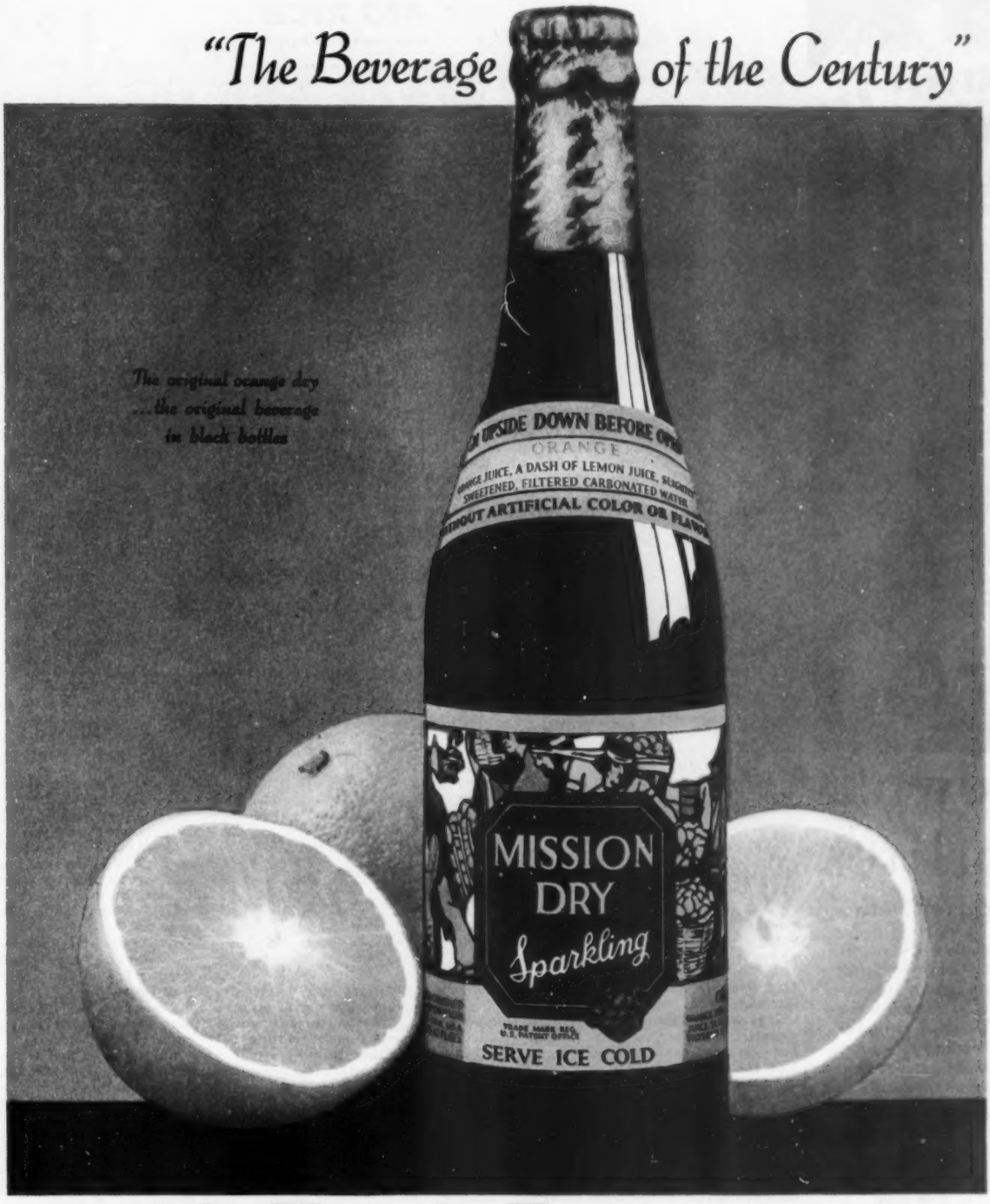
"The Beverage of the Century"



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BIG RICH

(Continued from Page 5)

"Congratulations," Shad laughed. "I'm going to give you a marksman's badge if you keep this up."

"So sorry," Joe repeated to Mrs. Spruance.

"It makes no matter."

Nevertheless, Terriss kept sopping her black lace lap.

"I don't know what's the matter with me tonight."

"Don't speak of it again," Mrs. Spruance bade him in a tone which showed not forgiveness but boredom, and she added: "Where have I seen you before?"

"I was the one who stared from the taxicab," Joe confessed.

"Very rudely too." She glanced at his place card. "Your name is Davis. Now, who are you?"

"One of Shad's wage slaves." Joe attempted a little lightness. "I was called in at the last moment. One of the guests gave out."

After he'd spoken, he realized that he shouldn't have said that. In the fact that she had been placed beside a last-minute man, Mrs. Spruance could find cause for offense.

There was a stock listed on the exchange as Hicks-Spruance. It had always seemed to Joe a peculiarly ridiculous combination of syllables.

"You're Mrs. Spruance, aren't you?" he hurried on. "No relation to the Hicks-Spruance pin tags, I suppose."

"My father and my husband's father founded it," Mrs. Spruance said coldly. "My maiden name was Hicks."

It was not encouraging, but Joe, who had suspected Mrs. Spruance of being a money-hungry mother who was forcing her daughter into associations which frightened her, thought that it gave him a clew to the truth. Probably the Spruances had always lived in the manufacturing town where Hicks-Spruance pin tags were made, and Mrs. Spruance was anxious for position in the metropolis.

"Have you been in New York long?" he asked her.

Mrs. Spruance looked at him.

"I was born on Gramercy Park," she said. "How long ago can hardly concern you."

"I thought you'd—come from abroad recently," Joe babbled at random.

"How curious! We're rather remarkable as two people who never go abroad."

She concentrated on the fresh cream of terrapin which had replaced that which Joe scattered.

It gave Joe a chance to collect his ideas. Certainly any theory of social inferiority had been blown to bits by Mrs. Spruance's tone, and as he glanced down the table he decided that Susan Spruance's words about being afraid of new people had been merely meant to cover her request to him, in case her mother had heard it. It wasn't a terrifying group.

Betty Mercer's husband, Hal, was as good-looking as she, and almost as touchingly anxious to be considered something other than an objet d'art. Fred Heusen wore a monocle, to be sure, and somehow a monocle on an American is more appalling than one on a Britisher, but all around it and through it he radiated a genial vapidity which would have given confidence to a titmouse. Nan Halstead was a brown knot of muscle and intensity, full of the professional cordiality of the great sportswoman.

The Armstrongs were very polished and perfect, but everyone knew that Zeke Armstrong had begun life as a milkman, and Mrs. Armstrong as a bartender's daughter. The story of how they had taken the whole length of New York's social ladder at one vaulting leap was part of the great body of American legend. Perhaps their knowledge of its dissemination, as much as their own kind hearts, had contributed to their almost ducal simplicity.

No, little Miss Spruance, under that thin excuse, had been hiding an aversion for some particular person from whom she wished to be shielded. Looking at her over the rose glass and faintly violet ixias which stretched between them, Joe knew from whom. There was a suggestion of withdrawal from Shad Hermann in the whole posture of her body.

But if she didn't like him—and the idea of a girl's not liking Shad puzzled Joe—why should she be at his house for dinner, with crazy rumors of her setting her cap for him being circulated? Money hunger must be the answer, after all. Just because her two grandfathers had founded an important corporation didn't mean that there was money in the family still.

For the first time in his life Joe savored the comfort in knowing that he'd made and had about two hundred and seventy thousand dollars. If they were poor, that would seem a lot to them. It was a lot if one hadn't just figured up Shad's profits for the year.

In the meantime, sitting like a stoughton bottle, Joe was losing his chance to make some headway with Mrs. Spruance. He concentrated on the search of a subject which might interest her, and finally remembered a pastime which appealed to some impoverished, cultivated gentlewomen of his acquaintance.

"Do you ever go up to any of those concerts at the stadium?" he asked with an air of intense interest.

"Were you speaking to me?" Mrs. Spruance asked.

He repeated his question, and she gave a little laugh.

"In heaven's name, what about me suggested those to you?"

At that moment, Fred Heusen, breaking away from Nan Halstead, asked Mrs. Spruance what had become of her racing stables.

"We've had such wretched luck with trainers," Mrs. Spruance said, "that I've given them up for the time being. Do you know a good one who's free at the moment?"

Joe thought with envy of how turtles can draw their heads in their shells and achieve a little hermitage whenever they wish. Fortunately, Fred Heusen did know a good trainer out of a job and began describing him.

Betty Mercer, seeing Joe disengaged, turned her stylized profile toward him and said, "Have you a good defense mechanism, Joe?"

"A what?"

"A defense mechanism? I have one which my psychoanalyst says amounts almost to genius. That's why I never remember to go to parties I don't want to go to."

Betty treated him to quite a tour of her subconscious—a charming subconscious which gave evidence of the expense which had been lavished on it.

Mrs. Spruance and Fred Heusen talked hocks and geldings and handicaps, and when Fred Heusen had to turn to the lady on his other side, Mrs. Spruance addressed herself to Nan Halstead, who sat across the table.

"My dear, I haven't seen you since that day you'd walked down from Boston."

"I must have been a pretty sight to stroll in on a bridge party."

"What are you doing this week-end? You were supposed to be included in an invitation I gave a lot of these people to come down to our place on the Island, but I don't think you heard."

Then Fred Heusen was free, and Mrs. Spruance turned back to him.

She didn't speak to Joe again until they both rose at the end of the dinner, and the only reason that she did so then was that, in pushing back his chair, he planted one of its legs on the short train of her gown. She felt the tug of it and, arresting herself in an awkward, squatting posture, said quietly, "Would you lift that, please?"

He did so, mumbling humblenesses Mrs. Spruance didn't even bother to acknowledge.

"I want a cigar," Shad said to the men. "Anybody else?"

"I thought we were going to see Loose Leaves," Hal Mercer remarked somewhat wistfully.

"Oh, nobody cares what time he gets to the theater," Shad told him. "Have a cigar, Fred. Have a cigar, Joe."

Joe took one.

Fred Heusen began talking about the racing at Churchill Downs to Zeke Armstrong and Hal Mercer.

Joe sat down by Shad.

There was a handkerchief on the floor by his chair; a wisp of yellow chiffon Susan Spruance had had tied about her wrist. He stooped and picked it up. Shad noticed the gesture and stretched out his hand.

"I'll return it," he said.

"You'll forget," Joe told him, and put it in his own pocket. "Miss Spruance's, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Having started to talk about her, Joe couldn't stop.

"She's beautiful, isn't she? Known her long?"

"She hasn't been on earth very long. I met her at Belmont last week. She and her mother had the box beside mine. At least, they thought it was the one they'd rented. The Whitfields turned up with a crowd, and they had to get out. I asked them in mine."

"Oh," Joe said.

"It was the day that fool, Slater, got thrown and lost the Waterbury. I was ready to kill him."

"He broke his arm, didn't he?"

"Shoulder. Ought to have been his neck. I'd told him how to get Tin Cup over the water jump."

"You'd known Mrs. Spruance, I suppose." Joe brought the conversation back to its muttons.

"Oh, I'd seen her around all my life. Never knew her. Why?"

"I just wondered."

"Interested, aren't you?" Shad said, and relapsed into listening to Fred Heusen's dissertation on the advantages of pari mutuels.

When his cigar was smoked almost through, however, he rose, threw what remained of it in an ash tray, and said, "We'll start now."

Everybody got up. Just as Joe was leaving the room, Shad touched him on the shoulder and beckoned him to hang back from the rest.

"Look here, Joe," he said when the others were out of earshot. "About that little Spruance girl. Hands off."

Having issued that ukase, he broke off the conversation before Joe could formulate in words the resentment it roused in him.

Betty Mercer, too, was perplexed about the Spruances. She voiced it in her motor on the way to the theater.

"I think it was so odd asking us all down this week-end, don't you, Nan? Are you going?"

"I guess so. They say they've got a bully place. How about you, Joe?"

"I wasn't asked."

"He was at the other end of the room with Susan when Mrs. Spruance invited the rest of us," Betty said. "But why in the world should she ask a whole dinner party full of people she didn't know very well? Hasn't she any friends of her own?"

"Of course, she's got quantities of them," Nan said impatiently, "but she probably gets tired of them and wants a change. I get that way myself. Besides, you know how hard it is to get together a crowd Shad likes."

"I suppose that has something to do with it," Betty mused.

"Something!" Zeke Armstrong laughed. "Unworldly child."

"But if I had as much money as the Spruances have ——" Betty began.

(Continued on Page 104)

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(Continued from Page 102)

"It isn't a question of money, pet," Zeke Armstrong assured her. "It's sport for sport's sake. Matchmaking is the best one there is for a woman Mother Spruance's age."

"I don't think Mrs. Spruance is that kind of an idle fool," Nan Halstead averred. "Look at her face. There isn't a silly line in it. No, in my opinion the explanation of the invitation is just our charm."

Betty Mercer was meditating something profoundly.

"Pin-tag money," she exclaimed suddenly. "What in the world are pin tags anyway?"

"Those things that tear your flesh if you forget and leave them in stockings or shimmies," Nan explained. "With prices on them, you know."

"Oh! Those things!"

The car drew up at the theater. Shad's had outdistanced it evidently, for there was no one in the lobby but an attendant.

Joe had the tickets for his half of the party. The four went into the darkened auditorium. Music and a moonlit radiance were coming from the stage.

"Coats, sir?" a boy whispered.

Joe handed him his top hat, for which there was no room when six feet and more of Joe was occupying a theater seat.

Betty Mercer champed.

"Oh, I do hate to be late," she said.

An usher with a flash light stood at the head of the aisle. Joe gave him the seat stubs at once, and Betty, Nan and Zeke followed him down the aisle.

Joe had to linger behind for the hat boy to give him a check and, after he'd received it, decided not to be hampered with his overcoat either, so pulled it off hastily, threw it at the boy and hurried down the aisle after the others.

"Mister! Mister!" he heard behind him. The boy must have forgotten that he'd got his check already, but the seats weren't on the aisle and he didn't want to disturb people twice. The boy would remember in time.

He was too late, however, and the intervening people had reseated themselves. Looking down the row, he saw that by great good luck or some arrangement of Susan Spruance's, the seat left vacant was next hers.

"I beg your pardon," he said to an old man who had the aisle seat, and started to squeeze in, when a yelp of delight from Shad Hermann rent the enraptured silence of the auditorium.

"Going to bed, Al?"

Joe looked down and saw his torso clad in shining white. He'd pulled off his two coats at once and was standing there in his shirt sleeves.

A lot of people laughed. Not the whole audience, but everybody who could see him and hear Shad.

Joe got back to the aisle and hurried up it, a ripple of new laughter following him.

The hat-check boy stood holding his coat.

"I tried to tell you, sir."

Joe wouldn't have ventured back until the entr'acte if that free seat hadn't been next Susan Spruance. With the sweat of misery beading his forehead, he marched down the aisle again.

At the row Shad's party occupied, he waited for the old man on the aisle to rise or at least twist his legs to one side. He did neither.

"I beg your pardon," Joe said eventually.

"What's the matter with you that you can't wait for the curtain to fall?" came back an irascible whisper.

Joe had forgotten to notice what was happening on the stage. True enough, the heroine was just speaking the few sobbing lines which indicate that a musical-comedy audience is about to be let out for air. She sang some bars of the reprise of her big number, emitted two blubbering sounds, and the curtain descended.

Joe, standing in the aisle, gave Shad the opportunity for some shouted comments:

"You don't mean to tell me you've put on your coat again! That's no climax! I thought this time you'd strip off the rest of your clothes and ride down the aisle on a pony!"

His humor was very generally appreciated. Joe grinned at it himself, but without excessive pleasure.

Shad's party filed into the aisle to go outside for the intermission. Joe waited for Susan Spruance and fell in behind her.

"Hello," he said humbly.

She looked over her shoulder up into his face.

"Don't let him embarrass you."

"My only excuse is that I was so anxious to get to that seat that I didn't know what I was doing."

"It was so nice of you."

That had to suffice until they reached the lobby, and then Shad intervened.

"Come over here, Sue," he said, indicating a corner shielded by a board of display photographs. "If a cigarette touches that dress of yours you'll go up in smoke. This is the only safe place for you."

Susan Spruance gave a long, meaningful, but unnecessary look at Joe, and followed Shad's suggestion. Joe tagged along.

"Pretty dull show, isn't it?" Shad began. "The albatross gave me the only laugh I've had so far."

"Look here, Shad," Joe said slowly. "I'm not your official jester, remember."

"Then stop doing funny things," Shad bade him, with a guffaw which brought back the unpleasanter incidents of the evening.

"I suppose you never have accidents," Susan Spruance said to him in a tone which was almost fierce.

"Well, at least I've managed to keep my clothes on so far."

"Hey, Joe!" It was Clive Evans calling and gesturing frantically from the crowd beyond their embrasure.

"What is it?" Joe asked.

"Bill Hardcastle has decided he wants to run the candy counter down in the lounge, and he almost beat up the man that owns it, and the man has gone for a cop."

"Good night!" Joe said. "What did you let him get so tight for?"

"I couldn't help it."

"Well, don't stand there, knight errant," Shad said to Joe. "You've got a friend in distress. Kick your heels in Rosinante and get to it." He turned to Susan Spruance. "You see, Al," he explained, "is the boy who really does answer when Duty whispers low, and I'll bet it's quite a surprise to Duty, if you ask me."

While he was talking, Joe, too, had turned to Susan Spruance, and her eyes had said, "Go, of course"; so he followed Clive, who led him to the head of some stairs.

"It's down there," Clive explained. "I'm not going back. I pulled off the fireman when he started to grab Bill. They'll get me if I do."

Joe descended to the lounge. There were a good many people there, and they were all gathered around the candy counter.

"Big bull movement in bull's-eye," Bill was proclaiming, holding up a jar of those confections. "I've got inside dope on the subject. And it's rumored that the bottom's going to drop out of pralines. Want to see the bottom drop out of pralines?"

He picked up a box of them and was about to drive the jar through it when Joe strode up.

"Come along, Bill."

"How come you left your shooty friends?" Bill inquired haughtily. "Who'll buy my jelly beans? Old London street cry! Who'll buy my jelly beans?"

Emphatically, Bill was not at his best.

"Come along, Bill."

"I can't. I'm waiting to be arrested. Man promised to have me arrested."

Joe took Bill's arm, and when Joe took anyone's arm, that person did as he said.

"That may not be any joke," he said. "Have you got any liquor on you?"

"Sure. Want a drink?"

Bill fished a surprisingly large bottle from his hip pocket.

"And what may that be?" Joe asked.

"Some home-brew my little sister sent me. Found it jus' b'fore I left the club. It's all right, I guess."

Joe took it and put it in his side pocket.

"Give that back to me," Bill protested. "You wouldn't take that, Joe. My own li'l' sister made that on the back of her stove."

"Shut up, Bill," was all Joe replied, and he shifted his grip to the back of Bill's coat. Bill stiffened his legs in an effort to resist, but Joe hauled him along easily enough.

On the stairs they met the excited concessionaire of the candy stand and a smallish policeman.

"That's the one!" the candy man cried. "That's him, all right! Arrest him!"

"Try it!" Bill howled back. "Arrest us both, why don't you?"

"I'm taking care of him, officer," Joe said, and with his left hand fished a couple of twenties from his pocket and gave them to the concessionaire.

Then he proceeded to hoist Bill up the rest of the stairs.

The lobby was still crowded, which made it harder to get Bill to the sidewalk, and Bill was loudly, dolorously resentful.

"Never f'give you f'r this, Joe Davis. Bes' fren' I ever had too."

Clive Evans sat in a taxi at the curb. Joe shoved Bill into it. "What'll I do with him?" Clive asked.

"Why not see if you can turn him in for a coupé?" Joe suggested, and pushed his way back through the crowd.

Susan and Shad were just joining the rest of the party in returning to their seats. Shad saw Joe.

"Sit next to Mrs. Spruance, will you?" he ordered. "I think she's had enough of Fred Heusen."

As it was Shad's party and Susan's mother, there was nothing to do but submit. Joe fell into step by Mrs. Spruance.

"I had some trouble with a friend," he said, for the sake of saying something.

"So I noticed," Mrs. Spruance remarked. "Do you know, I find it better not to have friends who get drunk in public."

"Well, Bill doesn't, as a rule," Joe said, and somehow the words sounded to him as though Bill's exceptions to that rule had been many and disreputable. "I mean, he never has before," he corrected his statement. "Not as drunk as this."

"I'm afraid I'm not a connoisseur of the degrees of intoxication," was Mrs. Spruance's comment.

They reached their row and Shad motioned Joe to go to the sixth seat, next Betty Mercer, but, having done a little figuring, Joe pretended not to understand and hung back, so Shad went to the sixth seat himself, Susan Spruance followed him, Joe pushed in after Susan, and Mrs. Spruance had the third seat.

As Joe sat down, the bottle in his pocket bumped against the arm of the seat. He felt hastily, but it hadn't broken. The seats were rather narrow and, unfortunately, it was on the side toward Mrs. Spruance, and he couldn't very well change it. Joe sat way over toward Susan and adjusted the bottle so that it wouldn't nudge her mother's hip. The contents, evidently disturbed by the bump, hissed a little, but jamming the cork silenced the sound.

Then Joe forgot the bottle because, looking ever so slightly at Susan Spruance, he saw that she was looking ever so slightly at him. They let their eyes meet. "I'm so glad you're near me," hers seemed to say. It was a moment of what Joe, searching through an embarrassed vocabulary, would have had to describe as bliss.

Mrs. Spruance interrupted it.

"I always like this time just before the curtain rises," she said. "Do you remember Rostand's lines at the beginning of Chantecler?"

She quoted them in accurate, carefully accented French.

"I know the feeling," Joe replied. "It always makes me think of the first play I went to."

"What was it?"

"The Pink Lady."

"How appallingly young that makes you," Mrs. Spruance said, and, as though the realization of his youth had broken down some resistance in her, she began, "By the way, I've asked the rest ——"

The curtain rose and she didn't finish the sentence.

The second half of Loose Leaves opened, as do so many musical-comedy second halves, in an *al fresco* cabaret with one miraculously costumed and perfectly timed vaudeville act following another in the space between two trellised gazebos where the characters connected with the plot were grouped.

A pair of strapping brothers tossed back and forth between them a wisp of a sister, each finally seizing one arm and one leg of the unhappy girl as though they were about to tear her apart and whirling her around and around to rapturous applause.

In vermilion taffeta which stirred along the floor to her sinuous wiggles, a brunette executed a Spanish dance, roaring a lyric which began:

"Cordova, come over,
Cordova is calling you."

After a brief comedy interlude between an elderly business man, his light o' love, and a dialect waiter, a charming and supremely talented woman dressed in several clumps of rhinestones was lowered from the flies by her teeth.

For a time she amused herself by twisting playfully through a hoop; then, from a position bolt upright, she bent straight backward, touched the floor with her hands and began a slow promenade.

Infinitely impressed, the orchestra reduced its music to a slow tremble of drums, as though this were some death-defying feat, but, bored with her peregrinations, the lady began to turn slow back handsprings, then faster ones; the drums urging her on, or perhaps only striving to keep pace with her vertiginous ecstasy. She was no longer a woman, she was a Catherine wheel of pink flesh and glittering brilliants, and then there was a deafening explosion.

To Joe it sounded like a big-bore gun close to his head, and even to the lady performer it must have been loud, for from mid-air she dropped to the boards, landing in a sitting posture, and looking both infuriated and terrified.

For a fraction of a second Joe didn't know what had happened. Then he was only too sure, for rising between him and Mrs. Spruance in a malty fountain was the contents of Bill Hardcastle's bottle. Having risen, it fell back on them and their neighbors in a sour-smelling rain.

"Really!" Mrs. Spruance said. "Really!"

Disgusted noises came from in front and in back.

"Just in the prettiest part of the show!" Joe heard some passionate lover of the drama exclaim. The only other sound he could distinguish was Shad's laughter, which rose in crescendo gusts and seemed to threaten his very frame with destruction.

Joe and Mrs. Spruance were too wet to stay in their seats.

The old gentleman on the aisle and his companion rose, muttering something about "Drunk! You can't go to the theater any more without being annoyed by drunken men, and women too."

Joe and Mrs. Spruance pushed past them. Sodden and with heads bent in shame, they almost ran up the aisle.

"Will you now please tell me what that was?" Mrs. Spruance commanded when they reached the lobby, her eyebrows gathered in one furious line.

"Some home-brew I took from Bill Hardcastle. It exploded."

"Well, really!" Mrs. Spruance said again, showing magnificent restraint, but making the two words do duty for a top sergeant's whole vocabulary. "Well, really!"

"Can they dry you off in the ladies' room?"

"You haven't any idea that I'm going back to my seat, have you?"

"But you'd better get dried off to ride home." (Continued on Page 107)

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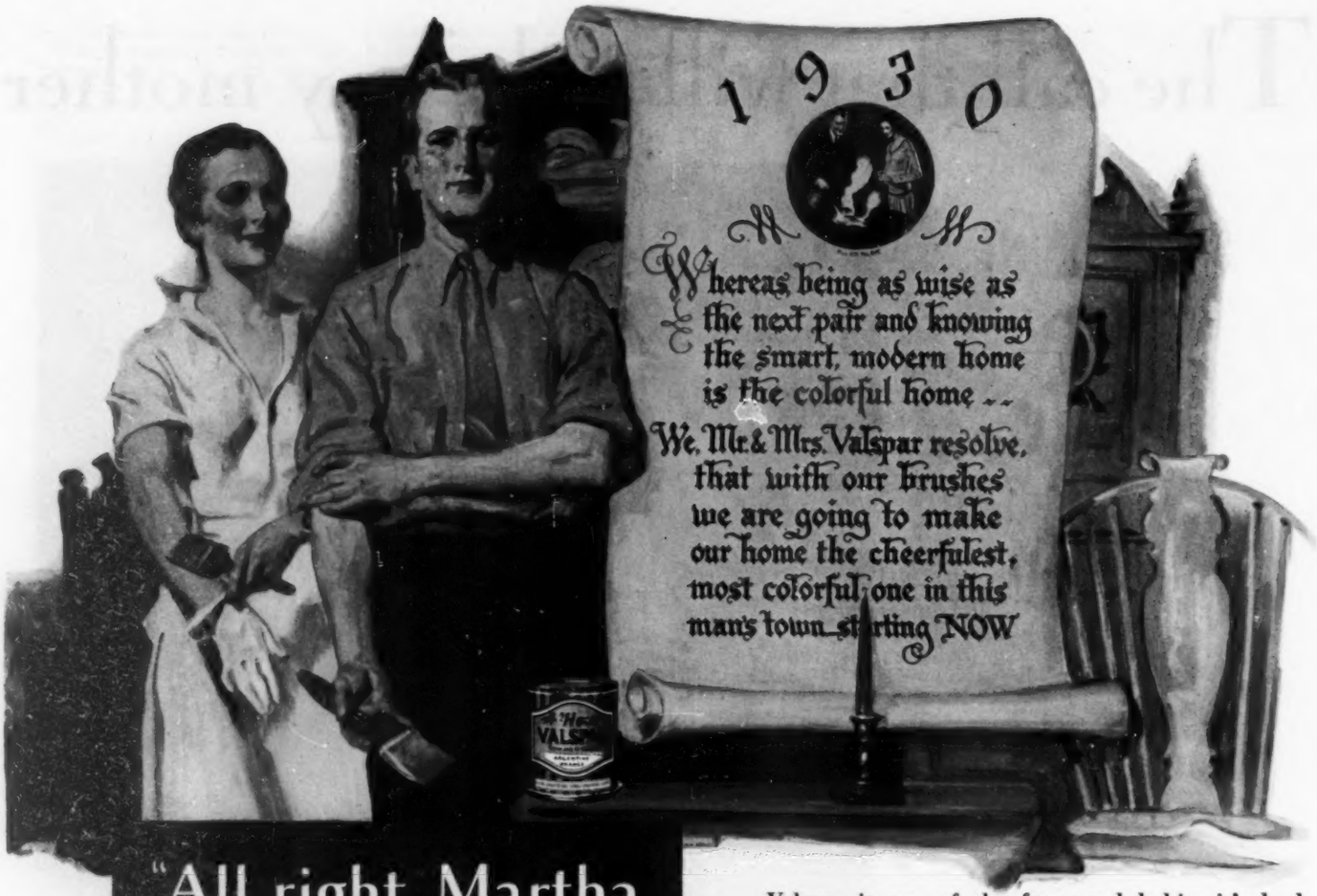
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We, Mr. & Mrs. Valspar resolve, that with our brushes we are going to make our home the cheerfulest, most colorful one in this man's town starting NOW

"All right, Martha let's get started!"

"WE can commence on that sorry-looking, ancient table," continues Val, filled with the spirit of their adventure, "*then!* . . . why say, we'll have this place photographed for one of those smart Interior Decorating magazines. *All set* . . . ?"

"*Am* I?" asks Mrs. Val, who had already transformed a pet bookstand, "I'm way *ahead* of you!"

"And," chimed in Val, "if between us and Valspar we can't make this whole house brand-new again, I'll sell it for a stack of broken New Year's resolutions. Let's go!"

Valspar is one of the few *good* habits it's both easy and pleasant to form. And there's not a single old piece of furniture, any walls or woodwork, that will not coöperate with you to the limit of your colorful ideas. Joyously, too! Leaping into harmony with your inspired plan for the rejuvenation of your home—by the grace of Valspar!

In addition to Clear Valspar Varnish, Valspar Enamels and Lacquer in beautiful colors, there is a complete line of Valspar House Paints, Flat Wall Paints, Porch and Floor Paints—all with Valspar's supreme quality and immunity to water, weather and wear.

STOP in at the nearest store which displays the "Valspar Headquarters" sign and ask to see the wide range of colors in Valspar Paints, Varnishes, Enamels and Lacquers. The dealer there will tell you the quantities you need and the appropriate Valspar finish for every surface—indoors and out.

VALSPAR FINISHES

• • VARNISHES • • • PAINTS • LACQUERS • • • ENAMELS

(Continued from Page 104)

"Naturally. I'm wringing wet."

The doors from the auditorium pushed open and Susan Spruance appeared, followed by Shad, who, at the sight of the two standing there, went into a fresh convulsion of mirth.

"There was no reason for you to come, Susan," Mrs. Spruance said. "And I should think you'd have preferred not to emphasize the connection."

"That's—what—I—told—her!" Shad gasped between paroxysms.

"I wanted to, mother. I'm going home with you."

"There's no possible reason ——"

Someone else pushed into the lobby. With apprehension, Joe recognized him as Waldo Allston, Broadway's busiest columnist.

"Hey, what exploded?" Allston asked, his pale face alight with interest. "Some kind of giggle water?"

Joe had had some experience with the press and knew that too much reticence was a mistake. "Home-brew," he said.

"Who's that?" he heard Mrs. Spruance ask Shad.

"Waldo Allston. Runs the Hot Cha Cha column in the Pictorial."

"Mind telling me your name?" Allston asked Joe. "I know you're with Mr. Hermann's party."

"Joe Davis."

"And what's the lady's name?"

"Be a good egg and never mind about that."

"All right, sport." Allston leaned closer. "Mind telling me the name of the pip with Mr. Hermann?" he said, looking at Susan.

Joe grinned at him. "I'm afraid not."

"I just wanted to say they were together."

"Beautiful unknown," Joe suggested in a tone loud enough for Mrs. Spruance to hear, because he thought it might make her realize he wasn't altogether a savage.

As though to show her complete disdain of such measures, Mrs. Spruance, pausing at the door of the ladies' room, said: "Have Shad get a taxi, will you, Susan Spruance?"

Waldo Allston's ears had caught the syllables.

"Hey, Mr. Hermann," he approached Shad. "Is it all right for me to say you and Miss Spruance are that way about each other?"

All merriment left Shad's face.

"If you know what's good for you," he said, "you won't mention my name or Miss Spruance's in your rotten sheet."

"Well, I have to print something ——"

Joe heard no more of the colloquy, because Susan, seeing that the others were engaged, addressed him:

"Did mother ask you for the week-end?"

"No."

"Please come. Pretend I asked you before the—the bottle incident."

"I'd like to," Joe told her, "but I don't believe I've got the nerve, with your mother feeling the way she does."

"It will help a lot if you do."

Before those eyes of hers Joe was utterly powerless.

"What time?" he asked.

"Luncheon is at two."

Joe hadn't thought of Hicks-Spruance stock for perhaps two years. The morning after Shad's dinner party, by one of those coincidences which have every semblance of meaning something, the first thing that he saw when he entered his office was a neat, typewritten note.

J. D.: Mr. Ashton called last evening after you left, to ask what he should do about a hundred shares of Hicks-Spruance stock he owns. He says you advised him to hold on to it two and a half years ago, but he's had no dividends. Last week he gave an order to have it sold at 20, but it has not been sold yet. —R. W.

Old Mr. Ashton was the office pest. When Joe got his first job, Mr. Ashton, who, as the firm's most undesirable client, served as a sort of hazing for newcomers, had been wished on him. Because Joe stayed better humored than any person with whom he had ever had dealings, Mr. Ashton had followed him when he took over the job with Shad, and still continued to afflict him with his patronage.

As a client, Mr. Ashton offered every disadvantage. He was timid, rapacious, garrulous, distrustful, and so few and small were the investments he actually made that he must be either mean or poor. It was that last possibility which made Joe endure him, for Joe, it must be confessed, had a deplorably soft heart.

As Joe's remembrance of what he'd said to the old codger about Hicks-Spruance or what he'd known about it at the time was extremely vague, he rang for Miss Warner, who was the R. W. of the note.

"Yes, Mr. Davis," Miss Warner reported for duty.

Joe pointed to the slip of paper.

"I suppose this means Mr. Ashton will be back today."

"I'm afraid so."

"A long time ago I looked up the Hicks-Spruance Company for Mr. Hermann, who owns some stock."

"Not in our trust fund," Miss Warner said. Then, getting a little red, she added, "I mean, not in the fund you look after."

"No, I think he holds it personally, but I got this dope for him and made some notes. Do you suppose you can find them?"

"Surely, Mr. Davis."

Miss Warner was a perfect secretary. All good business men have perfect secretaries. Profound mystery surrounds the problem of whether it is their perfect secretaries who create good business men or the good business men who evolve perfect secretaries from their inner consciousnesses.

Ruth Warner was a college girl. She wasn't plain, but there was nothing ostentatiously pretty about her; good eyes, good nose, good teeth, nice hair. She was in physical appearance exactly the sort that a firm building the best office furniture would turn out by the thousand if it had the power. Joe had often congratulated himself on the possession of such an asset. "You never have to think about her," was the culminating tribute he paid her in those moments of self-communion.

It took Miss Warner no time at all to locate the notes.

"What else is there, Mr. Davis?" she asked as she brought them.

There was nothing of importance.

"Is time hanging heavy on your hands?" Joe inquired.

"Well, I got things rather cleaned up last night."

"Do you suppose you could find something for me in the old magazines or papers?"

"Why, of course. What?"

It was Joe's turn to redden.

"A picture of Miss Susan Spruance," he said. "She must have come out last winter or the year before, and I suppose lots of photographs of her were published."

"Yes, Mr. Davis."

After she'd gone, Joe didn't know how he'd had the nerve. It was a crazy thing to have asked, but he needed confirmation of the impression he'd had. It wasn't possible that there could be such a human being.

To forget his sense of foolishness, he turned to the Hicks-Spruance notes. The situation, as it had been explained to him by none other than that rising broker, Bill Hardcastle, came back in a flash.

The Hicks-Spruance Company had dominated the pin-tag field completely until three years before, when the Peerless Pin Tag Company had emerged as a dangerous rival. To combat the Peerless Company the Hicks-Spruance people had decided to undersell them. Once the Peerless people were beaten to submission, Hicks-Spruance stock would regain its value, and that time couldn't be far distant.

When Mr. Ashton appeared, Joe put those facts before him, but Mr. Ashton was not impressed.

"Told me that two and a half years ago. I been waiting for dividends ever since. Why ain't there been any dividends?"

"These things drag out."

"They don't drag out with me holding the bag. No, sir-ree. Never thought much of that Hicks-Spruance crowd anyway."

Possibly because it was Susan Spruance's ancestral business, Joe came nearer to losing his temper with Mr. Ashton than he had before.

"Mr. Ashton," he said, "you ought to get over the idea that the one object of the entire business world is to cheat you out of your savings."

"Well, there are enough that 'u'd like to," Mr. Ashton said in his querulous but positive voice, "and I hear Peerless has big money behind it."

"Peerless had begun yelling for a compromise two years ago, but Hicks-Spruance wouldn't compromise. They're going to take over Peerless when they get good and ready, and take it over for almost nothing."

"Talk as much as you like," Mr. Ashton said, "I'm going to sell, and I'm going to sell for anything I can get."

Thoroughly annoyed with him, Joe thought he'd administer a long-needed lesson.

"Do you mean to say you'd sell for fifteen dollars a share?" he asked.

"I certainly would."

"Sold."

It took Mr. Ashton's breath away.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I'll take your stock myself at 15."

"That's a nice thing to do," Mr. Ashton fumed, "taking up a man's casual words like that. Got inside information, I suppose."

He left the office sputtering that he hadn't expected to be cheated there, and mumbling the words "fiduciary relationship" as though they were an incantation.

Joe had no intention of holding him to his sale, but he rejoiced in the possibility that it might be the stubborn old idiot's last visit.

At luncheon at the Recess Club, however, he was forced to revise his classification of Mr. Ashton. Bill Hardcastle was there, sipping a clam-juice cocktail with some aversion and in gloomy solitude, and at the sight of Joe, he put one hand over his face and with the other gestured Joe away. Joe took the seat across from him.

Bill put a quarter on the table.

"Buy yourself a carnation," he said, "and consider that I've said it with flowers."

"I'm not here to dig up the dead past," Joe said. "I want some information. What's the news of the big pin-tag price war?"

"It doesn't look so hot for Hicks-Spruance, does it?"

"How so?"

"It turns out that the Peerless people have about three big pulp mills behind them. Gavin Pelham, who's the president of Peerless, has turned out to be a wonder. It's Peerless that's underselling now and Hicks-Spruance that's roaring for a raise of prices. Didn't I tell you? I meant to."

"You were supposed to tell Shad direct."

"I guess I did."

"How much is Hicks-Spruance worth today?"

"Oh, about 10 I should say."

"Do you know whether the Mrs. Spruance one meets around is caught in this jam?"

"Lord, no. Old Spruance got his while the getting was good and salted it away in other stuff. His widow and her daughter live a good deal better than most kings."

When Joe got back to his office he jotted a note to talk to Shad about Hicks-Spruance, and wrote out a check for fifteen hundred dollars for Mr. Ashton, which he gave to Miss Warner.

"I imagine the old gentleman will deliver some stock in person," he said. "Give him this, with my congratulations. . . . Did you find a picture?"

"I've got a big envelope full."

As she laid it on his desk it occurred to Joe that Miss Warner had a queer color.

"Don't you feel well, Miss Warner?" he asked.

"I've got a sick headache," she replied, and she added jerkily: "I haven't been feeling well for quite a while. I'm afraid I'll have to go away."

"Of course," Joe told her, "and don't come back tomorrow if you don't feel like it."

"I mean for good," Miss Warner said.

Joe was appalled.

"I don't see how I'll get along without you," he said.

"Oh, you'll manage," Miss Warner told him, and left the room.

This was a real calamity. Mechanically Joe's fingers opened the envelope, and then he forgot all about it. Sixteen Susan Spruances, each one lovely in a different way from all the others, lay before him. Joe couldn't imagine how he could have missed such beauty beflowering all the illustrated papers, as it must have done. But of course they only suggested her. He was able to fill in the outlines now and warm them with color. He was still mooning over them when Miss Warner tapped on his door just before leaving, and he had to sweep them into a drawer.

"I've got a friend," Miss Warner announced, "who will come to take my place next Monday—a Miss Crittenden. I'll teach her as much of the routine as I can tomorrow morning."

"You don't know how badly I feel to have you go, Miss Warner," Joe said. "If ever you feel like coming back ——"

Miss Warner smiled a sad but supercilious smile which indicated that any such possibility was very remote, and she put another envelope on Joe's desk.

"Here are some more of those pictures."

She had at least got a certain throttled satisfaction from clutching the nettle to that extent.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DRAWN BY EDMUND JONES

Wife's Voice to Just Ruined Broker: "Come Home Early, Ernest. We're Going Over to the Snodyt' to Play Bridge"

Do you choose a dentifrice

by a dentist's standards?

FOR many years, dentists have known the name of Forhan.

They knew it first as the name of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who, in his practice, developed a preparation widely used by dentists as an aid in the treatment of pyorrhea.

They knew it later as the name of a dentifrice, based upon the benefits of Dr. Forhan's preparation—a dentifrice originated by him to supplement the care which dentists gave to gums and teeth.

Naturally, this dentifrice is made according to a dentist's standards.

It contains safe and pure ingredients for cleansing the teeth.

It combines, also, a special preparation long used by the dental profession in caring for the gums. When used as recommended with massage at the time of brushing, this dentifrice therefore firms up the gums, stimulates circulation, and helps to bring out the coral glow of tingling health.

When you use Forhan's as your dentifrice, you are giving your mouth two protections: the safeguard of keeping the teeth beautifully clean as well as the daily invigoration so essential to healthy gums.

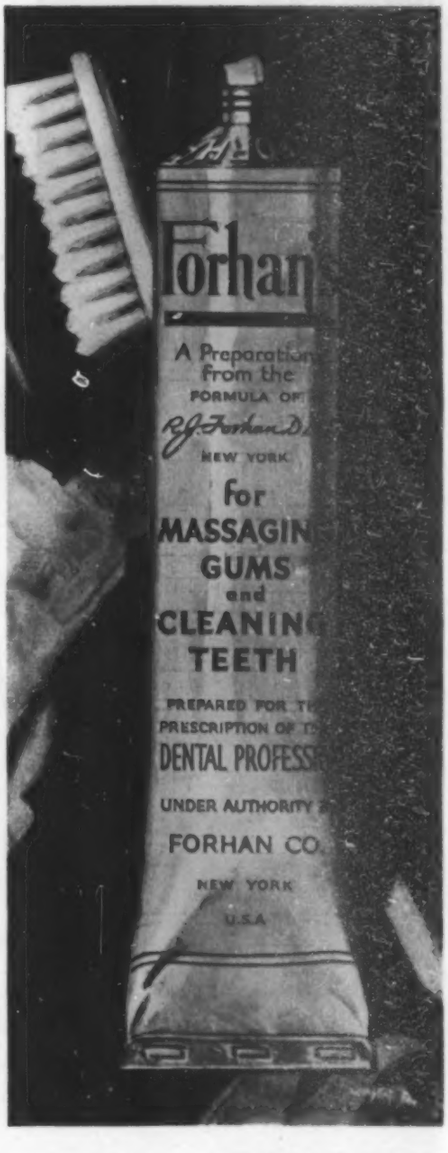
Do not wait until tender gums compel you to start the use of Forhan's. It is far better to avoid trouble than to treat it. Adopt the *dentists' dentifrice* which may help you keep the mouth of youth from becoming too soon middle-aged.

For the same reason that you would want your dentist to use only ethical and recognized preparations in his treatment of your teeth, you should coöperate with him by using only the finest dentifrice yourself.

Forhan's for the gums comes in two sizes—35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste, and exceedingly well worth it.

IMPORTANT!

Forhan's is not a medicated toothpaste. Its medication is for the proper care of the gums, not for the purpose of cleaning the teeth. It cleans the teeth with the recognized and scientific ingredients which every dentist knows to be safe and good. Forhan Company, New York.



For a sweet, fresh breath

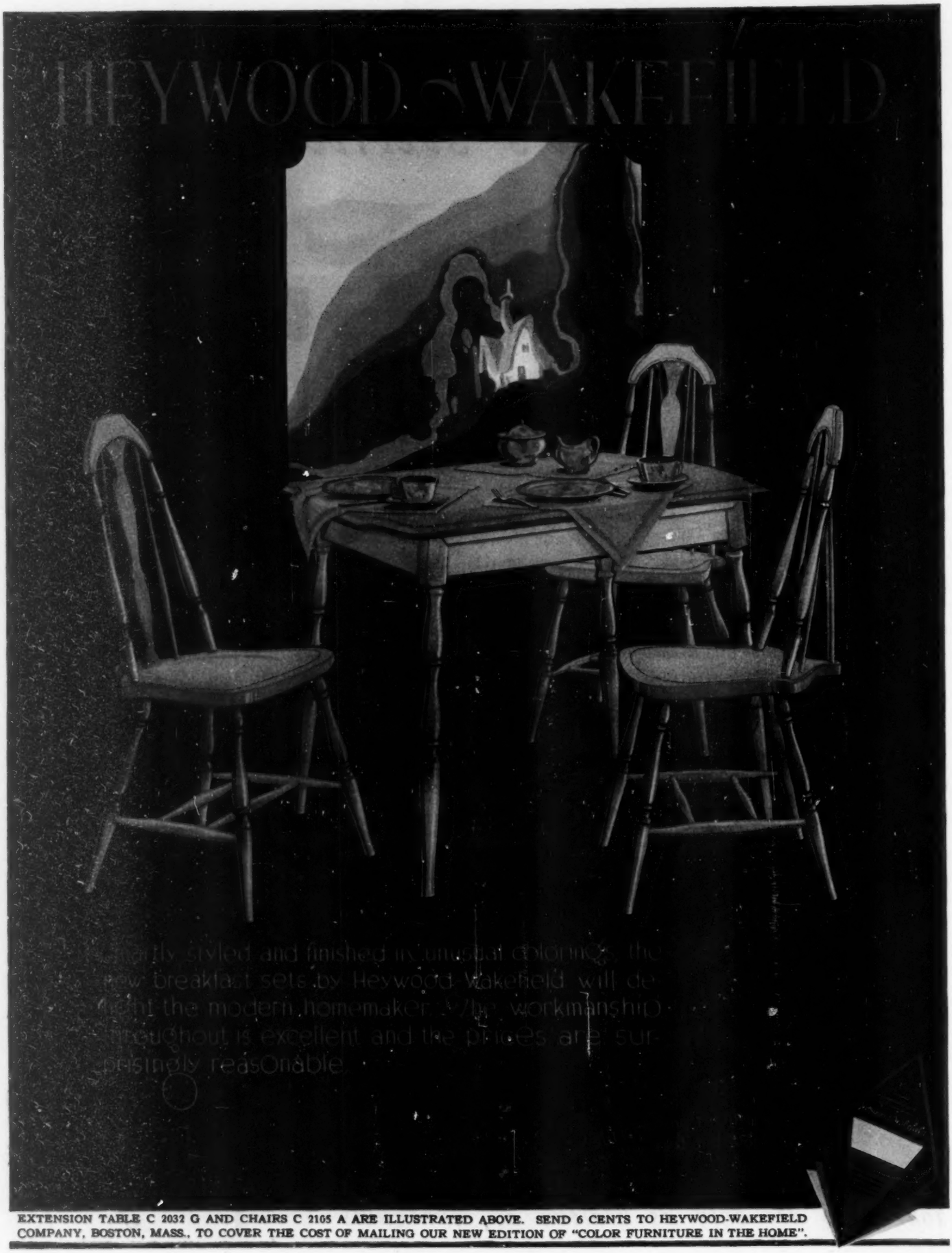
—for the relief of sore throat—as a defense against colds—you should know *Forhan's Antiseptic*. Its remarkable power to destroy germs is shown by repeated scientific tests. Yet it is entirely harmless to tissues and pleasant to use. In bottles—4 oz., 25¢; 8 oz., 45¢; full pint, 75¢.

Forhan's

Your teeth are only as healthy as your gums

Any mouth may have Pyorrhea and at forty the odds are

4 out of 5



EXTENSION TABLE C 2032 G AND CHAIRS C 2105 A ARE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE. SEND 6 CENTS TO HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS., TO COVER THE COST OF MAILING OUR NEW EDITION OF "COLOR FURNITURE IN THE HOME".

EVERYTHING WAS ALL TIED UP

(Continued from Page 11)

"No, it's a special bearing."

"Would it do any good to send the new model—the one they're using now?"

"It wouldn't fit the old-style case and shaft."

"Couldn't they use some other bearing—one that was pretty near the same size?"

"Certainly not. This is a roller bearing. It is made out of a lot of little steel rollers that have to be accurate right down to a thousandth of an inch. The bearing has to be absolutely the right size or it is no good at all. But naturally a woman like you couldn't be expected to know that."

"You don't say! Well, I gather that we have to have this particular bearing, and we have to get it from this particular company. Is that right?"

"Yes. I'll write up your order, and as soon as the bearings come I'll shoot one out to Mr. Merrill."

"Wouldn't it save time if you wired the bearing company to ship it direct to Mr. Merrill?"

"It might, but of course we couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"It would confuse our records and bookkeeping. Our regular system is to have everything shipped through the department here. And it won't take more than a day or so extra."

"Only a day or so! Say, what did you say was the name of the people that make these bearings?"

"The Heavy-Duty Bearing Company, Gary, Indiana."

"All right, that's all. I'm sorry to have waked you up—even partially. You can now go back to your usual deep slumber. Good-by."

Miss Perkins slammed the receiver on the hook and glared about the office. Then she called the sales manager of The Heavy-Duty Bearing Company at Gary, Indiana.

"This is Miss Ann Perkins," she said, "secretary to the sales manager of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company at Earthworm City. I want you to ship by air mail, double rush, to Mr. Vincent Merrill, Merrill, Colorado, one No. 7762 radial thrust bearing as used on the rear end of the bevel pinion shaft of our sixty-horsepower Earthworm tractor."

"Let me see. We just had an order from your company for six of these bearings. This one bearing you are ordering is in addition to the others?"

"Yes."

"Very well, Miss Perkins. I was just writing a letter to your Mr. Overton telling him that there would be a little delay in making delivery on this particular bearing. But we'll get the order through as fast as we can."

"What do you mean by a little delay?"

"Not more than a couple of weeks, I hope."

"A couple of weeks! But we need the bearing right away. It's for a tractor that is broken down. What's the matter with you people? Does it always take you two weeks to fill an order?"

"No. But this is a special case."

"Oh, it is?"

"Yes. You see we brought out this No. 7762 bearing about three years ago. It was smaller and lighter, but at the same time stronger than the standard model. We got a few of our customers to use it, but they finally discontinued it on account of the extra cost. So we haven't made it for about two years, except for special orders."

"I should think you ought to keep a small supply on hand for the convenience of your customers."

"That's exactly what we aim to do, Miss Perkins. But we've been all tied up because we couldn't get any steel."

"Your factory is right there in Gary, isn't it? What do you mean you can't get any steel?"

"Of course, there is plenty of steel around here. But this No. 7762 bearing, on account of the refinement of its design, requires a special kind. Our specifications call for the Humboldt special alloy steel. It's made by the Humboldt Steel Company over in East Chicago. We ordered some over a week ago, but they haven't delivered it yet. As soon as it comes we'll get busy. And, as I say, we can make delivery within a week or two—after we get the steel."

"Couldn't you make up some bearings out of some other kind of steel?"

"We wouldn't want to try that. We run a very high-grade business here, Miss Perkins, and we wouldn't send out anything unless it was exactly according to specifications."

"You'd rather leave your customers absolutely flat, apparently."

"No, no, Miss Perkins. We are always thinking of the customer's best interests."

"All right, then. What we want right now is speed. Can you do anything to hurry this up?"

"We certainly can. I'll call up the Humboldt people right away. I was talking to them yesterday. They claim that they can't make delivery because they are held up on materials. It seems that in making their special steel they have to use a certain mineral called Merrillite, which comes from out in Colorado somewhere."

"What's that? What's the name of that stuff?"

"Merrillite. For some reason or other the mining company that supplies it seems to be behind in shipping it. But I will call up the Humboldt Steel Company and tell them they absolutely have to get after these people and make them deliver the stuff."

"But they can't deliver the stuff. I've just been talking to the Merrillite Company and they can't get any of it out of the mountains until they have that bearing to fix their tractor. It's terrible. Everything seems to be tied up all along the line, and right around to the beginning again. It's a vicious circle."

"I don't think I quite understand."

"Can't you see? This mining company owns one of our tractors, which they use to bring this mineral out of the mountains. They can't do anything at all unless the tractor is working. And right now the tractor is broken down."

"Oh, it is?"

"Yes, and they can't fix the tractor until they get this bearing. And you can't supply the bearing because there is no steel, because there is no Merrillite, because they can't fix the tractor, because you can't supply them with the bearing, because there is no steel —— It makes me dizzy. It just goes round and round. And it seems to be hopeless. What can we do about it?"

"Well, there is nothing at all that I can do about it, Miss Perkins. It certainly is a curious situation. And it looks to me as if it was up to you people to get things started again by repairing that tractor."

"We can't fix the tractor until we get the bearing."

"And we can't supply the bearing until we get the steel. As I said before, the only thing I can do is call up the steel company and have them get after the Merrillite Company."

"That wouldn't do any good at all. They can't supply the Merrillite. Isn't there anything else you can do?"

"I'm afraid there isn't, Miss Perkins. You can see yourself that we are completely tied up."

"It seems to me you're awfully helpless for a grown-up man. If you're any good at all it seems to me you ought to at least try to get started."

"I'm sorry, Miss Perkins, but I'm afraid we can't."

"Well, if you can't I suppose you can't. I'll have to try to find somebody around here that has brains enough to do something. Good-by."

Miss Perkins sat back in the office chair and thought intently for several minutes. Then she called Mr. Frederick R. Overton of the parts department.

"This is Miss Perkins speaking," she said.

"What, you again?"

"Yes. I've just been talking to the bearing company on the long distance, and I can't get any action out of them at all."

"Well, now you see I was right when I told you not to get excited. After you've been in this business as long as I have you'll learn that when you can't get something right away, the only thing to do is to sit down and wait and not worry."

"But we can't sit down and wait. If we do, Mr. Merrill will never get his tractor fixed, and the bearing company will never send us the bearing. Never."

"What do you mean by that?"

"They can't make the bearing because there is no steel, because there is no Merrillite, because they can't fix the tractor, because there is no bearing, because there is no steel, and so on, round and round forever."

"I don't understand."

"Probably you wouldn't. But we have to fix up Mr. Merrill's tractor, and we have to do it right away."

"All right. How are you going to manage it?"

"I wondered if we couldn't send him a whole new transmission case all assembled with the gears and shafts and bearings. He could just take off his old transmission entire and replace it with the new one. Would the new case fit on his old tractor?"

"Yes, it would fit. The new transmission is interchangeable with the old as a whole. The only difference is that some of the internal bearings and shafts are different."

"All right. Let's send him one."

"Send him a whole transmission assembly just because he has broken one bearing? I never heard of such a fool idea."

"Why is it a fool idea?"

"Evidently you don't know how big a whole transmission is. It's about half of the rear end of the tractor. Weight: 4390 pounds. Price: $1925, f. o. b. Earthworm City. Do you think your customer would enjoy paying out that much cash?"

"We don't have to sell it to him. We could let him use it until his own transmission is fixed, and then he could send it back."

"Yes, and when it came back it would be secondhand—and what would we do with it? No, I have no authority to send out goods on loan. If you can get an order from Mr. Henderson or the president, all right. I can't do it on your say-so."

"But Mr. Henderson isn't here."

"Try the president if you want. It's nothing to me."

"All right, I'll try the president."

As soon as Mr. Overton was off the line Miss Perkins called the office of the president of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company. The president's secretary said he had gone to lunch. He would be back about two.

Miss Perkins decided it was time to go out for her own lunch. When she came back an hour later the telephone was ringing.

"Hello," said a voice. "I want Mr. Henderson's office."

"This is Mr. Henderson's office. This is Miss Perkins, his secretary."

"Oh, hello, Miss Perkins. This is Joe Mullin. Can I talk to Mr. Henderson?"

"Hello, Joe. Mr. Henderson isn't here. He was hurt in an automobile accident this morning, and he is at the hospital."

"Say, that's too bad. Was it serious?"

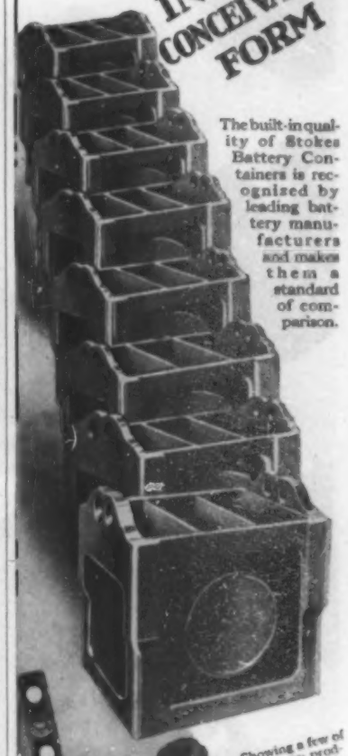
"No, they say not. He'll probably be back at the office tomorrow—or possibly this afternoon. But what are you doing, Joe? I thought you were up at the mine where there isn't any telephone."

"I was up at the mine, but I just came down. I want to find out how soon that

(Continued on Page 113)

Joseph Stokes Rubber Co.
Trenton N.J.
MOULDERS SINCE 1897

HARD RUBBER PRODUCTS IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE FORM



The built-in quality of Stokes Battery Containers is recognized by leading battery manufacturers and makes them a standard of comparison.

Showing a few of the many products in which Hard Rubber is successfully used.

If there is a place in your specifications for Hard Rubber and moulded plastics, we can do the job efficiently and economically. Any inquiry from you will receive our prompt attention.

Jos. Stokes Rubber Co., Trenton, N. J.
Canadian Plant, Welland, Ontario.

Which is the *Best Battery Value* for your car?

THIS CHART WILL TELL YOU

Each Willard battery fits a definite requirement of a definite car or group of cars. There are seventeen types and sizes on the Willard chart. Select the type and electrical size of Willard battery that fits your car and your driving habits and you have picked the biggest value in batteries. But you can't make that kind of a selection without engineering guidance.

You must provide ample power and electrical capacity to spin your motor in winter as well as summer. You must consider the needs of the ignition system, and of the horn, lights, stop signal and other electrical accessories. You must know the charging characteristics of the generator.

The "electrical size" chart displayed by the Willard dealer in your community answers these questions about the car you drive. It's a safe guide to sound value in batteries. Remember this, too—Willard batteries are the choice of 76 makers of cars, trucks and busses.

THREAD-RUBBER INSULATION FOR HARD DRIVERS

If you're an average driver you can count on economical service from a standard wood-insulated Willard.

If your season's mileage runs into five figures—if you're a hard driver—you'll save battery dollars as well as time and inconvenience by using a Thread-Rubber-insulated Willard.

Don't confuse Thread-Rubber Insulation with rubber cases. Thread-Rubber is a patented insulating material used *inside* the battery. You can get it only in Willard.

STORAGE BATTERIES

Willard

CLEVELAND·OHIO

(Continued from Page 111)

bearing will be here. If it isn't coming right away there won't be any need of my sticking around; I can't do anything more here until it comes. Also I want to make a report to Mr. Henderson explaining what I've done so far."

"Well, it seems to me, Joe, you'll have to do some tall explaining. I thought you were supposed to be a good mechanic. And you take the last available bearing and put it into that tractor so sloppy that it goes right to pieces."

"There wasn't anything wrong with the way I put that bearing in."

"Then why did it go out so quick?"

"That's just what I want you to report to Mr. Henderson when he comes back. At first I couldn't figure out what made these bearings break up the way they did. Two of them had gone out before I got here. And the one I put in myself didn't last any time at all."

"Yes, we heard all about that."

"Well, at first I didn't know what was the trouble. And then I found, in among the fragments of this last bearing, a great big piece of iron that looked like part of a nail."

"How would part of a nail get into the bearing?"

"That's what I wondered myself. So I got hold of the mine foreman, and last night we both hid in the shed where the tractor was kept. And pretty soon the former tractor operator—the one that had been fired—came sneaking in. He took off the oil-filler cap of the transmission and stuck something down inside. Then we grabbed him. And finally he confessed what he had been doing. Apparently the first bearing went out because he didn't oil it properly. Then, after he lost his job, he hung around the mine here. He lived with his father, who is one of the miners. And to get even for being fired he wrecked the next two bearings that were put in, and he was trying to do it again when we caught him."

"He put nails into them?"

"Yes. This bearing is right under the oil-filler cap. All he had to do was stick a big spike down through the oil hole in the bearing cap. But we have turned him over to the sheriff, and he won't do it again. So everything will be all right."

"It will, will it? Well, I'm glad you're an optimist, Joe. I'm glad you have found out what was making these bearings fail. And it's fine to know that it wasn't your fault. But we're still in an awful mess just the same. We're all tied up about the bearing."

"Oh, yes, I wanted to ask you about that. When I got the other one at the parts department one of the clerks told me that it was the last one in stock. There were more on order, but he didn't know when they would arrive. Have they come in yet?"

"No, they haven't, Joe. That's just the trouble."

"Well, how long will it be until they do arrive?"

"I don't know. Maybe never."

"What do you mean, never?"

"Well, you see, they have to get them from the company that makes them. And this company hasn't any in stock."

"You mean they'll have to manufacture them specially for this order?"

"Yes, and that's not the worst of it. To make these bearings they have to have a special steel made by the Humboldt Steel Company. And this Humboldt Steel Company is behind in delivering it."

"Well, they ought to get after them and make them hurry up."

"They did, but the steel company can't supply the steel until they get a shipment of this Merrillite which they use in making it."

"Oh, so they use the Merrillite in making steel for the bearings?"

"Yes. So everything is all tied up, and it looks hopeless."

"Why?"

"Because you can't get this bearing, because there is no steel, because there is no Merrillite, because you can't fix the tractor, because there is no bearing, because there is no steel, because there is no Merrillite."

"Say, that's a good one, isn't it? That certainly is a funny one."

"It doesn't seem funny to me. It's got me worried to death."

"There's no need of worrying about it, Miss Perkins. Things will get straightened around all right."

"But what can we do?"

"We don't need to do anything. We'll just let it work out naturally. You see, we have just started a shipment of Merrillite to the Humboldt Steel Company. So all we have to do is wait until they make the steel, so the bearing company can make the bearing and ship it out here."

"But wait a minute. How could you ship the Merrillite? I thought there wasn't any more down at the railroad?"

"I just brought down a load."

"How?"

"With the tractor, of course."

"I thought the tractor was broken down."

"It was, but I fixed it."

"I thought you couldn't fix it until you got this bearing."

"Well, of course I couldn't fix it really properly without the regular roller bearing. But they seemed to be in a big rush around here, and I was afraid it would take a long time for the regular bearing to arrive. So yesterday afternoon I got some babbitt metal from the man that runs the rock crusher at the mine, and poured myself a babbitt bearing."

"What's that?"

"Babbitt is a metal that is used for making bearings. I just melted some up and poured it in around the shaft in place of the roller bearing."

"And it works just as well?"

"No, the babbitt causes more friction; that's why we don't use it in our regular production. But it will do all right until we get a roller bearing to put in. And as it will be some time before the new bearing arrives, I think I'll take the next train back to the factory. The people here can put the bearing in when it comes. I was just talking to Mr. Merrill and he says that will be all right with him."

"Mr. Merrill was pretty sore when he talked to me this morning. Does he feel all right now?"

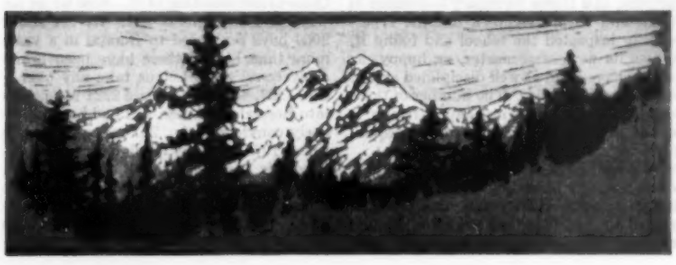
"Yes, he's feeling great. Well, if I'm going to catch that train I'll have to hurry. Good-by."

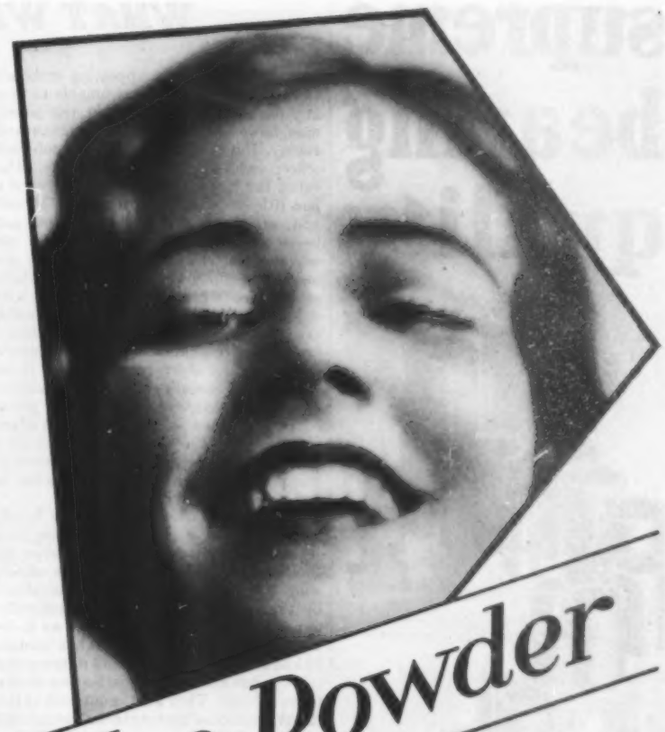
As Miss Perkins turned from the telephone, there entered the office a gentleman with a bandage around his head and a sling holding up one of his arms.

"Oh, Mr. Henderson," she said, "how are you? Did you get hurt much?"

"No, just a few bruises. How is everything going here?"

"Fine," said Miss Perkins. "At one time this morning half the industry of the country seemed to be tied up in a hopeless tangle. But Joe Mullin has just fixed it up."





Use Powder

Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains nothing to injure the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove that it can preserve teeth for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than other anti-acids.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, maximum freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

In use over 60 years

supreme bearing quality

"Quality and design" is the answer of thousands of manufacturers of automobiles, machinery and labor-saving devices when you ask them why they invariably specify Bunting *Quality* Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings. Almost anybody can make a bronze bearing, but only Bunting has designed and produced the product that receives this universal recognition.

Bunting service covers every market requirement and convenience. Patterns and tools for over 20,000 designs are placed free at the disposal of the one who needs special designs and sizes.

450 sizes of "Ready Made" Bushing Bearings completely machined and finished, ready for assembly, are carried constantly in stock for all ordinary requirements.

Cored and solid bronze bars in 88 stock sizes await the order of the one who wants a *quality* bearing metal.

Find out what Bunting engineering, products and service can do to help you cut production cost and enhance your mechanical product.

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QUALITY
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WHAT WE DO WITH OUR BAD BOYS

(Continued from Page 28)

guilt, he stands there appearing stubborn through sheer nervousness, unable to give any excuse and realizing that the policeman, however kind he may be, is his natural enemy. But there is one man, the probation officer—who used, in my young days, to be called the Police Court Missionary—not a bad title—who has seen the lad in his cell and, with infinite understanding, has got below the stubborn exterior, and who can tell the magistrate something about his home, something about the reasons which caused him to commit the crime, and who will, if the magistrate will only adjourn the case, take him into a hostel—sometimes even into his own home—while inquiries are carefully made about what it is best to do with him. It doesn't sound like the administration of justice or the work of a police court; it sounds just like a sensible effort on the part of the state to save that lad's life—and that is exactly what it is. And the number who have been saved in this way is legion.

Where a child has a really bad home, however, probation is useless; it is no good sending him back to that home, even although supervised by the probation officer, whose best-directed efforts are neutralized by the example of criminal or immorally minded parents. What, then, are we to do with these cases? There are what used to be known as the industrial and reformatory schools, but which have now become Home Office Schools. They are the outcome of the Ragged Schools of past centuries, but instead of being run by private subscription, they are now run by my late department. The industrial school is really like an ordinary elementary school, adapted as a boarding school. It takes in children under fourteen who have been neglected or who have committed some minor offenses. In these schools the children often arrive undernourished and backward, and in every case they quickly benefit by the good air, good food and healthy life, and, above all, by the loving help of the staff of the schools. Their education is especially looked after, and as they grow older they are taught technical or practical work, such as farming, gardening and carpentering, which stimulates them and prepares them for the work of life. The reformatory schools, now known as the Senior Home Office Schools, are for older boys and girls who have been brought before the courts for offenses of a more or less serious character. Here again the same thing takes place. Underfed and mentally backward on admission, they are gradually built up physically and mentally.

Salvaging Nine Youths Out of Ten

These institutions, many of which I have visited and known personally, are organized on lines of true discipline, but the discipline is founded on trust and responsibility rather than on punishment. I have seen schools of this kind where the general atmosphere is so happy and cheerful that you would think the parents were paying large sums for their children's education. One, in fact, I saw where every boy was allowed to keep his own pets—rabbits, chickens, pigeons, and so on. They are generally situated at a place right in the country, and the local people take a great interest in them. Cricket and football matches are arranged between the school teams and the local clubs, and the children are treated in every respect not as criminals but as pupils. I find that after they leave the schools ninety out of every hundred are found to be in regular employment and doing well. No state can ask for a better return on its money than that—ninety out of every hundred young rascals can be turned from a life of crime and possibly of degradation, and expense to the state, into good, honest citizens earning their own living and helping to build up the state. In some schools the percentage has even reached as high as ninety-five. Technical training has been developed to such an extent that many of the boys, when they are ready to leave school at seventeen or eighteen, are placed in first-class employment—and remember, moreover, that they thus start life with a respect for work, unlike the wretched young fellow who has lived at home, learned no trade, and starts life on the dole—the most degrading institution that it is possible to imagine.

I wish I could take your readers with me to see some of these schools. Of course the Home Secretary is a rather terrible and far-off character to most of the lads. They know that some person with a great title, holding a great office, is coming down to distribute the prizes, and at first they look upon him with awe. And what does he find? Exactly what you would expect to find in any ordinary noncriminal school—a healthy atmosphere and a friendly relationship between master and boy. Perhaps the harvest is being gathered in, and the boys are proud of their horses, with harness shining like gold, just exactly as the ordinary carter is proud of his horse when it wins a prize in the local plowing team. You go round the stables and find them spick and span—far cleaner than most farm stables—and the animals far more petted than the average farm animal is.

The Borstal Institutions

Then the Secretary of State inspects the building, the kitchens and the dormitories, which are as comfortable and clean as are the dormitories in any well-to-do boys' school. After that there is the prize distribution, and then what I always feared the boys regarded as an oration from "the old gentleman who has just distributed the prizes." But let me give one piece of advice to anyone who is going to do the same kind of thing: Don't talk down to the level of the boys, yet at the same time don't talk above their heads; treat them as ordinary, intelligent human beings, desirous of carrying out their duties in life, and they will respond quickly enough to the humanity of the speaker. After that, go and see them have their tea. And you will leave the school, as I have left many of those under my care, with a feeling of joy and satisfaction that the world has changed so much, even in my lifetime, that the state thinks it worth while doing this kind of work to save the lives of these young people.

I need hardly say that the closest liaison is kept between these schools and the Home Office; there is always a local advisory council which takes a keen interest in the school and in the boys or girls, as the case may be; added to which the Home Office inspectors are always traveling round and keeping in very close touch. Anything that went wrong was at once reported to myself. Naturally there were troubles—outbreaks of lack of discipline, sometimes of immorality. We must speak of these things; it is no good hiding the facts. But the remedy was nearly always to be found in a change at the top. I have in mind a case, when I was at the Home Office, where trouble of a grave character occurred. Investigations brought certain facts to light. I insisted on the resignation of the headmaster, against the views of the local council. But, as I have said in all these articles, the Home Secretary's decision is final, and within eighteen months I personally inspected the school and found it, under its new head-master, as happy, as well behaved and as well disciplined as you could possibly desire. The number of these children who formed my happy family is about 8000—a large family to be responsible for!

We now come to an institution which deals with the older boys—the Borstal institution. And you must remember, in regard to this, that they are all criminals; never, I think, does a boy go to a Borstal institution for his first offense, unless it is of a very serious character indeed. Before the Borstal institutions were started there was nothing for the young people between sixteen and twenty-one but prison, with its terrible opportunities for contamination. Now these young offenders in suitable cases can be given the training they require under very different conditions from those which obtain in prison. The object of Borstal detention is training rather than punishment. The aim is to give young offenders whose minds and characters are still plastic a new outlook and a new bent, and, by the personal influence and example of the staff, to create a corporate spirit and a standard of social behavior while in the institution which may persist after release; to inculcate in the workshops habits of application and industry; to stimulate intelligence and enlarge interests; and in sports and games to develop loyalty and the spirit of fair play. To achieve these ends it is necessary to require much work and give much training, to allow and encourage recreation and to accord a measure of freedom, reposing trust in the individual, which shall increase as time goes by, so that each day may not only be fully occupied but see some progress made in the general process of building up a stabler character.

The active day of the Borstal institution is actually fifteen hours. It begins for the boys with physical training; then there is eight hours' work in a workshop or out-of-doors with a working party. There are one and a half hours—sometimes two—of school and study. The object that I have tried to impress upon the institutions during my term of office is that everything should go with a swing; that the discipline, while not being hard and too vigorous, should be instantaneous—founded, as it were, upon the discipline of our own Royal Navy; that the boys should spring to attention when any order is given. I should add that the institutions are divided up into houses, as are our public schools, such as Eton and Harrow, with a house master in charge of fifty or sixty boys, knowing them all intimately, their characters and idiosyncrasies, and their aspirations for the kind of life they will lead when they go out into the world.

The Need for Long Sentences

The usual sentence is three years; power, of course, remaining in the hands of the Secretary of State to let them out sooner, and we find, as a matter of practical experience, that two years is enough to change a young man from a criminal into an independent member of society. I am never tired of inveighing against short sentences; they are absolutely criminal. When once a boy has been to prison, he generally goes back again; and the efforts of all our magistrates should be to keep boys out of prison. But if the conditions of his home, the nature of his offense, the fact that he has already been put on probation, make imprisonment essential, then he should have a sharp sentence of not less than three months, which will make him think whether it really is worth while to risk an even longer term. A boy who has done his first term in prison for about seven days generally comes out rather a hero amongst the other lads. But a boy who has had three months thinks twice before boasting of it. Now let us see whether I am right or not. We get about 2000 boys sentenced to Borstal in a year; more than half of these have been previously convicted. Let us take any year—say, 1927, when there were 2221 receptions into Borstal. Of these, 472 had been previously convicted once, 251 twice, 176 three times, 107 four times, 62 five times, 107 between six and ten times, 18 more than ten times, and 1 more than twenty times. Theft accounts for most of the offenses, but burglary, assault, drunkenness and various

(Continued on Page 117)

The pause that refreshes helps run the country

WASHINGTON! Where the biggest job on earth is done . . . the Federal Reserve Board holds a meeting . . . the Senator from Arkansas demands a roll call . . . the President vetoes a bill . . . the gentlemen of the press watch every move, and all the world listens. . . . But through all the hurry, worry, rush and strain there are happy pauses, and ease. Washington tempers the pace with ice-cold Coca-Cola. At soda fountains up and down the broad avenues . . . in the Senate cloakrooms . . . in the vast Army and Navy buildings' cafeterias . . . in the Walter Reed Hospital canteen . . . around the corner from anywhere . . . Coca-Cola, with that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment, has made *the pause that refreshes* a national custom.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

9 MILLION A DAY

Drink Coca-Cola Delicious and Refreshing

It had to be good to get where it is

ANNOUNCING

The HOOVER DUSTER

NOW you can have a separate dusting service that is markedly superior in convenience and in efficiency.

The New Hoover Duster, companion to The Hoover Electric Cleaner, is with Hoover Dusting Tools a complete, self-contained dusting unit. Always ready for immediate use, it eliminates the bother of attaching dusting tools to your electric cleaner and offers a dust-removing ability more thorough than that obtainable from full-sized vacuum cleaners.

The Hoover Duster has the same sturdy construction, the same lightness, fine balance and ease of handling which have made Hoover Dusting Tools famous. It has a powerful ball-bearing motor which develops more than ample suction for its many duties.

There is no motor-weighted machine for you to lift and hold and move to and fro. The Hoover Duster rests on the floor and glides easily along on its runners. All that you lift is the light, well-balanced dusting tool. You are not limited in dusting range to the articles which you can reach at arm's length nor compelled to mount stepladders or stoop and bend to get at out-of-the-way places.

The whole room, from the ceiling to the farthest corner is accessible, without reaching or straining. For the cleaning of upholstered furniture, drapes, mattresses, lamp shades, door and window frames, for the renovating of automobile interiors, and for the aerating of pillows, the blowing of dirt from otherwise inaccessible places and the operating of sprays, the Hoover Duster and Dusting Tools make a unit that cannot be equaled.

Because of the patented design of the Hoover all-purpose dusting tool brush, the powerful suction is concentrated at the point of contact with the surface being dusted. This brush—designed for all-purpose cleaning so as to make unnecessary frequent changes of tools—dislodges buried dust and aids the extra-powerful suction in effecting complete dirt removal. There are other tools for specialized uses.

MORE DIRT DPM PER MINUTE

This combination of ultra-efficient dusting tools, powerful suction, wide cleaning range and ease of handling gives the Hoover Duster and Dusting Tools a cleaning capacity as far beyond other dusting devices as The Hoover Electric Cleaner, with its ability to remove the most *dirt per minute*, is superior to ordinary vacuum cleaning.

Any Hoover Dusting Tools purchased within the past five years may be used with the new Hoover Duster.

See the new Hoover Duster, Model 200, at any Hoover dealer's, or request a home demonstration of it. The price without Dusting Tools is $29.75; with Dusting Tools, $42.25. Sold on the easy payment plan.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

© 1930, The Hoover Co.

(Continued from Page 114)

other offenses are also included. Of these boys, 301 got a week or less, 907 got between a week and a month, and 636 others got less than three months.

Take the lads who had been convicted ten times and given ridiculously short sentences. Had they been sent at first to one of the Home Office Schools or sent to Borstal, they would have begun the reformative period earlier, when their minds would have been more receptive; they would have imbibed less of the prison taint and the prison knowledge of crime, and they would have had ten times the chance of making good.

Misplaced Leniency

I know parents don't like it. Often and often Members of Parliament came to me and said: "Here's a dreadful case in my constituency. Little Tommy Brown has been sent to a reformatory merely for stealing two mutton chops to take to his mother." In the first place, when I get to the bottom of the case, I generally find that the mother has been inducing the child to commit petty thefts, thus starting him in a career of crime; that she or the father, or both, are drunkards; that the home is utterly rotten; and that if the boy is left there he will go steadily to the dogs. The Member of Parliament doesn't know this; the parents simply put their side of the case to him.

Or again, perhaps an older lad is sent to Borstal for two years for a pretty bad assault, and the press joins in the outcry. But investigations always prove that the magistrates were right and that the outcry was wrong. If only you will grant me my first point: That the Secretary of State has to consider the interests of the child and not of the parent. The parents, I agree, may want the lad at home as a potential wage earner, or, if it is a girl, to do odd jobs in the house, irrespective of what the child's future may be. I, on the other hand, as Secretary of State, am bound to think of the future of the child and its influence on the community, and it is only fair to say, as I have referred to Members of Parliament, that when I have been able to get the whole facts and put them before any such member, he has invariably acquiesced, in the child's own interests, in having him sent to a reformatory or a Borstal institution.

Here are some individual cases culled from this record I have just given. A boy of eighteen, fined for fraud on a railway; a month later sentenced for theft, followed by a month's imprisonment; immediately after release for attempted theft, with two months' imprisonment; three months later for fraud on the railway; soon after for theft, with another three months; and two months after release, when he was just under nineteen, another three months for theft. What is to be the future of that boy?

Here is another one. Aged sixteen, bound over—that is, not sentenced—for begging; three months later, theft, when he was put on probation; a month later fined for theft; two months later three months' imprisonment for stealing a purse; four months later—still before he was seventeen—three months' imprisonment for stealing a hand bag.

Finally, here is the case of a sapient magistrate. When a boy of between seventeen and nineteen had been three times convicted of theft, he was committed by the magistrates so that the recorder might sentence him to Borstal. But the worthy judge said: "I feel that there is some good in him; he only requires disciplinary measures to make him into a useful citizen." And he bound him over—that is, let him off. Soon after that he came before the petty sessional court judge, who sent him to prison for a month, with the remark that he had been "given every chance, but it was evident that the leniency shown to him had been misplaced." The result of this was that, instead of having the privilege and advantage of being sent for three years to Borstal, the administrators of justice had tinkered with this boy's life, and though I have not his subsequent record, I have very little doubt that he missed the opportunity which Borstal would have given him of becoming a useful member of society.

I have discussed in some detail a visit to a Home Office School, but I should like to take you to a Borstal institution. You would find 500 growing lads, between eighteen and twenty years of age—say, in the old Portland prison, which has now been turned into a Borstal institution—on a high cliff overlooking the English Channel. The air is like champagne, and they lead a healthy life, with plenty of hard work and physical training. I have seen boys in the gymnasium there performing feats of skill with the same gusto and the same screams of laughter when a fall takes place as in the best public schools in the land. The object is to make them forget their crime and start building up a new life, with new ideals and new hopes, and to eliminate as far as possible the penal side of the institution. So successful, in fact, has the system been found, that it was my practice to appeal to the generosity of the public each year to provide money for Borstal camps, at which the selected, best-conducted lads are taken and get all the happiness of outdoor camping life at some seaside place. For a fortnight no guards are placed, and very rarely does a boy attempt to escape: they are put on their honor, and you will find that honor counts even in lads who have passed through a school of crime.

A little incident may interest your readers in connection with the kindness of the British public. There are four Borstal institutions—one near Rochester in Kent, one at Portland—the old convict prison—one at Feltham, in Middlesex, and one for girls, near Aylesbury. When I was visiting the Portland one, which is on the seacoast, I saw a large dug-out space at the foot of the cliff, which might originally have been used as a bath by the convicts, but was then disused. The institution had no swimming bath, and I suggested to the governor that this could be put in order and a pump installed which would pump up the sea water and make an excellent open-air swimming bath—the very finest thing for growing boys. His eyes sparkled with delight at the very thought of it. I then wrote, on my return to London, quite a short letter to The Times and appealed for £250, which would enable me to transform this place into a deep bath.

A Work Worth While

I was late going to the Home Office the morning the letter appeared, and when I arrived, there was the swimming bath on the table! And the next morning another bath appeared, and on the third morning still another. By "bath" of course I mean £250 in each case, and about £300 came in smaller sums; the result of which was that by the generosity of the public I was enabled to provide each of the institutions with an excellent bath. Needless to say, the boys did the work themselves; it was only the pumps, bricks, and so on, which had to be bought.

Now, is it any good?—that is the question—all these efforts which we are making to improve mankind. Remember that these boys and girls are all criminals who have been several times convicted before being sent to Borstal institutions. I caused investigations to be made of 5600 cases of boys and 800 of girls who had been released. About 65 per cent of the boys and 66 per cent of the girls had never been reconvicted. A certain number of the others had been reconvicted once—usually not for any serious offense—and had then kept straight. If we include those—and I think we have every right to do so—I am safe in saying that three out of every four are restored to citizenship and lead decent and honorable lives.

Is not this work which is worth doing in the interests of the future, and of the community as a whole? I am no namby-pamby sentimentalist; when punishment has to be inflicted I am most unhesitatingly severe. But I look at the whole problem of these children from two points of view: First, from that of the children and, second, from that of the nation. And even if we look at it from the plain, hard, economic standpoint, it pays. It costs £100 a year at least to keep a man in prison. How many of these boys would drop into the criminal classes and spend the bulk of their lives in one or other of His Majesty's prisons, each costing the community £100 a year; instead of which they make good, they become decent citizens, and they are producers rather than consumers. Again I say, this is the kind of work which makes it worth while occupying the office which I have just given up after nearly five years' service.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Lord Brentford.

The Well-Wisher

"SIT still, Joe. Don't get up. I'll park myself right here on the corner of your desk. . . . Whoops! Sorry, Joe. I didn't mean to muss up all those papers. But it don't matter; they don't mean anything, anyway. Just a bluff you're running to look busy the first day on the job. I'm wise, ain't I, Joe?

"Naw, there ain't nothing on my mind. I just slid in to wish you good luck in the new place. Thought I'd let the gang around here know you have a few friends. It pays to put up a front, Joe.

"Quit rattling them papers, fellow. Look serious while we're chinning. Make the crew think you're putting over a big deal. . . . Attaboy! . . . Some dump, this, Joe. I had a devil of a time crashing it. The gimlet-eyed dame at the information desk didn't want to let me see you. But I got by. How? Oh, I just tipped her a wink and said I was your bootlegger. . . . She's what? The boss' private secretary! Well, ain't that rich? First thing you know he'll be asking you to have me bring him some good stuff. Then where'll I get it? I ain't tasted any myself for three months.

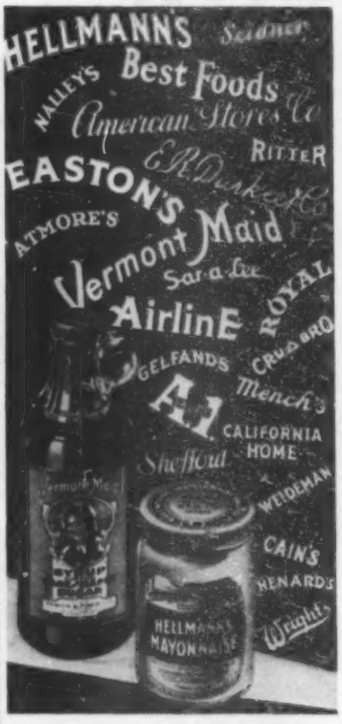
"Look, Joe; that blond baby over near the window is giving me the eye. . . . Tough that you're married. . . . Maybe she ain't so speedy after all, Joe. She looked away when I pretended I was starting over to speak to her. . . . What do I care if she's the office manager's daughter? I'm a stranger here, ain't I?

"There's a guy standing over there who looks like he wants to speak to you, Joe. . . . Sit still, you boob. Don't go over. Make the bunch feel your importance. That's the way to get along in this world. . . . He's gone into a little two-by-four private office now, Joe. Naw, here he comes again with a big, lantern-jawed guy. They're both looking this way. . . . Don't glance up, Joe. Start laying it off to me like you mean business. Use your hands—get excited.

"He don't seem to be falling for it, Joe. Who is he, anyway? Naw, he ain't got on a tweed suit. He's in his shirt sleeves and has on a blue serge—a fat guy with a lantern jaw. . . . The devil you say, Joe? The boss! Who'd have thought it? A big, dumb-looking baboon like that! . . . Gee, Joe, I guess I said that too loud. I think he heard me. . . . Maybe I'd better be on my way. It don't pay to antagonize anybody when you're new on a job. . . . But good luck, Joe. That's all I dropped in for. You'll probably need it, too. The boss looks like a tough guy."

—C. Warden La Roe.

SEE WHAT YOU BUY—BUY IN GLASS



It's Easy to Open Foods Sealed with the AMERSEAL CAP

All food products that are used often, a little at a time, must be easy to open and yet be absolutely protected. With this point in mind, hundreds of food packers—a few of whose names and brands are shown above—are sealing their products with the Amerseal Cap . . . The Amerseal has no threads to gum, freeze or cement to the container. And yet this trim cap fits so perfectly that contents cannot evaporate—cannot leak—cannot lose native flavor or food values. And because Amerseal Caps can be applied so economically, so speedily—three or four times as fast as other types of closures—they add nothing to package cost . . . You will find Amerseal Caps on leading brands of mayonnaise, salad dressing, sauces, horseradish, mustard, honey, syrups and relishes—on all food specialties whose flavor and piquancy must be kept secure . . . Look for the Amerseal Cap!

A quarter turn to the right applies the Amerseal Cap. The lugs, formed to fit the contour of the glass threads, draw cap down and effect a tight uniform contact around complete top edge of the container finish.

MANUFACTURERS: To secure full information about Amerseal Caps fill in and mail coupon below!

Would like detailed advantages of using Amerseal Caps on our packages.

Name_____

Address_____

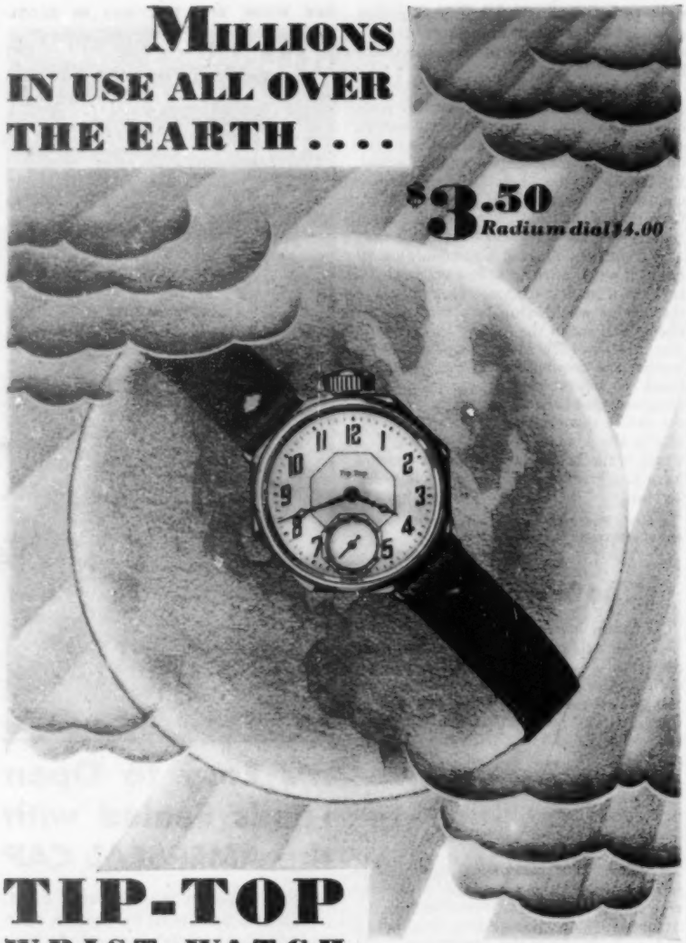
_____

We manufacture_____ and put out about_____ packages per year. Under separate cover we are sending empty samples of our packages.

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation

MILLIONS IN USE ALL OVER THE EARTH....

$3.50
Radium dial $4.00



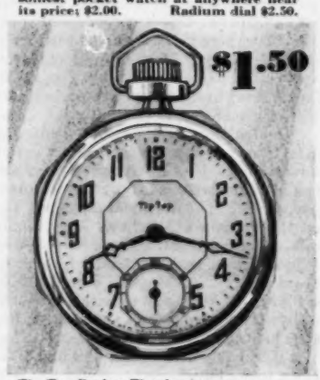
TIP-TOP WRIST-WATCH

The only moderately-priced wrist-watch with Krack-proof Krystal and silver dial—and with the strap at an angle, keeping the dial straight with the eye for quick time telling.

THE success of Tip-Top wrist-watch seems sensational. But the reason is simple: it's the "*most* value at the *least* price". For Tip-Top with its gleaming silver dial, its trim octagonal case and its artistic hands is a beautiful watch. With its strap-at-an-angle, keeping the dial straight with the eye, Tip-Top is a *different* watch. Add to this its Krack-proof Krystal, dust-proof case, sunk second dial and fine timekeeping and you'll say it sums up 'way beyond $3.50. Yet that's all the price is. Volume sales did it; such remarkable volume in fact that millions of Tip-Top watches have been sold! And Tip-Top watches, made in America, are all backed by a service pledge.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

Tip-Top Quintet with silver face, full *chromium-plated* case, raised numerals and Krack-proof Krystal is the handsomest pocket watch at anywhere near its price; $2.00. Radium dial $2.50.



Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, with silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costing only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch; $1.50. Radium dial $2.25.

TIP-TOP POCKET WATCHES

The world's greatest values, with slim-trim octagon case, silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and fine timekeeping qualities.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations

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THE BIGGER THEY ARE—

(Continued from Page 13)

operations and on the possession of which he depended for their success in the commodity markets. He says that all he ever knew was what he took the trouble to find out, and that anybody can do what he does. Men in their middle age adapt themselves rather slowly to new environments, and more than once during the very height of Topping's sensational successes the thought came to me that his very mastery of the technic of trading in commodities must militate against his ever completely mastering stock-market technic. Larry Livingston always said trading in commodities was the easier play.

Nobody in Wall Street but Topping himself can tell the true story of his operations. Perhaps there is less to know about them than the public imagines, because, when admitting his submission, a man's vanity insists on calling his leader a superman, a master of subtle arts that make possible his dominion over others equally clever. The mob always demands elaborate apparatus when there is no real need of any.

Using Facts and Common Sense

I cannot speak of his career with any authority. We have relatively few details to go by; very little that might give a clew to his psychology. In the one brief interview that I had with him some years ago, I brought away the impression, from what he said, that all he does is post himself thoroughly and then merely act as any sensible man would in the same circumstances. When his information is bullish, he is a bull. But he must have the courage of his convictions highly developed, or else he has supreme confidence in his judgment of facts and persons to accept the reports of his investigators when he invests millions in businesses of which he himself knows nothing. Apparently, opinions carry no more weight with him than they did with the late Woodrow Wilson. He demands the facts. He will draw his own conclusions.

He struck me as congenitally distrustful of the imaginative faculty. But then, no man, whatever his chief characteristics may be, is ever 100 per cent consistent. One that you are certain must hate poetry may be a rime addict. I would not do Topping an injustice. He may admire the imaginative faculties of novelists or esteem them among the Martians. But he did not seem to regard them as helpful in speculation. If that is true, it would make of him a man who might easily be a highly successful operator for himself, but a mighty poor market leader, since a leader leads men and not certificates of stock. One inevitably thinks of the case of that famous trader, so sensationally successful as a lone wolf, who utterly failed when he tried to lead the pack. Now he is on top again—alone!

Whatever Topping may or may not have done—and that is difficult to determine because of the superman legends—it is not unfair to say that his methods as a stock speculator were never quite the methods of a man who knows the stock market thoroughly; rather of an investor to whom time, for example, means little and intrinsic values everything. His point of view on stocks came to him ready-made. No matter how much wheat you have to sell, you know that there is always somebody somewhere who will buy because millions of men can eat it. But a stock may decline in price from 200 to 20 and yet find no buyer. You don't figure in the same way, and there are other essential differences in the nature of grain speculation compared with stock operations.

It is not difficult to be a bull leader in a bull market if you have enough millions. One of the commonplaces is that during booms, when the public is in the market in vast numbers, the leader does not have to be a skilled technician. Subtle methods of selling stocks are not needed. All he has to do is to make them active and strong. The public buys quotations. They do not study; they hope. They bet; they do not invest. That is why the elemental principle of Governor Flower's method—"If you wish a stock to go up, buy it"—was so easy to grasp by the multimillionaire plungers of the late boom. Where several of the Big Ten went wrong in 1929 was in their failure to remember Thomas F. Woodlock's famous dictum: "The principles of successful stock speculation are based on the supposition that people will continue in the future to make the same mistakes they have made in the past."

It was the lack of personal knowledge of what the gambling public has always done, and will always do, that took from the inexperienced market leaders of 1929 so many millions of paper profits. The exhortations and pleadings of their better-posted brokers—if the brokers advised profit taking as earnestly as they now assert they did—carried no weight with men who had no personal experience with bad breaks and the inevitable ending of all bull markets. Because they overestimated the power of money, they underestimated the power of fear. They accepted without real conviction the warnings that bull markets must end sometime, that prices have tops.

The Time to Sell Out

Nobody did them the service to remind them ten times a day that everybody is bigger than anybody. That was old stuff. It had no force in the new era. The very magnitude of their fortunes prevented them from ever perceiving the need of providing for a retreat. Their campaign plans, at the very end of the bull market, were what they had been at the very beginning. And if their Waterloo did not come on the first day of the three weeks' battle, it, nevertheless, came. It was the way back from Russia, and the ground was strewn with more wrecked millions than were ever abandoned on the battlefield of the Stock Exchange. It seemed incredible to me at the time, and it is no easier to believe today, that these men so persistently ignored Larry Livingston's caution that the time to sell out large lines is while the tape is still telling the world that the bull market is not yet over. The time to have sold those hundreds of thousands of shares on which they had profits of millions of dollars was while there were enough buyers, as the wiser promoters and banking houses did. The Western members of the Big Ten should have had a finger on the market's pulse day and night, and kept themselves informed of the market's power of absorption. Perhaps they thought they did, but it doesn't look like it.

(Continued on Page 120)

Yum!

Taste its luscious Maple Tang!

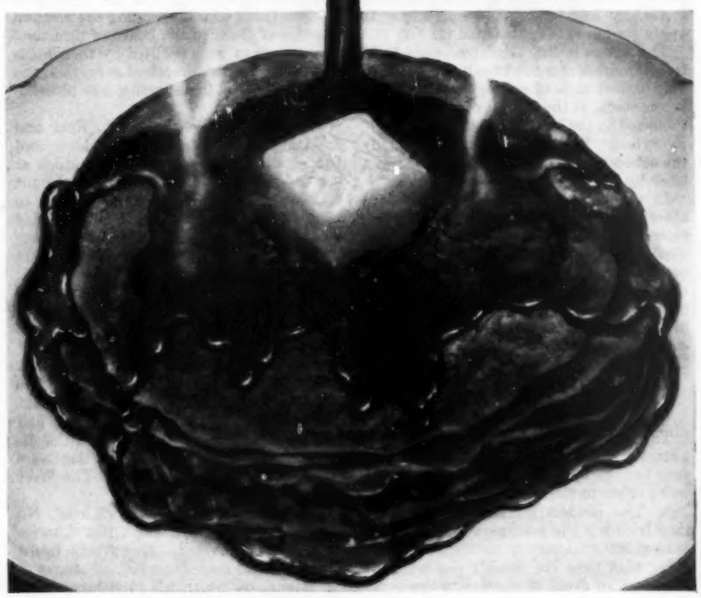
A MORE delicious maple flavor you never tasted! Vermont Maid Syrup is expertly made from pure maple sugar blended with pure cane sugar to bring out that good old maple tang you remember from your childhood!

How appetizingly it mingles with the melting butter on your pancakes or waffles! What finer treat could you offer your family?

You'll find yourself inventing occasions for using Vermont Maid Syrup oftener. Try it over ice cream, biscuits, corn bread and mush. And judge its mellow, haunting flavor for yourself.

The choice selection of the entire maple crop is reserved for Vermont Maid Syrup. That is one reason why its smooth, subtle, true maple flavor never fails to please.

Ask your grocer for Vermont Maid Syrup in attractive glass jugs ready for the table. Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.



Its mellow maple flavor transforms pancakes into a rare delicacy. Taste this famous syrup and judge for yourself.

SEND 10¢ FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

PENICK AND FORD, Ltd., Inc., Dept. W
Burlington, Vermont

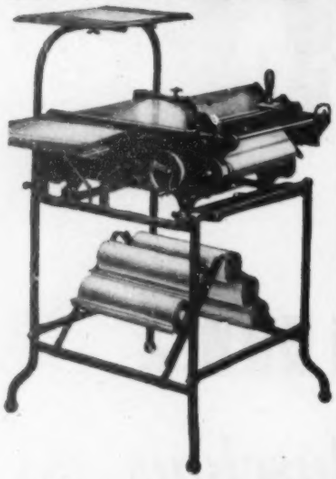
I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

VERMONT MAID SYRUP

CANE AND MAPLE SUGAR

PACKED IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS

Ditto



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2244 W. Harrison Street
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(Continued from Page 118)

Charles Topping has told how he made enough millions a few years ago to satisfy him that his fortune was permanently made. He had to do something with that money.

What do you think was the very first thing he did with it? He presented varying sums to relatives. Some he made independent for life. To all he gave enough for unwonted comforts.

Of anyone else than Topping one could easily see in this the deed of not only a kindly but an imaginative man, who, finding himself rich, wished to give pleasure to those he loved and at the same time insure against annoyances to himself. Of what use is wealth if it cannot stave off one's own grouches? And what has the power to make life miserable to the richest man in the same degree that a relative does who hasn't a cent and knows that you have millions? If you dislike your relatives you can enjoy keeping them away from you by pensioning them. There is no other way. If you like them, it will be a pleasure to share your abundance. Whether or not it is a noble thing, it is certainly a wise thing to stake your poor relations and render them mute. Silence is more precious than gratitude. The way Topping told it, he might have been confessing that he always used an umbrella when it rained. It made his own attitude toward his own actions the most interesting part of the poor-relative episode.

A Ticker-Made Leader

He then went on to tell how he was advised that Universal Machinery was a good stock to buy. The tip came from sources that made it easy for him to act on it. Oh, no, he did not buy the stock; he merely decided to study it. He had an expert accountant go over the company's reports for a decade, whose report in turn moved him to undertake a more thorough study. If he was going to invest $5,000,000 or more in a stock of which he knew nothing, it was obviously wise first to spend $50,000 to find out whether it was safe to invest in. He employed all kinds of experts to make as thorough an examination of the company's properties as though he had been the head of a banking house planning to acquire the concern. Engineers reported on the plants, accountants analyzed the earnings, experts dissected merchandising methods, the history and prospects of the company were interpreted and checked up. Topping's experts were not there to tell him what they thought he would like to hear. They were hired to ascertain the truth and lay it before him. Facts, not opinions.

Well, the experts agreed that the company was more than good and the stock more than cheap at the prevailing market price. The reason for the cheapness was that the public did not know what he did. The moment that Topping checked up and made sure his experts were right, I am told that he bought more than he had originally intended. Those of his friends who asked were told what he had done, and why, and they bought because he had—as they did again in 1928. The rise in Universal Machinery made Topping a personage whose opinions about stocks with hidden equities were worth heeding.

Two or three years later he became one of the leaders of the greatest bull market in history; possibly against his will; certainly through no deliberate planning on his part. He has stated in self-defense, when letters threatening his life came, that he never advised anybody to buy any stocks. Nevertheless, publicity made him a leader, not the personal publicity of newspaper write-ups or market myths but the infinitely more effective boosting of the ticker, that great supersalesman of stocks.

After Universal Machinery, the public did not hear of him again until the price of Gladstone Gears began to rise. This happened when the bull market was still in the making—that is, it was the right time to buy anything. Gladstone began to go up in a manner that compelled the attention of every tape student and ticker listener, until presently the speculative spotlight was kept on it week after week by the simple expedient of making a new high record daily.

In the beginning, all the publicity work was done by the ticker, which never mentions names, but merely shows the world what a stock can do with proper handling. Experts pronounced it bull manipulation of the highest class: A stock that went up without tips! The ticker, because it appeals to greed and hope, confines its selling points to asserting: "It is going up!" When it makes good the prophecy, its work is done. In the case of Gladstone the worst was that nobody knew the man behind the boosting. That made it a mystery; and the ticker plus the unknown was an unbeatable combination. Try to remember how many times you can say about an advancing stock that the buying cannot be traced and that no help from the sucker public is asked, and you will find that this does not happen once in a thousand instances. When it does, the stock is apt to prove a second Standard Oil.

No calls on Gladstone were given to agencies or tipsters or customers' men or big professional traders as a fee for acting as assistant boosters and propagandists. The stock just rose and rose, without excuse or explanation. It was satanic, subtle, and promised sure money. Of course, there was not a very large floating supply.

By the time the stock had doubled in price, everybody said "Pool." When in doubt, it is always well to blame a pool. If the dividend rate should be raised a bit later, it is an inside pool. When the rate is left unchanged, it's still a pool of some kind. It is a blanket explanation.

The price presently touched a level far above what the Street considered reason—unless there was a reason. When speculators demand explanations, they are supplied by the explainers, professional and amateur. Their habitat is the customers' rooms of commission houses. The public presently heard of huge contracts, of a radical departure in the nature of the manufacturing and sales policies of the company, of the winning of long-standing patent litigation and other normal explanations. The tipsters did the best they could for Gladstone—gratis, by heck! Not knowing where to apply for news, they invented it.

The advice to buy Gladstone soon came from hundreds of men whose business it is to induce thousands of people to trade in any active stock, at the modest commissions established by the New York Stock Exchange. Everybody "heard" something—usually the echoes of the fictions automatically let loose by the demand for reasons.

In the better-posted offices you heard there was no inside pool; and worse, that insiders told anyone who could hear that the stock was too high! Some went so far as to say that the old crowd were entirely out of their own stock. But for all the inside selling, the price went higher than ever. Starting at 75, it sold at 175—a high record. It couldn't possibly go higher; so it sold at 200. Then it touched 225.

The Wizard From the West

That price certainly must be the limit for a stock that was only earning about $6.37 a year per share, the sold-out bulls said. It was a crime to force it higher; so it sold at 250. The insiders philanthropically told their friends it was a dangerous price. So it crossed 300.

By that time the stock's rise was not news but an event of the first magnitude. The truth had to come out. It did. The Street heard that Charles Topping, the Western wizard, and his associates, had bought Gladstone until they were the largest individual stockholders. The public may have regarded his operations as a market mystery, but in reality Topping worked openly. The stock's cheapness had been brought to his attention by someone who told him facts concerning the value of assets and equities unsuspected by some of the insiders themselves. He did his usual thing—investigated before going ahead. Mr. Topping did not put up the stock in a speculative deal. He merely bought for investment. But his previous ventures were now recalled by stock traders; particularly his inveterate habit of making millions in his deals.

Stock-market professionals figured that, the good news being out, the stock was due to drop—and sold Gladstone. But the foolish tyros outnumbered the wise birds a hundred to one, and on their buying the stock went up fifteen or twenty points in a couple of days. The buyers again were the self-constituted associates of Mr. Topping—hundreds personally unknown to him. He had become a leader without trying. When it became known that immensely wealthy Western capitalists had joined themselves with Topping in the Gladstone purchases, the price went still higher.

When Wild Yarns Were Believed

Then the Street, always ready to believe the worst in order to hope for the best, heard that the insiders were heavily short of the stock of a concern which they had directed for years. Then came rumors that the control had passed, and that the actual majority was owned by the Topping crowd. The shorts were going to be squeezed out of untold millions. The price was going to 1000.

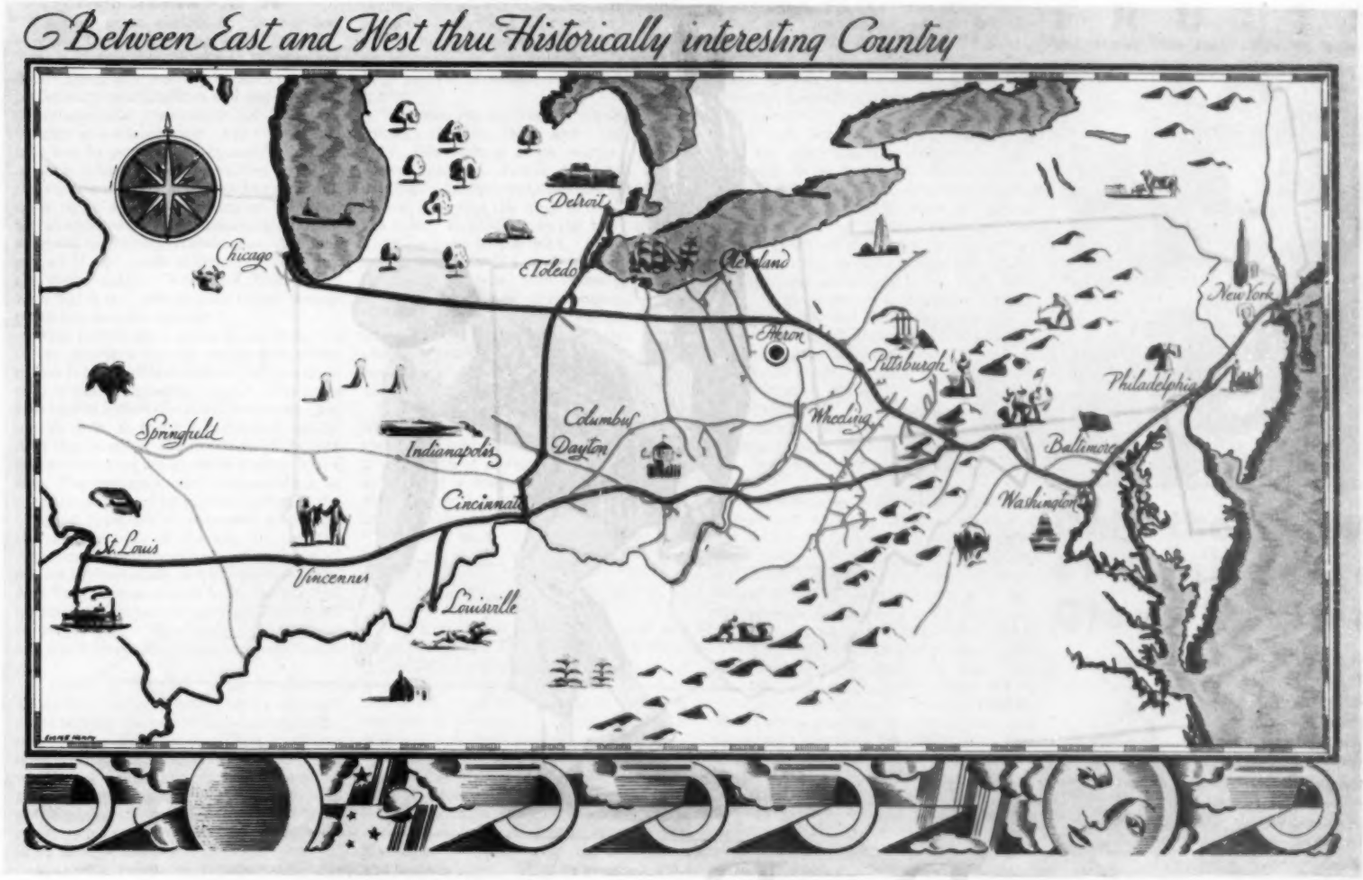
Parallelism? Why, it was the old Chicago & Northwestern deal all over again, with Dan Reid, Bill Leeds, and the Moores on one side, fresh from the West, brash with the courage of untold millions in pocket, debonair as school children on a vacation, needing neither financial advice nor financial help from effete Eastern bankers. On the other side were the Vanderbilts and the aristocratic coterie which for years had ruled the destinies of a railroad which they controlled through a minority interest. Nobody had ever questioned their right to rule and to profit by that control. It would have been a social error. Reid and Leeds saw the millions in assets that had escaped the notice of the inside aristocracy, and they bought the stock by the tens of thousands of shares. The first thing the Vanderbilts knew, the Goths from the West were at their front door demanding the election of three of them to the board of directors, to which they were entitled by their holdings. The insiders promised everything, to keep the control from passing into plebeian hands.

Here the parallelism ends. Reid and Leeds sold to the frightened inside crowd thousands of shares of their own stock at the top price. But Topping was not built that way. He had bought Gladstone to hold. The rumors about the squeezing of the insider shorts circulated with all the corroborative details that the wildest bull could ask.

In the meantime, to show there were no hard feelings, the price kept up its habit of going up a few points daily for a fortnight. If that didn't mean $1000 a share, what did? The wildest yarns were told and believed. Then came the news that the stock was going to be split three for one, and that Topping and several of his associates had been elected to the Gladstone board of directors. They had butted in, but they were too powerful to be butted out. The West had won again.

The stock held firm at the high level. No inside squeals were heard. But Charles Topping had arrived. Everybody heard that he owned more than 100,000 shares of Gladstone, on which his profit was more than 200 points. Whatever he did after he became the successful operator in Gladstone was legitimate news, if the reporters could get hold of it.

And the final chapter of the Gladstone deal? That was written in the late fall in 1929. It took a panic to do it. Topping found that he had to sell most of his holdings—at the loss of all his paper profits. "They" didn't take away all his money. They were content to take away the power to interfere with the established mode of things. (Continued on Page 123)



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PEOPLE think of a railroad as tracks and stations and locomotives and cars. That is true.

Our railroad has spent over four hundred million dollars in recent years to have the best equipment.

The things that money can do have been or are being done.

But there is another more important factor.

The finest locomotive can give you a jerky ride or a smooth ride. The finest dining car can give you a meal that is an irritation or a meal that is a pleasure.

A day on a train can be a lonesome separation from home, or it can have the friendly atmosphere of home.

Men and women make the difference. *We* make the difference on our railroad—we, 70,000 men and women who operate the B & O.

Between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and the West our line runs through the most interesting historic country in America. Every ticket carries a stop-over privilege in the wonderful city of Washington at no extra cost. Ride with us on your next trip east or west and see for yourself the things we try to do in extra courtesy.

The B&O

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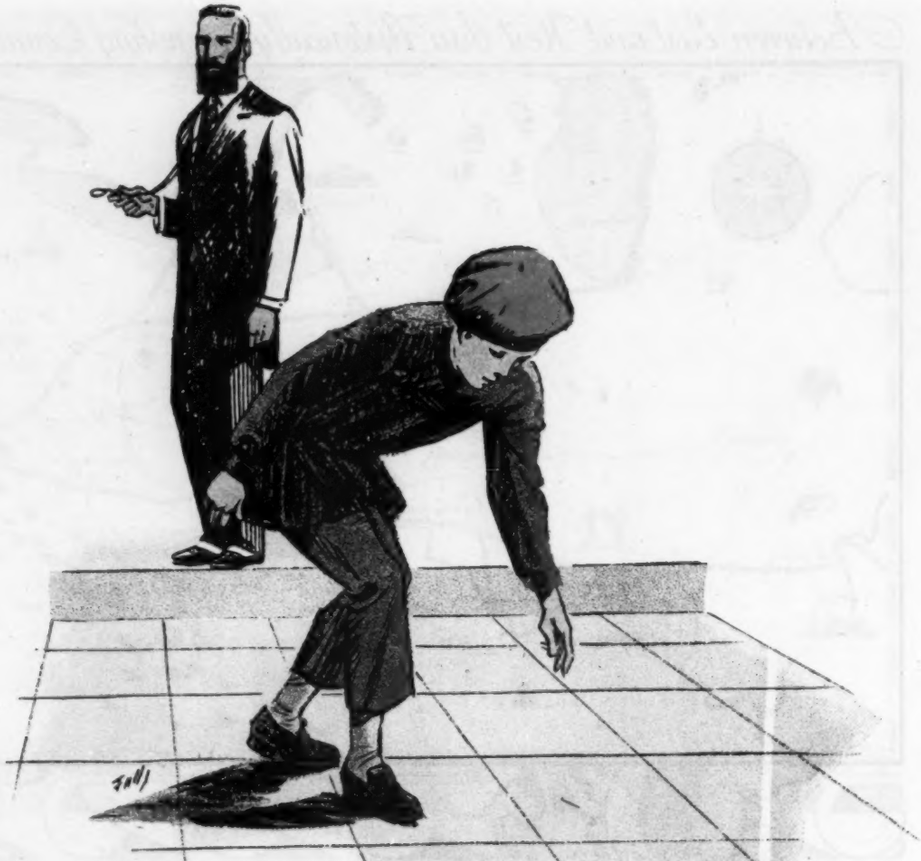


Helping Big Business to "*pick up the pins*"

A STORY is told of a famous European financier. As a boy, he called on a banker to apply for a job.

The banker, glancing after the youngster, as he left, saw him stoop to pick up . . . a pin!

"That boy will go far," said the banker.

In America today, the world's wealthiest man tells how his business "picks up pins"—as do all the bigger businesses in the country.

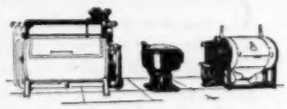
For instance, consider the "wash-cloths" with which the faces of the giant machines are wiped.

Why, you may ask, do they bother with such a trifle as a black, oil-soaked wiping-rag? Why not burn it up?

Because, by washing these rags—using them again and again—enterprising factories are saving many thousands of dollars for themselves every year. In some cases, this annual saving amounts to as much as ten thousand dollars.

That is why, in over a thousand plants today, you will find the American Wiping-Rag Washing Unit on the job—"picking up pins"—broadening the margin of profit.

Even such an apparently insignificant detail as the cleaning of a wiping-rag is not overlooked by "American" engineers. They are always on the lookout for ways to greater efficiency, in the little things as well as in the biggest.



THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

The American Wiping-Rag Washing Unit used by such companies as:—
Eastman Kodak Company
General Electric Company
The Nash Motors Company
The Diamond Match Company
The Curtis Publishing Company
Victor Talking Machine Company
The National Cash Register Company

SUPREMACY AMERICAN

In the cause of world cleanliness

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(Continued from Page 120)

Another great exploit of the nerviest operator that ever swung a big line—Mr. Topping—was his Western Warehouses deal. The public was told about Topping's preliminary examinations and analyses and dissections and suggestions for trade expansion on a titanic scale. For none of this talk was he personally responsible, but all of it was megaphoned to a waiting world by the veracious ticker and a few brokers. No other tip, not even Consolidated Wireless, was so widely distributed or so voluminously accepted as Western Warehouses. Millions played it and made millions. Every day the ticker said: "What did I tell you? Now watch it!" and another ten or twenty point rise became history.

Well, just to see a stock go up from two to ten points a day for weeks and weeks makes it impossible to refuse the invitation to join the millionaires' colony. The price rose to 600 before the stock had to be split up—in order to make it easier to trade in. And that is one of the practices of the late bull market that did so much damage in the end. The unmanipulated manipulation, so to speak, practiced by market leaders of the Topping type, which consisted of buying the stock in bulk all the way up, cost the American people hundreds of millions of dollars in November, as will be shown later. And Topping was quoted as confessing that his profit in Western Warehouses amounted to $85,000,000. He didn't tell me that; but don't forget that there was a 500-point rise.

I doubt if Topping, when he started, would have believed it possible for his mere name to have the power that it grew to possess in the stock market. When it became obvious that it existed, it was duly utilized, whether or not he himself ever gave out a tip to buy his stocks. This was as inevitable as the mining by somebody or other of fabulously rich ore uncovered by the last shot in an unexpected place.

A shrewd promoter, familiar with the stock market as well as with bankers' commissions and the speculating public, needed money for his pet corporation. Did the company issue bonds as it would have done ten years before? No, indeed! Stocks were easier to sell. Just let it be known that Topping was buying them! The promoter is an excellent salesman, and he sold Topping 1,000,000 shares of Milbank Mining at twenty-five dollars a share.

That was enough for the newspapers—the silent superplunger from the West had bought 1,000,000 shares of Milbank at 25! And they recalled Gladstone and Western Warehouses and their millionaire-making records. So Milbank went up to 48 on indirect manipulation—that is, on buying by the general public that read that Topping had bought Milbank.

The Herd Leader's Danger

That power and that following and the responsibility created by them should have warned Topping of the danger to himself as well as to the public. It is all very well to have a million partners in your enterprises when they do what you want them to do, but look out for those little partners if the day ever comes when they sell. His own line was too large for him to have encouraged potential competition in unloading in the hour of need. It was the same public that made him so incredibly rich in 1928 that took away so many of those same millions in 1929.

I once heard the late H. H. Porter, of Chicago, an unusually able railroad man, a great thinker and a fine American, remonstrate with his intimate friend and associate, Governor Roswell P. Flower, at the very height of the Flower boom.

"Flower, you have no business to encourage such blind following by the crazy public. It is all very well to feel that the mere rumor of Flower buying is all that is needed to make the public buy that stock and put it up where you can figure on a big profit, but I am frightened by the magnitude of that same buying. Have you ever thought of what would happen to thousands of people if anything happened to you?"

"Nothing is going to happen to me," the governor assured him blithely. He was the very picture of health and strength and spirits.

"No man can say that he is going to live through the day, leave alone the month. Why, this isn't a stock market; it's a Flower market! People don't ask about earnings. All they want to know is whether Flower is buying the stock or not. You are the head; and God help the body if anything happens to the head. Flower, I tell you, I don't like it a little bit! You know this is a crazy boom. Stop encouraging it!"

But the governor only laughed. Less than two weeks later we had the Flower panic, caused by the sudden death of the great market leader. The break—it wasn't really a panic—cost the public a great many millions of dollars.

Charles Topping did not die, but I cannot learn that he ever made any effort to check a following that anyone could have told him might prove highly dangerous in any one of a dozen contingencies. When Milbank sold at forty-three dollars a share, he was quoted by the newspapers as saying: "What do I think of it? I'll tell you: I'll take all the stock that is offered at 40!"

Two Times to be Right

The time came when that stock was offered at 40, and at 30, and at 20—without takers! And it was during one of the worst of the panic days when everyone thought that the liquidation was entirely over that the last of Topping's 1,000,000 shares of Milbank was sold—and not at a profit!

I cannot pretend to an intimate knowledge of any of Topping's deals, but it is a certainty that the man who bought Milbank stock was not the Topping of the Universal Machinery deal—the student, the investigator, the investor, the fact getter and the fact buyer. When he bought 1,000,000 shares of Milbank, he must have intended to dispose of a large part of it at a profit, so that what stock he kept perhaps would be velvet. That seems to be the usual desire of all multis. I remember speaking to the late Thomas Dolan, of Philadelphia, many years ago. He asked me what Standard Oil was selling at on the Curb. It had risen sharply that week, and when I gave him the quotations, he smiled so happily that, being young and brash, I asked him, point-blank: "What did yours cost you, Mr. Dolan?" He looked at me a moment, and grinned even more broadly as he answered, "I think about 150 per cent less than nothing!" and walked into the Mills Building.

Did the extraordinary success of the cool-headed, fearless, unenthusiastic Western wizard change him? Did his huge paper profits delude him into thinking them actual? Was he smitten by that curious form of gold megalomania that so often makes the very rich so very blind? A Chicago Crœsus can command the sun to shine on while the skies are clear; and the sun dutifully shines on. But the rain won't stop at Crœsus' bidding. When a man's wishes become imperial commands in his own estimation, it is time for him to remember the days of The Terror. A leader in the midst of a mob that is sweeping on toward the edge of the precipice is merely a helpless man about to cease to be.

Time makes all the difference in the world in the stock market, as it does everywhere else excepting Congress. One of the most successful stock operators that ever made millions and lost them and made them again and lost them once more, said to me once:

"It isn't enough to be right. A man has to be right at the right time, if he is to make money. He may be right when he buys—and I want to tell you it's a great deal to pick out the right buying time—but after all, that's only half the job. He has to be even more careful to pick out the right selling time. The piker needn't worry about his hundred shares, but a man who swings a big line should sell when he can and not when he must. Sell when other people want to buy, not when they also wish to sell. To succeed in the stock market, you have to learn to reverse your natural impulses. You must hope when you really are afraid, and you must fear when what you really wish to do is hope!"

A difficult thing to do, that, learning to play the stock-market game so cold-bloodedly as to begin by dehumanizing yourself to the point of considering self-interest only. To control hope, to harness fear and make it serve him, to think only of the objective, which is not to acquire all but to get what he can, is what the stock-market leader must learn to do. And here I wish to go on record as asserting that of all the enemies, that which the stock speculator should dread the most is the swelled head. That infirmity has taken more millions from more plungers than greed or competition or panics.

Mistakes teach. Beginners haven't made any, and their education therefore remains incomplete until after the demolishing wallop. Beginner's luck is short lived in Wall Street.

There were some traders who sensed the approaching collapse. In the office of a firm which numbers among its customers not only some of the richest and shrewdest men in the United States but also thousands of small traders, I spoke with one of the few who, though a beginner, really knew his business. He had made handsome profits by buying active stocks and holding them for tremendous advances. In that office were several men who took millions out of the market, but not one of the larger traders earned his successes as legitimately as little Rabinowitz who took $4000 into that office in 1926 and ran it up to more than $700,000 by the end of 1928. He had never before speculated in stocks, but he confessed to me that all his life he had been a margin gambler.

"When I was making washing machines on money borrowed from the bank, what else was I doing? Then a competitor said I was infringing their patents. Maybe I was. Maybe I wasn't. My lawyer said they couldn't prove it on me, but the law don't pay dividends to anybody, because if you win, you lose. So I just showed the other people how much cheaper it was to buy me out than to fight me. They saw it, because a good business man can always see a dollar. He doesn't close his eyes to spite a patent infringer. So I sold out for enough in cash to pay the bank and leave $150,000 for myself, and I got a big block of stock in the company that paid me enough to live on. Then I came here with my cash and took a chance."

The Same Old Game

He never missed an opportunity to learn all he could about the game. The statisticians, the customers' men, the newspaper reporters—all were his victims. He used to ask me hundreds of questions about past deals and the philosophy of the game as I saw it. More than once he shook his head and said dubiously: "Why, it was just the same then as now." And I knew he had in mind all the talk about the new era and changed conditions. In time he realized that the fundamentals of the game are today as they were yesterday and as they will be tomorrow—so long as the motives that make men speculate remain unchanged.

One day Rabinowitz came up to me all excited, and said: "Say, did you see that interview with Topping in the morning papers?"

"Yes."

"Did you read what he said?"

"Yes."

"Well, ain't it enough?" And he looked at me. I could see that he was trying to learn how good a judge I was of stock-market leaders.

"Sure!" I said.

"Sure what?" he asked suspiciously.

"Look here, Rabinowitz. What you want to do is to sell stocks, isn't it?"

(Continued on Page 125)

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(Continued from Page 123)

"Yes."

"And you have been looking for an excuse for weeks, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have studied Wall Street men and methods for many years, and you haven't. Now, you tell me just what you think, and I'll tell you how right or how wrong you are."

"Well, this man is now telling people that the way to make money in Wall Street is to buy good stocks outright. The advice he gives speculators is to be investors, ain't it?"

"Yes. And what of it?"

"Listen! That's a lot of hooey. What's he telling people? To put stocks in their own name, ain't it? To take 'em out of the Street! Why does he give 'em that advice? To sell his stocks to them, ain't it? Listen! He's getting worried! I'm going to sell Plumilite short. There's no use putting that stock up when people don't buy when it goes up now. Somebody bids up the price and it drops right back. That leader don't lead any more! That stock needs other medicine, and the old doctor has only got one kind of pills. I'm going to sell 1000 shares."

He did, and he saw it go against him a bit, but he held it for many hesitating weeks, hanging on with the tenacity of his race and the conviction of an intelligently suspicious trader.

Rabinowitz made more than $70,000 when it finally broke. He would have made more if he had waited.

When I met him again the panic was over. He told me what he had done, and I assured him that he had done very well, considering it was his first experience with a crash. I found out he didn't cover on one of the rallying days, but during one of the slumps.

"What made you cover when things looked as if there was no bottom?" I asked him, out of curiosity.

And this is what he answered: "Say, listen. At breakfast one morning, my son makes a remark to me. He said, 'Pop, from reading the papers, I find that Wall Street is a zoo with three animals. One is bulls and the other is bears.' 'And what's the third, Izzy?' I ask him. 'That's the worst there is, pop, because the bulls make money sometimes, and the bears make money sometimes, but the hogs never make money any time!' So I asked him where did he read that, and he said he made it up himself. Anyhow, I think a little that morning. Everybody I knew who had a good profit in any business and didn't take it was foolish. A profit doesn't sit in a bucket of mucilage. It won't stick to you forever. So, when I go downtown and I see that I have over $50,000 profit and that in the first forty-four years of my life I didn't make 50,000 cents, even though I worked twelve and fourteen hours a day, I ask myself: 'Do I wait for $1,000,000?' and I voted no. Without a looking-glass I can't see my face to tell whether I'm a hog or an ass, or Solomon, but if I take my profit I know I'm a business man. If I don't make all the money in the world now, maybe I can still make a little more tomorrow. A man has to leave some money some place, so he can go after it on a second visit, when he don't feel too tired to pick up the change."

"Yes, Rabinowitz, I have always heard that it is always the last eighth that busts them."

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

The Freedom of the Press

I REMEMBER when I was a boy
The books that I used to enjoy
Were as likely as not to employ
A phrase I remember as queer.
For instance: "Then Chimmie the Rat
Turned on his captor and spat
A stream of profanity that
Is unprintable here."

Or: "The busses collided, and both
Drivers emitted an oath
Unprintable!" Or, perhaps: "Quoth
The mule skinner, urging his mules:
'Giddap, you unprintable jacks!
Or I'll land some unprintable whacks
Upon your unprintable backs,
You unprintable fools!'"

I think we may fairly conclude
That blasphemous language and lewd
Would over and over intrude
In the idiom spoken by men.
And I think my examples will teach
That as far as our memories reach
The speakable phrases of speech
Were unprintable then.

But custom has changed with a rush!
I open a book and I blush!
I utter some phrases and hush!
No reading aloud I allow;
I halt, when I see with dismay
The words that I never could say;
The printable words of today
Are unspeakable now!

—Morris Bishop.

DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Father: "I Don't Like This—It's Too Quiet in There."
Mother: "It's All Right—Geraldine and Her Young Man Have Quarreled and Aren't Speaking"

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- falling hair
- dandruff

They all come from lack of care and they all lead to baldness. Fortunately there is a simple treatment that guards against all three dangers, and makes your hair easier to manage, too. To keep your scalp in the pink of condition, make this a regular practice—before your shampoo apply a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp. Rub it in vigorously with a rotary motion, continuing this massage until the scalp feels loose and the whole head tingles. If your hair is dry and brittle, use more "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and if possible leave it on over night. Then shampoo as usual. Easy, isn't it?

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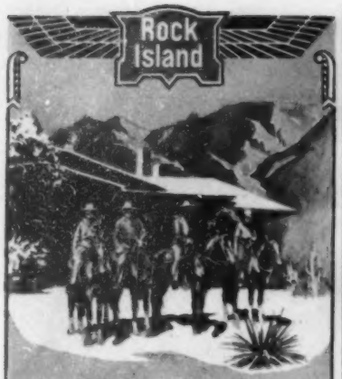

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WHEN BEGGARS RIDE

(Continued from Page 23)

finished, a passing motor car arrested his attention. Laying down a coin, he left the restaurant. He walked a block or two before he hailed a taxi and directed it to the foot of the Rue Marbeau. He was not, however, on his way to call on Nona. When he had dismissed the cab, he passed through the alley into the Rue Lalo, took from his pocket a large key, and admitted himself through a postern gate into the courtyard of an important dwelling from which came no gleam of light. A moment later its high inner door of glazed wrought iron swung open upon deeper gloom. Apparently it had yielded to his touch, but in reality it had been drawn by an attentive manservant.

"Boss come in, Nelson?"

"Yes, sir. A moment ago, sir," answered the valet in the selfsame extremely English voice which had so dismayed Nona with its message a couple of days before.

"Alone?"

"Quite alone, sir."

"Never mind the lights."

He ran up the stairs past the main reception rooms where furniture enshrouded in linen slips and fixtures wrapped in tissue paper gave forth a faint ghostly radiance. Upon reaching the third floor, he knocked at a door leading toward the back of the house, and opened it without waiting for an answer. It disclosed a large square room fitted up as a combination library and office. It was adequately lighted by well-placed lamps grouped about the fireplace and around a large flat-topped mahogany desk which occupied a central position and was flanked at each end by straight chairs upholstered in leather. Behind the desk was seated a man whose rugged features proclaimed him indubitably Miss Dumont's brother. He was perusing a closely typewritten report and did not look up immediately.

"Sit down, Hallock. Just give me another minute." Only when the sixty seconds were fully elapsed did he set a heavy paper weight to mark his place and raise his eyes. "Anything doing?"

"I finally caught up with one of the secretaries to the big cheese."

"That's good."

"Not so good."

"Why not?"

"Because he drank me under the table without turning a hair."

"You surprise me."

"There's an explanation. I'm completely out of training on genuine München."

"German beer, eh? Where?"

"At the Grive en Deuil."

"Never heard of it."

"You wouldn't; it's a rum sort of hole to find in Paris. The only absolutely Teutonic interior in the city, a sort of cross between an English pub and a Heidelberg students' hangout. But the München is genuine; no doubt about that."

"What's the man's name?"

"Schlemmer."

"Good! I've heard of him. Perhaps you'll down him yet."

"Never—not along that line! I know when I'm licked."

"You didn't get anything?"

"Not a whisper. All I found out, his singing voice is rotten. He opened his mouth only to let it out from behind an impenetrable barrier of beer. I couldn't have reached him through a wireless sending station."

"So we may as well count him out," murmured Mr. Dumont regretfully.

"Oh, I don't know. He's young, healthy, fairly presentable, and the kind who would think it a crime to spend a few weeks in Paris without improving his French."

"Well?"

"He's almost sure to have a fair teacher already, but if he hasn't, he'll certainly get one."

"I'll let you off that," said Mr. Dumont slowly. "It isn't included."

"Don't worry," said Hal, "I won't hurt myself and I'll enjoy the change. By the way," he added, "somebody asked me today if I'm a spy."

Mr. Dumont made a sharp movement, but immediately controlled himself. "What an exaggeration!" he exclaimed. "Who was it?"

"That little word 'spy' always delivers a jolt, doesn't it? You got it just now, and so did I when a young girl sprung it on me by accident; but she was only trying to be funny."

"It's never funny," commented Mr. Dumont. "You're certainly not a spy, and I detest the wrong use of a word." He smiled. "Especially at the wrong time. You're a strictly unofficial observer, but I admit the importance of your remaining entirely unobserved."

"Slush," said Hallock, but with a grin. "If memory doesn't fail me, a euphemism is a figure of speech in which a nonoffensive word is substituted for one that is harsh, indelicate or otherwise unpleasant. I don't need any soothing sirup, because I've got plenty of company. Does war ever really stop?"

"I hope so. Are you trying to make absurd the august body of which I'm an unworthy member?"

"Cut out the Chinese! You didn't follow me, sir. Aren't we all eternally sitting in at the grand old game? Before and after the draw, everybody is out to find out what he can, and the only difference in my case is that my temporary value depends on nobody suspecting me of wanting to find out anything."

"I can agree when you put it that way. You made me feel a bit cheap a while ago, Hallock; as if I were pushing you into the mud. But I'm not asking you to bring in all sorts of offal, my boy. I only want to know the one thing—nothing else."

"I've told you not to worry, sir. Nobody can push me into the mud—not even you. But if I have to step into a puddle to get where I'm going, I'll wet my dogs without a whimper. Let's leave it at that."

"All right," said Mr. Dumont after a thoughtful pause. He lifted the paper weight and turned back, sheet by sheet, to the beginning of the report before him. "Are you ready?"

"Shoot."

Mr. Dumont began dictating, but not at all rapidly. It was his object to rip the kernel out of each page and put it into a single sentence, slowly enunciated, which Hallock took down in longhand, and then was called upon to read, sometimes to reread, and occasionally to change. It was two in the morning before they had finished.

Mr. Dumont leaned back with a sigh, and then glanced guiltily at Hallock. "How long will it take you?"

"From one to three hours; there's always a bit of luck one way or the other. Besides, I always decode before I file."

"You do!" exclaimed Mr. Dumont. "That explains a lot."

"I have to. It's the only way you can put yourself in the shoes of the fellow at the other end. You'd be surprised at an occasional unintentional and unnecessary double meaning that would floor a Solomon."

"Hallock, you're a boy after my own heart. Do you know who hates you without knowing who you are and perhaps without ever having laid eyes on you?"

"No, sir."

"The coding secretary at the embassy. You have beaten him on every message by an average of two hours, and whenever there's been a discrepancy in subject matter, your version has won out."

"That's great!" said Hallock, flushing as if he had been kissed on the brow.

VIII

SEVERAL days passed without Nona seeing anything of Herring, but she was not worried, not even depressed. It had taken a long time for his earnestness to make an impression on her, but once made, she imagined it would not easily be effaced. For the first time she felt they had parted as friends, and while he had not bothered to make an appointment for a future meeting, she was confident that he expected sooner or later to see her again, just as she expected to see him.

Then, though she heard nothing from him, to her dismay she began to hear of him from Sybelle and from the Comtesse de Fontebello as well as from Ivor and the colorless Jack Dearwater. For the most part these reports, doubtless maliciously intended, remained mere nothings to be discounted and scorned as palpable pin pricks. But she awoke slowly to the realization that upon being added up they gained volume and tended to throw their weight in one direction, disclosing Mr. Herring in the surprising rôle of a high-stepper. It angered her that Sybelle had so much as seen him in a dubious resort, and disgusted her that Ivor, accompanied by Dearwater, should have assisted in lifting him out of the gutter into a taxicab at six in the morning.

"What address did he give?" Nona could not help asking.

"Why, we thought you'd know!" exclaimed Sybelle.

Nona flushed, but Jack Dearwater came to her aid. "He said he was late for a date at the Porte Dauphine and begged us to tell the driver to take him there."

"Why couldn't he tell him himself?" asked Nona.

"I guess he doesn't talk enough French."

But it was Ivor who gave her by far the most definite leads. Possessed of an inquisitive nature which he had found a means to turn profitable through the medium of the Voyou, he was like a sharp-nosed hound when on a personal trail. Only rarely was he spiteful, and never for financial profit. He got an actual epicurean joy out of intimate discoveries which he would then carefully assort, reserving certain titbits for himself, and tantalizing his public with the remaining scraps. He cornered Nona one afternoon when the others were not around.

"Say, Nona, be a sport. How much do you know about this guy you've been rushing in the park?"

"What do you know about him?" countered Nona.

"That's fair," said Ivor after a pause. "I don't know anything about him; I don't know who his people are or where he comes from; but merely as a character study I think I've about sized him up."

"What's the answer?"

"He's the original rum bird—a phœnix who rises unharmed every morning from a ton of liquor, shakes his wings and flies joyfully away. He's an American, of course, plenty of money, and I'm beginning to think he can more than read and write. I'm almost willing to bet he went to college, was on the road to being a crack athlete, soured out on booze, and possibly got fired from the squad and aborted from his Alma Mater in the course of the same spree—one of those brilliant chaps who never had to study and consequently had twice as much time as anybody else to get into a mess."

"There's really nothing the matter with your imagination, Tommy, but why don't you give it a chance? If he throws money around, isn't it a safe bet he stole it? What about arson and bigamy? That's an idea—what about women?"

Ivor cast her a sidelong glance, faintly sly; then his expression sobered. "I didn't start out to get you sore, Nona. Why rake in the sex? If it's any comfort to you, that isn't his type at all. I haven't heard of his looking at any woman but you, and that's why I'm here on my journalistic knees."

"Then get up," said Nona shortly. "You know ten times—a thousand times—more about him than I do."

(Continued on Page 139)

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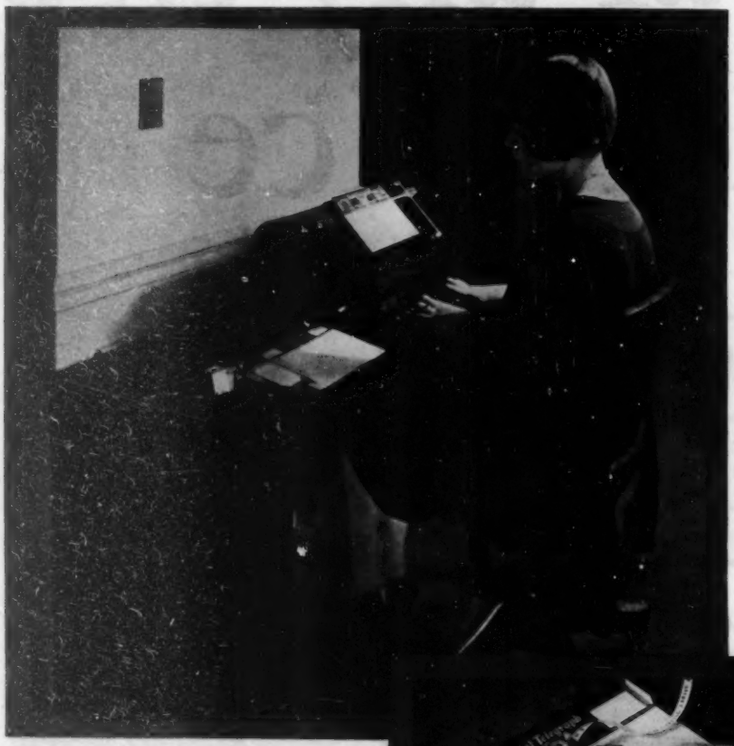
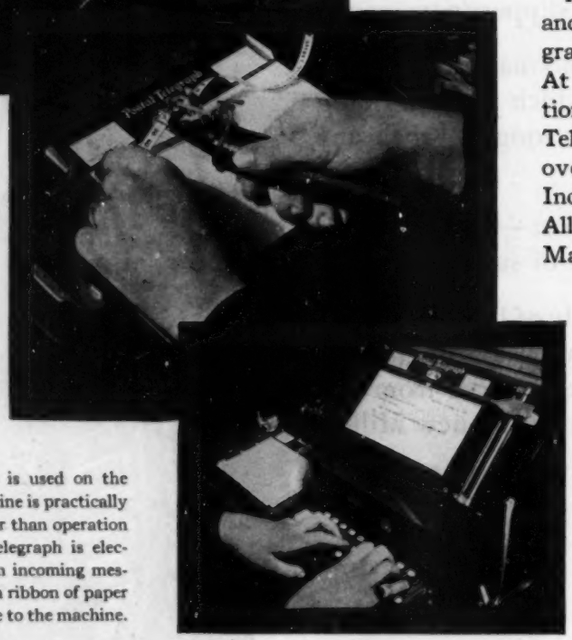


SIMPLE TO OPERATE as illustrated above. Anyone who can typewrite becomes proficient on this Postal Typing Telegraph by instruction given free at installation.



PASTING ON the incoming message is shown at the right. The paper ribbon bears the typed message. Notice how closeness of pad to machine and new design of paster—exclusive Postal features—speed this operation. New way takes *8 seconds* against *50 seconds* the old way.

STANDARD TYPEWRITER KEYBOARD is used on the Typing Telegraph for sending telegrams. Machine is practically noiseless . . . Typing outgoing messages is easier than operation of the usual typewriter, since the Typing Telegraph is electrically driven . . . Ringing of a bell signals an incoming message. Automatically the telegram is written on a ribbon of paper for operator to paste on the telegram blank close to the machine.

Handling messages at a speed never before attained . . . .

REMARKABLE as was the former Typing Telegraph installed in many offices, efficiency is greatly increased by exclusive features now offered by Postal Telegraph. Floor space is more than cut in half. Capacity on incoming telegrams is greatly increased. Fatigue of operator is reduced. This machine is so simple that it can be easily operated by anyone able to use a typewriter.

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TELEGRAMS · CABLEGRAMS · RADIOGRAMS

Postal Telegraph

Commercial Cables *Mackay Radio* *All America Cables*

(Continued from Page 126)

Ivor's small eyes narrowed and his round face managed to assume a shrewd look. "Come on, now, come across. I was fair with you, wasn't I?"

"What's that got to do with it? If I don't know a thing, I don't. What do you want me to do—swap rhapsodies?"

"I was fair with you, wasn't I?" he repeated meaningly. "All I'd have had to do to make you bubble and flow would have been to tell you I'd seen him with each arm around a blond neck."

"That's a lie!" said Nona.

"Thank you," murmured Ivor gratefully, and left so quickly that she stood nonplused, angry at him and furious at herself.

Why had she condescended to speak at all? Why hadn't she kept her mouth shut, as she had with Sybelle on a like occasion? She hadn't told him anything about Herring, but he'd made it look as if she'd told him something about herself—something she didn't even know!

Her mother was the next to waylay her. "Nona, would you mind coming into my room for a minute? I've got something I want to show you."

Mrs. Brent led the way, went to her desk, took out a sheet of paper, unfolded it, read its contents slowly, and then handed it to Nona. She in turn read the document, not once but twice, and stood for a long moment with her eyes on the floor; then she looked up.

"How long have you had this, mother?"

"Three days."

"Well, what about it?"

"Tomorrow is Thursday, the twelfth; I've got to make up my mind."

"Why drag me in?"

"Nona, don't be stupid. It's only a little while since you suddenly decided you wanted to leave Paris; then you changed your mind just as suddenly. How do I know you're not going to change it again? If you are, I'm certainly not going to bother to take this thing up."

"Why did you wait two days to ask me about it?"

Mrs. Brent did not hasten to answer; she fixed her eyes on Nona's. "Because it's one of the most important things that ever happened to me and I wanted to be sure of my own ground before I bothered you about it."

"Mother!" exclaimed Nona, her eyes filling with tears. "I'm a selfish little beast! Please stop thinking of my miserable little jumping-jack affairs. Of course I'll stay here; I'll stay just as long as ever you want to."

"Nona, I feel as if I'm giving myself horribly away, so please let's keep this undressed moment entirely to ourselves. My ambition may be a silly one—it probably is—but you can put one thing down as certain. I haven't the slightest intention of sacrificing you on any altar. All I'm asking of you is to take the trouble to weigh one thing against another, to make what you want or don't want a question of values and not of whims. Even at that, perhaps I'm just a fool."

"Not a chance," said Nona thoughtfully. "But why do you think you may be?"

"Because, after all, this is nothing but a form letter, and it may have gone to dozens of women. It's like being invited in with the crowd to hear the lion roar after the private dinner."

Nona continued thoughtful, but finally she shook her head. "No, your first hunch was the right one." She began at last to get excited, and her eyes widened. "It would be a crime if you didn't go, mother. I almost wish you hadn't told me until tomorrow. As it is, I probably won't sleep a wink."

"That's enough," said Mrs. Brent, laughing. "If you say another word you'll probably make me nervous."

She belied herself. Of the group of seven women who gathered in response to the round-robin invitation for tea, she was by nature the least nervous, with the possible exception of Mrs. Trumbull, the only one of the group whom she knew even by sight. Mrs. Trumbull was not related to Sybelle; she was merely married to her divorced father and felt all the resentment toward her and her friends that the cuckoo feels toward the fledglings he has displaced.

The ladies had gathered in an anteroom and each had then been announced by name as she entered the presence of the hostess, thus obviating the necessity for formal introductions. The touch of efficiency thus displayed had not escaped Mrs. Brent's quick mind, and she was indulging in a faint smile of approval when she was surprised to find herself being addressed in the midst of the desultory conversation which accompanied the dispensation of tea.

"Oh, Mrs. Brent," said Mrs. Trumbull, "I've been quite wanting to meet you. Somebody was passing around one of your calling cards the other day and there's a question I've simply got to ask."

Whether by accident or not, her remark had fallen into a chance pit of silence and could not escape catching the attention of all.

Miss Dumont, quickly alert, opened her lips to speak, but before she could do so, Mrs. Brent had forestalled her.

"What is it?" she asked, her brilliant eyes fixed steadily on Mrs. Trumbull. "I'm sure I'll be only too glad to answer."

"Why does it read 'Mrs. Brent,' *tout simple?* Is that the latest craze in America?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Brent, her cheeks faintly tinged with the color of battle, "though it may possibly become so. There's really no mystery. My friends call me Molly and all others Mrs. Brent. My husband is actually dead, not divorced. I didn't like his first name, Zephaniah, so I've left it off, thinking it was nobody's business but my own."

There was no doubt whatever as to where victory lay, but Miss Dumont felt obliged to suppress her own enjoyment sufficiently to leap the chasm into which the silence suddenly widened. "Mrs. Trumbull is not the only one who has been wishing to meet you, Mrs. Brent," she said, her deep eyes scintillating. "I've suffered from the same itch ever since I heard about your disposal of a certain gate crasher who attempted to disarrange one of your famous dinners. But all this, though extremely interesting, is not getting us anywhere with regard to the object of our meeting. If you'll all come into the other room I'll hand you each a copy of the rough draft of a scheme for an effective organization. I might add that if you'll tear it to bits I'll feel far more encouraged than if you should accept it as it stands."

During the discussion she invariably addressed two of the women present by their first names, and upon the breaking up of the meeting, she caused them to linger by no overt effort on her part, and incidentally managed to corner Mrs. Brent. A moment of casual chatter followed, apparently of no significance, but it was sufficient to launch Mrs. Brent into the street in the company of Mrs. Dexter Lewis and her sister-in-law, the Comtesse de Bogailles.

"What's the sense of our going in three cars, Anita?" asked Mrs. Lewis. "Why don't you and Mrs. Brent dismiss yours and come along with me? I'll be glad to take you both home for the sake of the company."

"I'll agree," said the Comtesse de Bogailles laughingly, "on condition Mrs. Brent undertakes to fulfill your hopes."

"What are they?" asked Mrs. Brent, with her unconscious trick of frowning and smiling at the same time when momentarily puzzled.

"Can't you guess? We're both longing to hear an account of your first battle of Paris, direct from the general in charge of the engagement."

Mrs. Brent complied good-naturedly. She told a straightforward story, brightened with frequent touches of wit which were all the more effective because they were unexpected both to herself and her hearers. But when she had finished, her manner subsided into one of unmistakable simplicity.

"The strange part of the whole thing as far as I'm concerned," she said, "was the feeling that perhaps I'd damned myself forever in the eyes of people like you."

The remark brought them to her own door, and the two women acknowledged it by nothing more than their friendly nods of farewell. Nona was waiting impatiently at a window and rushed to meet her mother.

"What have you done with Charles?"

"I sent him to do some errands."

"Who's that brought you home, mother?"

"The Comtesse de Bogailles and Mrs. Lewis."

"Not Mrs. Dexter Lewis!"

"Is there any other? Now don't be silly, Nona. Sit down and I'll tell you all about it while I take off my things. Miss Dumont is a champion organizer and the Contact Association for American Girls is on the verge of birth. I never knew what tact was before. We were promptly sandbagged to the extent of five thousand dollars apiece, but when one of the women said she'd be glad to double her subscription, Miss Dumont put down her foot—and it's no small foot. She said we'd all start from scratch."

"Did they all come across?"

"All but Sybelle's stepmother. She began to explain that her charity account was already in the red, and a lot more about things having got so terribly expensive in Paris, but I don't think it was really the money. Anyway, Miss Dumont eased her out quite pleasantly, and without anything definite being said, it was understood that Mrs. Trumbull wouldn't show up again. That left only six of us, and the Comtesse de Bogailles refused any office on account of her foreign name; but the rest of us are on the board, with Mrs. Lewis as chairman."

"What are you?"

"Treasurer. Miss Dumont chose to be the secretary; she said she had three of her own, and the more she could find for them to do the better they worked."

Nona's mind wandered back over her mother's relation of events with an unerring eye. "Why did you say it wasn't really on account of the money that Mrs. Trumbull backed out?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing in particular. She'd got herself in a mixup earlier in the afternoon and came out second best. That makes me think that perhaps she was glad of the chance to fade out of the picture. . . . Did you ride today?"

"No, I didn't. . . . I think you're mean."

"That's unkind of you, and a little unjust, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Brent, but her eyes were smiling.

Nona nodded apathetically. "By the way, Sybelle Trumbull is coming for me tonight after we get back from the theater."

"Is she? Where are you going?"

"I don't know. Down the line, I suppose."

"I thought you didn't like Sybelle or her ways."

"I don't; that's why I'm going."

Mrs. Brent studied her curiously. "I don't know how it is with other mothers, Nona, but life for me would be a complete blank without you. I don't think I could face it. Your father was great fun, but in such a different way. With Zep it was like handling a blooded horse that could pull your arms out if he ever took the bit."

"I like to hear you talk about father, but what made you think of him? Something in me?"

"No," said Mrs. Brent honestly, "I think it was those women this afternoon. You have some of his qualities, of course, but what makes you entrancing is that I can never guess you while I could always guess him. I can't guess what you're going to do or say; I can't even guess how you're going to look half an hour from now."

"Neither can I," said Nona, frowning; then her brow cleared. "You're bound to be seeing Miss Dumont again, aren't you?"

"Yes, next Monday. Why?"

"You'll probably be seeing her quite often. I wouldn't say anything to her about Mr. Herring if I were you."

Mrs. Brent stared, open-eyed. "Will you tell me why I should dream of mentioning

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Mr. Herring, of all people, to Miss Dumont?"

"Because they happen to know each other," Nona could not restrain herself from saying; and added hastily: "She might possibly speak of him herself, and if she does, just please don't ask her who he is or anything about him."

"Are you suggesting that Mr. Herring isn't Mr. Herring?"

"No, no!" cried Nona. "I'm not suggesting anything!" Her lips trembled and her eyes shone with angry tears. "I'm just a fool; that's all. I wrote to her about him—a fool note—and she handed me a lesson. If you'll only promise never to mention him to her or ask her a single thing, I'll love you forever; but if you don't—if you should—I'll never forgive you—never!"

"I'm glad to promise," said Mrs. Brent quietly. "I don't understand half you've said, but I'll promise anything, and mean it, rather than see you in hysterics."

Nona's face turned white and she caught her under lip between her teeth in a determined effort to repossess herself.

"That stung like the cut of a quirt," she said presently, "but I deserve it—you don't know how much I deserve it! I have no brains. It doesn't make any difference to me who Mr. Herring is, but something he said made me think that wasn't his name, and when I saw Miss Dumont nod to him I was so soft-headed I thought all I had to do was to ask her about it."

"I'm glad you told me the little you have," said Mrs. Brent soberly. "You seem to think you've betrayed some sort of confidence, but all you've done is to give me a necessary warning. I'm grateful for it, and you needn't worry about the rest."

"Thank you," murmured Nona fervently, and started to go.

"Nona."

"What?"

"You're seldom fooled by people, but sometimes you misread little things—events, incidents." She paused as if hesitating.

"Go ahead," said Nona, facing around squarely in one of her mother's most characteristic attitudes.

"It's about Miss Dumont. She's the kind who would toss the same nod to a former groom as she would to any other sort of friend."

Nona frowned for a moment, an absent look in her eyes; then they returned consciously to meet the troubled eyes fixed upon her, and she smiled. "I'd never thought of that. Perhaps she pays the young man to keep her horse exercised. Oil riggers, cowboys, grooms—I'd be right back in my element, wouldn't I?"

Mrs. Brent shrugged her shoulders; her eyes hardened quickly and faint color tinged her cheeks. "You've assumed your only hateful mood. Origins are never shameful, Nona, no matter what people have been thinking or saying for a few thousand years. The day you should be ashamed of having been fathered by an oil rigger you could set yourself down for a prig. All of us have lots of chances to be ashamed of where we are, but never of where we came from."

"Mother!"

"No, no! Let's cut it short; I'm not an emotional gymnast. Will you want Charles tonight?"

"No," said Nona slowly, accepting the abrupt conclusion of the episode. "Mr. Selin is supplying the car."

IX

SYBELLE'S party was a small one—the minimum. When Nona had first shown signs of an awakening interest in the scenes where Mr. Herring had been reported to be disporting himself, Sybelle had merely sensed that revenge was at hand for the way she had been snubbed in regard to riding. But it did not necessarily lie along the lines of a like refusal of company in one's own field of action.

There is all the difference between giving a party and consenting to get up a party. In this case Tommy Ivor had excused himself altogether and Jack Dearwater had refused point-blank to foot the entire bill, so Mr. Selin had to be invited with skill as well as precaution. Say you dropped in at five places, the obligatory champagne alone would amount to fifteen hundred francs, and the extras, as the morning wore on, were apt to be twice as much again.

Thus Sybelle: "Oh, Mr. Selin, that's swell; I'm awfully glad you can come along to pair off with Nona." Then the Paris formula: "But please remember; whatever you do, don't let Jack turn his back on the checks. It's absolutely understood you split fifty-fifty. You won't forget, will you?"

Mr. Selin laughed nervously. He was still in his early forties, but was already at that age when a man delights to be seen convoying youth and beauty. There were other reasons why the occasion came to him as a godsend. The girls were exceptionally smart; by the Paris mode chart, of the very smartest.

Semiramis, queen of men, cities and beauty, incomparable voluptuary of a mythical though established transcendence, might be enthroned on the traditional altar of his innermost ideality, and yet could she have turned the Galatean trick and appeared before him in person, a suppliant empress, he would have turned her down cold for two chits whose induction to metaphysics, the arts, culture and passion, was laughably deficient.

"Don't worry your pretty head, Miss Si-Belle; it's high time I had the privilege to give you and Miss Nona a party. Shall we use my car?"

So it had been arranged, with an unusual amount of satisfaction to all. Mr. Selin, one of the select breed accustomed to handing out pearl necklaces at forty thousand dollars a throw, dealers' rates, saw himself purchasing a disproportionate amount of enjoyment for a pocketful of small change. Jack Dearwater was likewise cheered by the prospect of a cheap evening. Sybelle looked forward to the glamour of a hostess in a small way, and Nona to an escort she felt confident she could handle in such a manner that he would not obtrude upon the privacy of her thoughts.

The expedition started off without originality in a round of three or four of the packed resorts which happened to be the season's rage, but Sybelle explained the object of what should be considered merely an interim—to kill time until the hour when the more purple pansies came into bloom.

Two o'clock found them at José's, merely as a stop-over on the way to lower levels, but the combined restaurant and dance hall happened to be having one of its rare banner nights. Liquor had evidently been flowing, here and elsewhere, to the joy of all.

The point had been reached when the professional talent begins to be pushed into the background by spontaneous amateurs, springing to life in unexpected corners, occasionally to win the uproarious approval of the house and get themselves dragged out to the honor of a cleared floor.

It was not Nona's first visit to the place, for she had been taken there more than once by people at a loss for something else to do. It was the catch-all for every lonely American, for all those whose initiation into the night life of what is supposedly the gayest city in the world is as yet painfully superficial. She knew the pitiful lowdown about the girls, dressed to look like sweet young things, who flutter to your table for a drink at the shyest glance of invitation and stay to become bosom friends of the flattered host.

As for the dance music, it was of the poorest, and the cabaret was worse. The food could be considered merely a subterfuge and the vintage wines a joke. But tonight she would not have turned her back on any of them for anything in the world. She had discovered Herring almost immediately upon entering, at a small back-row table for two with a girl at his side. She

(Continued on Page 132)

THE balance wheel OF BUSINESS

THE necessity for food is as old as the world. Upon it the fate of great nations has hinged. In its protection, powerful navies have ridden the high seas. The strength of a sovereign state, since time began, has been founded upon its food supply.

This perpetual demand places the farmer in a strong economic position. His crops feed the nation. All industry, all commerce is dependent upon his activity. His is a commodity that never goes out of style.

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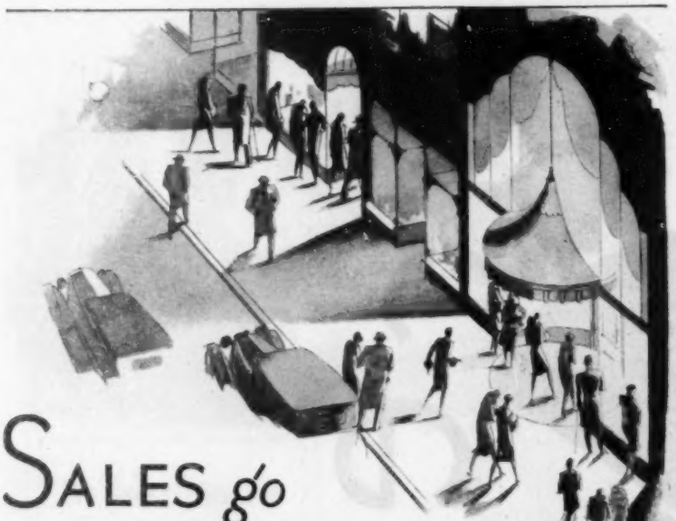

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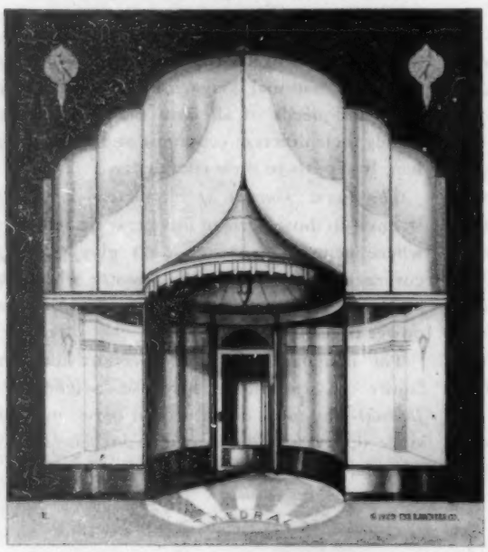

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(Continued from Page 130)

was not sure he had seen her and did not bow—perhaps she wouldn't have bowed anyway—but when she herself was seated, she did not hesitate to let her eyes sweep the room to linger imperceptibly each time he came into the field of vision.

Wondering at her sudden abstraction, Selin turned his head slowly to study her, and then veered it as cautiously to follow the direction of her stolen glances. He made out Herring and remembered him. He was easily recognizable, as he wore the same gray suit which had made him so conspicuous at Mrs. Brent's dinner.

It would have been natural for anyone who had been present on that momentous occasion to report so interesting a discovery at once, but not Selin. Since it was natural, he avoided doing it; most of all was he careful that Nona should not guess he had surprised the source of her inattention to himself. Out of pique he began to bait her, but so subtly she did not know she was being attacked.

Taking advantage of Sybelle's absence in the bar, where she had gone with Dearwater in search of postwar human interest, he fired his opening gun. "This place is colorless in itself, Miss Nona, and yet it has one outstanding characteristic."

"What is it?" she asked, as if commanding herself to be civil.

"The variety of its habitués. Not the house girls, of course, because they're endemic; and I don't mean the transient sightseers either. I mean what's left, the dregs of the town's floating population, the boys and girls who are drinking, loving, or otherwise running themselves to death. They actually come up for air in this sordid hole. Look at the men. Every outlandish nationality, but that's nothing; just get the queer shapes to their heads!"

"I'll dance now," said Nona quickly.

She did not speak while they were on the floor, but when they had to surrender it to the exuberance of a blond young thing dressed only in a sort of dolman belted at the waist, she gladly returned to their table. The impromptu solo dance was inspired by the wine of genuine youth as well as liquor, and under cover of the general interest in the snap performance, Nona could again let her eyes wander toward Herring; only to have them arrested by his companion.

She also was young, but with a difference. There was a ripe tartness to her youth, as if she had inherited the wisdom of Eve upon coming into possession of her first nursing bottle. Save for her lithe body she could lay small claim to comeliness, but what her face lacked in beauty, it more than made up in piquancy.

Evidently she was no habitué, for instead of devoting her entire attention to her escort, she could scarcely keep her restless eyes from popping out of her head. To cap all, she had on a dress to make less fortunate women faint with envy, but wore it in a manner to suggest it was either a borrowed model or acquired against six months' pay from the house for which she modeled.

Her distraction seemed decidedly distasteful to Herring, but only in an impersonal way. At any rate, all he bothered to do about it was to urge upon her glass after glass from the magnum of champagne which bulked importantly on their small table.

Nona was more puzzled than angry. Scarcely another couple in the room but had given way at least once to an effusive demonstration of affection, sometimes going the length of a kiss which brought split-second stop watches into action, but never did Herring so much as touch his companion. He leaned to her ear occasionally to whisper what might be confidences, but for the most part he was content to sit back and let the wine do its work.

By this time Nona was aware he had seen her, but since she had decided to give him no sign of recognition, he had not bowed. She might have been partly mollified had he shown any confusion at her cut, but apparently it did not incommode him in the slightest. What he had been doing before he glimpsed her he continued to do with so untroubled an air that the longer she watched the more baffled she became. Slowly, steadily her spirits sank; her heart grew heavier and heavier. Did he like to make women drink? Was that his particular perversion? Impulsively she took a resolution. She fastened her eyes frankly upon the girl beside him, and glass for glass began to drink with her.

Sybelle, followed by Dearwater, drifted in from the bar; but Selin managed to tilt a warning eyebrow at them before they could exclaim over their delayed discovery of Herring or otherwise interrupt what promised to develop into a prime diversion. Nona had never made a flaunting virtue of her natural temperance; she subscribed whole-heartedly to the modern tenet of live and let live, and yet each of her companions would welcome her downfall with varying degrees of joy.

Dearwater, in his lackadaisical way, took sly pleasure in the abandon of any drunken pretty woman, while Sybelle had a specific score to even. But with Selin enjoyment went far deeper. It soothed him, rubbed the fur of his inferiority obsession the right way, to sit as an observer of Philistine delinquency.

The girl in the dolman had once more taken the floor, but with not quite the spontaneity of her previous performance, for the wine of youth was on the point of succumbing to a heavier brew. Dearwater and Sybelle cheered her on with shouts of delight; but Selin, in his rôle of connoisseur of the unusual, arched a deprecating lip. The crowd was beginning to get noisy, not with universal approval but with the threatening note of a combat of opinion, when suddenly a throaty cry dominated the general murmurings:

"Houp! Houp-la!"

Herring, caught unawares and momentarily incapacitated by astonishment, made a lunge to seize his escaping companion. But he missed, and having missed, promptly relaxed and thrust his hands in his pockets. She came from her corner with a rush, caromed off a couple of tables on her way, reeled to a position before the little blonde, caught her by the shoulders, twirled her around, and gave her a lift with her knee which sent her into the lap of a delighted front-row spectator.

Then the newcomer began to regale the audience with a cancan of the *ateliers* which more than made up in reckless abandon for what it lacked in technical skill. Shouts of approval greeted her from every side, and presently a wide ring began to form. Even Herring, who had worn at least a resigned air of defeat, was moved to arise, stretch his neck to peer over lower heads, and finally to smile.

Everybody was laughing, everybody was happy—except Nona. Seated at a ringside table which impinged on the floor, she and her companions were of the circle, not out of it, and had an unbroken view both of dancer and audience. Through a sort of transparent mist Nona looked at the girl, then at Herring's amused face and back again.

She arose unsteadily and all but blubbered, "I want to go home."

"You can't go," said Sybelle sharply, dragging her down.

"You're crazy," said Dearwater. "Do you realize we're getting this show for nothing?"

Perceiving that the performer was merely warming up to her work, Selin concurred. "No telling what's going to happen from now on," he murmured. "You'd better wait."

All their eyes, however, were off Nona. She had a confused feeling that she was two people, one of whom wished to go home and another who felt confident she could show up the dancer for a mere piker. The first of these two identities started for the dressing room, but the second stopped in a clear corner of the floor, stood poised for an instant, caught the rhythm of the music, and then began to dance.

At first she was uncertain in her steps, but presently action restored completely the coördination of her limbs while still leaving her brain in a misty condition. It told her that she was practically alone, that nobody was watching her, and on the confidence engendered by this message, she got down to business and let herself go.

The repressions of generations of staid forbears began to ooze, and then to flow with an ever-increasing rush, from Nona's toes, finger tips, elbows and knees. Presently she drew and held a dozen pairs of eyes, and then a hundred. The orchestra, catching sight of her, succumbed spontaneously to her maddening rhythm, and from that moment it was all up with any rival.

A new circle formed and, by its sudden expansion, swept Herring's bewildered girl into the side lines with an invincible pressure. Totally in the dark as to the exact cause, she yet sensed the nature of her eclipse, screamed defiance and fought tooth and nail to regain the lost field. Four expert waiters seized and silenced her as they carried her to forced seclusion.

Once Nona was given room—all the room there was—a deafening roar and rattle commenced, almost drowning out the music. But the uproar itself was rhythmic. Hands clapped, fists banged and feet tapped in a syncopation both excited and exciting.

In spite of the sordid surroundings and in the face of the furtive intention of the throng to attain to the pitch of emotional riot, an aura of glory seemed to descend upon Nona, setting her mystically apart. Under the spur of approbation, her eyes, her cheeks, her whole being, took fire and glowed with the ineffable radiance of the living spirit within the transparent shell. Out of a morass of ugliness, beauty; out of mud, the tender bloom.

From the pinnacle of her triumph her eyes searched for Herring, and found him—only to know dismay. His smoldering gaze and glowering face made him the very antithesis of a sun god. He was like a storm, black upon the horizon, piling higher and higher its tower of menace, and threatening the thunderbolt. Then it moved; it came toward her.

His aspect and his manner changed. Using one shoulder and then the other as a gentle but inexorable battering ram, he plowed his way into the open, walked almost loungingly up to her, and then with a quick movement seized her wrist.

"That was great, Nona," he said quietly, "but come along out of this."

Shrieks of enraged protest arose. A thrown glass barely missed his head and flew across the width of the room to crash against one of the balcony pillars. In the instantaneous pause which this incident occasioned, Selin sprang from his seat, white with the anger of outraged pride, and swiftly took the few steps necessary to bring him face to face with Herring.

"Are you deluded into thinking Miss Brent requires the protection of a gutter-snipe?" he demanded hoarsely under his breath.

"Back up," said Herring in the same low tone. "Come on, Nona, let's get along."

She was on the point of yielding when Selin, stung beyond control, drew back and slapped Herring resoundingly across the cheek. If the splintering of a mere glass had caused a pause, this subsequent event produced a breathless hiatus in the uproar, and every eye, including Nona's, became fixed on Herring.

His fist doubled, his elbow crooked, his broad shoulders made a heaving movement, and then abruptly he became set as though cast in bronze. His face, which had turned paper white except for the red blazon left by Selin's hand, was now suffused with an equal rush of color.

"I'm going," he murmured for Nona's ear alone. "I've got to go." He tried to force his quivering lips into a smile and there was something desperate, almost pitiable, in his attempt at lightness as he added, "Will you ride with me this morning at six?"

"No!" she shouted as she dragged her wrist free. "I won't. Never!" She dodged Selin's outthrown arm and ran back to her table while amid whistling jeers and catcalls Herring left the room, retrieved his lost lady, bundled her into a cab and disappeared into the night.

Nona, thoroughly sobered, was conscious of the disturbance in the lobby caused by his departure, and only waited for it to cease; then she turned to Sybelle.

"I don't care what the rest of you are doing; I've had enough. I'm going home."

"You're not!" cried Sybelle. "You couldn't be so mean. Why, Nona, we haven't got started. Listen!"

"Talk to the air!" cried Nona over her shoulder. "I've gone!"

Selin hesitated a moment; it was his car which had been commandeered for the party. "I could send her with Baptiste," he murmured to Dearwater, "but I think I'd better take her home. Hang around for half an hour and I'll be back to pick you up."

As he handed Nona into the car he was conscious that her arm was like ice and that she winced at his touch. They rode for some time in silence before he spoke. "Why do you dislike me, Miss Nona? I'm curious, but I doubt if you can tell me, because I believe it's deeper than words. Your face draws back when I speak and your body shrinks if I touch it."

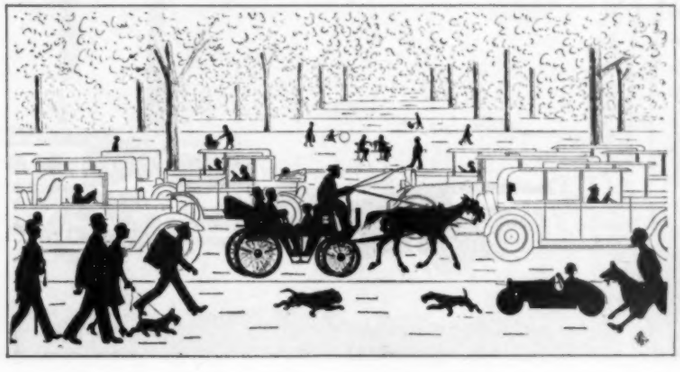
"You ought to wake up to the fact that the day is dead and gone when a perfectly healthy girl had to be helped up an eight-inch step," said Nona, snatching at a straw. "She doesn't shrink necessarily because she dislikes you, but because she feels like a fool."

"In that case," said Selin smilingly, turning his whole head to look at her, "I'm forced to deduce you don't necessarily dislike me after all."

"Deduce what you please," she answered impatiently. "Don't you realize what time it is? I'm tired and sleepy; and I'll like you much better than I ever thought I would if you'll just leave me alone and take me home."

He slouched into his corner, lit a cigarette and sat puffing it in adamant silence, but the smile persisted on his full lips, as if he were entertaining himself successfully with reminiscence.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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THE MAN WHO AVOIDED PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 19)

"All this from Gibbons? Mr. Spung seems to have opened his lips at last."

"Gibbons is a hard old lad to do business with," said Mr. Vance. "He wants to know the ins and the outs before he'll deal."

"So," said Jeff, "Mr. Spung turns out to be a benefactor of the community."

"He does. It will be a splendid thing, requiring considerable capital and courage. But it can be done. Indeed, he seems to have demonstrated it many times."

"Good for him," said Jeff. "It looks swell. So the cat is out of the bag!"

He said this in so peculiar a tone that Mr. Vance regarded him questioningly. "What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"I was thinking," said Jeff, "that the cat may indeed be enlarged from her bag, but that the nigger remains in the woodpile."

"That," said Mr. Vance, "doesn't make sense."

"What I say so seldom does," said Jeff plaintively. "Next, will some bright little boy tell me about the other antipode? With this term I dignify the champion hog caller."

"I'm not interested in that person," said Mr. Vance.

"Not now," said Jeff.

"Young man," said Mr. Vance, "you do not speak with the tongues of men and of angels."

"No. I speak through a glass darkly," said Jeff. "I've never met a doctor who could inoculate against the itch of curiosity. I wish it might be done."

"What in the world are you curious about now?"

"I want to know why Mr. Spung is misanthropic and thin and dyspeptic, and why Mr. Hog Caller ——"

"His name is Hannibal Dixon."

"A grand old name! . . . Why Mr. Hannibal Dixon basks corpulent in the public eye."

"Because it is their nature, I suppose."

"What discerning eye," asked Jeff, "can detect where Nature ends and art begins? No, no. The gentlemen are too widely separated not to be close together; too opposed not to be in concord; too different not to be similar."

"That," said Mr. Vance, "is a dialectic rigmarole."

"Has the ingrowing Mr. Spung," asked Jeff, "been around supplicating financial aid?"

"On the contrary, he will have none of us. He goes his own gait and nobody can play in his yard."

"Odd again," said Jeff.

"Your life," said Mr. Vance indulgently, "is as full of suspicions as the pond on the sixth is full of golf balls."

"When I itch, I itch," said Jeff. "Nature abhors a vacuum; I, even as you see me standing here, abhor the plausible, especially when it is trimmed as a Christmas tree."

"But on what possible grounds can you be suspicious of Mr. Spung? He asks nothing of anyone; he's spending his own money in a splendid improvement to our town; he has ample funds."

"I suspect him," said Jeff, "because he is so remarkably above suspicion."

"The paradox," said Mr. Vance, "is the ultimate refuge of the cornered."

"That is an epigram," said Jeff admiringly.

"It is the result of observation," said Mr. Vance.

"An option," said Jeff.

"On Mr. Gibbons' hundred and sixty acres," said Mr. Vance, "at a thousand dollars an acre."

"A fair price?"

"A favorable price, I should say. A legitimate, logical scheme, worthy of success."

"I shall be glad to see arising adjacent dwellings of the contented and prosperous," said Jeff.

It seemed as if Jeff's pious hope was soon to be fulfilled. During the days which ensued surveyors surveyed, engineers produced blue prints, contractors supplied figures. But Mr. Mortimer Spung remained as aloof and inaccessible as ever. He countenanced no advances and repulsed all offers. As his plans became known certain people, attracted by the project, made application for selected plots, but Mr. Spung would neither accept the applications nor interview the applicants. One reply was returned to all. "Not ready," was the word sent down from his room. It was a new brand of salesmanship, and effective. Perhaps Mr. Spung had discovered that human beings desire what is unattainable. He certainly was raising about himself and his subdivision an atmosphere of unattainability.

"Now," said Jeff to himself, "we have the scenery painted and the stage set. Next come the actors to unfold the plot. But what plot? Is it legitimate drama? Is it melodrama with sawmill scenes and villains and the mortgage on the old farm? Or is it farce? And who is in the cast?"

It seemed as if there was to be rather more than a trace of farce as Mr. Hannibal Dixon disclosed his character during the next few days. There was nothing retiring about the gentleman, and a great deal that was entertaining. Jeff, however, did not encounter him in the flesh until Tuesday, as he was driving into town in the club's station wagon.

As he turned into the main road he saw what appeared to be a traffic jam a couple of hundred yards away, but upon arriving at the spot he discovered the obstruction to be more in the nature of a merrymaking. Perhaps twenty cars blocked the way, and Mr. Dixon was addressing them from the tonneau of his own vehicle. Jeff halted and found himself next to a runabout occupied by Abigail Vance.

"May one ask what is going on?" he inquired.

"The maestro," said Abigail, "is about to call a hog."

"I beg your pardon!"

"We are here by invitation," she said, "or by exclusion. It seems that for days Mr. Dixon has wanted to give a concert or an oratorio or whatever it is a hog caller gives, but was warned by our chief of police that it could not be done inside the city limits without a permit."

"Does the town of Hampstead supply hog-calling permits?"

"There, it seems, was the rub. There was no precedent. Therefore, not to disappoint his public, Mr. Dixon agreed to perform his feats beyond the town line."

"In front of the Lambert farm, to be exact."

Abigail nodded. "I've had all the advantages," she said, "but I've never heard a hog caller. So I came. A well-rounded education is my ambition. But listen!"

Mr. Dixon's voice blared out over the little audience.

"Friends and feller citizens," he commenced. "I know you've all been longin' to hear what a hawg caller kin do. I know you've all been urgin' me to show you how I won this here solid gold medal and become a champeen." He cleared his throat impressively. "Before I come to the p'int, before I give you an example of this here vocation of mine which I claim is an art not second to any, I want to say a few words explainin' it."

"Gorgeous!" whispered Abigail.

"'Tain't every man, no matter how ambitious he is, that kin be a successful hawg caller," roared Mr. Dixon. "You got to be equipped fur it, and then you got to train that there equipment, and you got to study. Yes, sir, you got to study vocal and you got to study hawgs. Hawgs is sensitive critters, especial with reference to their ears. So, when I tell you that jest a loud, bellerin' voice hain't enough, you'll understand. There's fellers kin stand on a spot and yell, and they'll sound louder'n what I be. Heaps of 'em. You got to be more'n loud; you got to be penetratin' and carryin'. Distance is what counts. Now, some second-class hawg callers is satisfied with noise and carryin' power. But sich men never git to be champeens. They could holler till they bust and a hawg two-three miles off wouldn't pay no more attention than as if they was to play a tune on a mouth organ. A hawg might lift his head and listen, but he wouldn't git no satisfaction out of it. He wouldn't have his heart filled with longin' to up and go to where that sound come from."

He paused here dramatically and mopped his brow. "Now we come to the p'int. You got to have a voice that's sympathetic to hawgs. You got to have a voice that's attractive to hawgs. You got to have one that, when a hawg hears it, he gets put in mind of sich things as his heart desires and that kind of promises them things to him if he comes a-runnin'. Now, folks, when I call hawgs I not only kin be heard farther than any other feller but when I am heard a hawg gits stirred to his vitalest innards. He goes all of a-tremble, so to speak, and he hain't content till he up and comes a-plungin' to where I be. That's the art of it. And now, ladies and gentlemen, havin' made all clear, I'll demonstrate, and I hope none of you have got hawgs shet up in this vicinity, because, sure as shootin', they'll bust out of their pens and come scamperin' hither. Be ye ready?"

He held out his hands as an orchestra leader about to embark upon a symphony, closed his eyes, threw back his head, and then, from his enormously opened mouth, proceeded a sound! It rose and fell, it lifted over hill and dale, over woodland and stream. It penetrated; it tore and ripped at the eardrums, and must have been audible even to the chief of police in his distant office in town. It lingered, it persisted, as Mr. Dixon's face grew redder and redder, as perspiration trickled down the outstanding veins upon his forehead and the tortured cords of his throat. And then came silence—sudden, almost unnerving silence.

"One really," said Abigail, "would have to be a hog to enjoy it."

"Even then," replied Jeff, "it must be an acquired taste."

That night, as Jeff drove to his little apartment from the club, he encountered the hog caller walking along the road at almost the point where he had given his demonstration in the morning. The young professional stopped and asked him if he did not want a lift into town.

"Obleeged to ye," said Mr. Dixon, scrambling into the seat beside Jeff. "Wonderful country fur hawgs, hain't it?"

"It's a wonderful country for human beings," Jeff said.

"But hawgs hain't so easy satisfied. I jest sold a location I had upstate because them hawgs wan't contented. I could see it easy. Seemed like they didn't relish their food. So I says to myself, 'If I can't deal in contented hawgs, I won't deal in no hawgs at all.' And I meant it. Figgered to retire. But I can't endure it, I'm that lonesome."

"The hogs are calling you?" asked Jeff.

"Jest that. But I hain't a-goin' to hurry. No-sirree-bob, not till I find jest the place. Mister, the' hain't no sight so satisfyin' to the heart as a hawg a-rootin' around in surroundin's that satisfies him."

"So this visit to us really is connected with your profession?"

"Yes, indeedy. Passed through this town on the train and it looked mighty attractive to me, so says I to myself, 'If that looks like a good place to me, it'll look like a good place to a hawg.' And I got off to the next station and hired a car to drive me back, and here I be."

"Have you," Jeff asked, "found a suitable site for your piggery?"

"Cal'late I have. It'll be comin' out public in a day or two, so they hain't no harm admittin' I have. Yes, sir, I jest finished up

(Continued on Page 138)

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NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY, INC.
DISPLAY ROOMS IN TWENTY-SEVEN CITIES

(Continued from Page 136)

the dicker and got me the refusal of a hundred and sixty acres of as sweet hawg proppity as you ever laid eyes onto."

"And may one ask where?"

"Place they call the Lambert farm," said Mr. Dixon.

"Ah," said Jeff; and then presently, "Ah," again.

"Public spirit—that's me," said Mr. Dixon grandly. "I see a town I like and right off I want to do it good."

"Possibly," suggested Jeff, "Hampstead may not wish to be done good by a piggery."

"Why not, I'd like to know? Eh? Tell me that. Fetches in a new industry. Fetches money to town. And that hain't all: it gives folks an interestin' place to go to—like a park or one of them zoos. Surprise ye, the number of folks that visits piggeries. They come crowdin' in to watch the hawgs. Cunnin', that's what they be, and interestin'. My experience is folks rather come to watch pigs than lions."

"Once," said Jeff, "I passed downwind from a piggery."

"The' is that," said Mr. Dixon, dismissing the point as of no importance whatever. "But ye git used to it. . . . Lemme off to the hotel, young feller."

Jeff discharged his passenger and went to his rooms, where he settled himself comfortably to reflect upon the subject of swine, and one conclusion he reached was that an exclusive residential district was exceedingly unlikely to flourish in juxtaposition with a large population of hogs—especially on such days as the breezes should blow from swine to subdivision. Jeff chuckled at the thought.

"I wonder," he asked himself, "how Mr. Mortimer Spung will receive these tidings?"

Mr. Spung reacted to the news in a manner which Jeff regarded as perfectly in character. He said nothing. A committee of business men who went to interview him were informed he was taking a nap. But all activities ceased on the Gibbons farm. Engineers and surveyors ceased to function, contractors ceased to figure, architects desisted from drawing plans. When questioned by anxious citizenry, these persons could give little information except to say that they had received written word from Mr. Spung, and the term "word" is used advisedly. His letter to each of them contained a single syllable, "Stop!"

Mr. Spung's project, which had been received with no little enthusiasm, now took on added desirability. Hampstead was excited. It had been offered a dainty, and now the dainty was withdrawn suddenly. A very desirable addition to the town had been upon the very verge of realization, and Hampstead saw at once how it required that very thing. The Chamber of Commerce held a special meeting and invited Mr. Spung to attend. Mr. Spung returned no answer and did not attend. Word was received from the hotel that he was packing and had given notice that he was giving up his rooms.

Mr. Ralston, president of the Chamber of Commerce, was in a state of mind, as was apparent to Jefferson McTodd when that gentleman and Mr. Vance set out to play a round of golf.

"Something," said Mr. Ralston, "must be done. Here we have offered us the very thing this town has needed. A thing of incalculable value to the community! And then comes this hog man!"

"Has he been interviewed?" asked Mr. Vance.

"Interviewed! He's been harangued. More oratory has been wasted on that thick head than you hear in a national convention. But he won't budge. He says this is the place for pigs, and pigs there shall be. We threatened him and he laughed at us. We talked nuisance and injunction, and he never batted an eye."

"Have you seen Mr. Spung?"

"If someone will tell me how to see Mr. Spung," said Ralston, "I'll have a medal struck for him."

"I think," said Jeff, "Mr. Spung will become more approachable all of a sudden."

"You do? And why?" snapped Mr. Ralston.

"I've a feeling. It's psychic, I think. I get that way sometimes."

"Possibly," said Ralston ironically, "you feel so psychic that you can pass right through his bedroom door as a disembodied spirit."

"As a matter of fact," said Jeff, "I do."

"Vance," said Ralston, "this young man is pretty cocksure, isn't he?"

"On the other hand," said Mr. Vance, "he has been an unusually accurate guesser."

"I," said Mr. Ralston, "will bet you a new hat he's guessed wrong this time."

"Done," said Vance, "as a matter of principle. . . . How about it, McTodd? Willing to try?"

"For dear old Hampstead!" said Jeff. "But let's be clear: Am I an emissary of the Chamber of Commerce?"

"You've my permission to be the ambassador from Timbuktu," said Ralston.

"And having penetrated to the mysteries," said Jeff, "what do I do next? Stare at the gentleman, blush scarlet, and withdraw? Or do I become constructive?"

"You ask him to hold his horses. You ask him what he intends to do. You try to arrange a meeting with our directors."

"Simple," said Jeff, "as pulling an elephant's tooth with hair tweezers. And when?"

"There's no time like the present."

"Gentlemen, farewell," said Jeff. "I return with my shield or on it."

The club's station wagon carried him to the hotel, where he sent up his name to Mr. Mortimer Spung. Presently word came down that Mr. Spung desired to know if he were the golf professional of the Lark Meadow Country Club. Jeff smiled a private smile.

"Tell him I am none other," he said.

"Mr. Spung says to come up," was the bell boy's response to this, and Jeff entered the elevator and rapped on the door of No. 412.

"Come," said Mr. Spung.

Jeff entered, to see Mr. Spung sitting stiffly in a chair beside the window, silent and motionless. He stared at Jeff, but his lips did not open.

"How do you do?" said Jeff.

Mr. Spung continued to say nothing intensely.

"You are difficult to see, sir," said Jeff, to which Mr. Spung replied only by pursing his lips.

"The Chamber of Commerce is in a state of mind," Jeff said. "They hear you have abandoned your project and are going away."

Mr. Spung nodded his head. It was not a full and complete nod, but a sort of jerk forward.

"Too bad," said Jeff.

"Pigs," said Mr. Spung.

"Aren't you a bit hasty?" asked Jeff. "Can't something be done about it?"

"Perfume," said Mr. Spung, and there was a world of irony in the single word.

"How about injunctions? How about public nuisance?"

"All done," said Mr. Spung.

"But I'm sure the town, the Chamber of Commerce, will take steps."

"What steps?"

"Go to court, for instance."

"No good. Delay. No vision. No good."

"Mr. Dixon is obdurate. Court action seems the only way."

"Shucks!" said Mr. Spung.

"You think there is another way?"

"Sure."

"What way?"

"Cash," said Mr. Spung with a snap of his teeth.

"Ah! You mean buy him off."

"Not my affair," said Mr. Spung.

"You infer," said Jeff, "that if the town wants you and your subdivision, it is the town's business to dispose of Mr. Dixon."

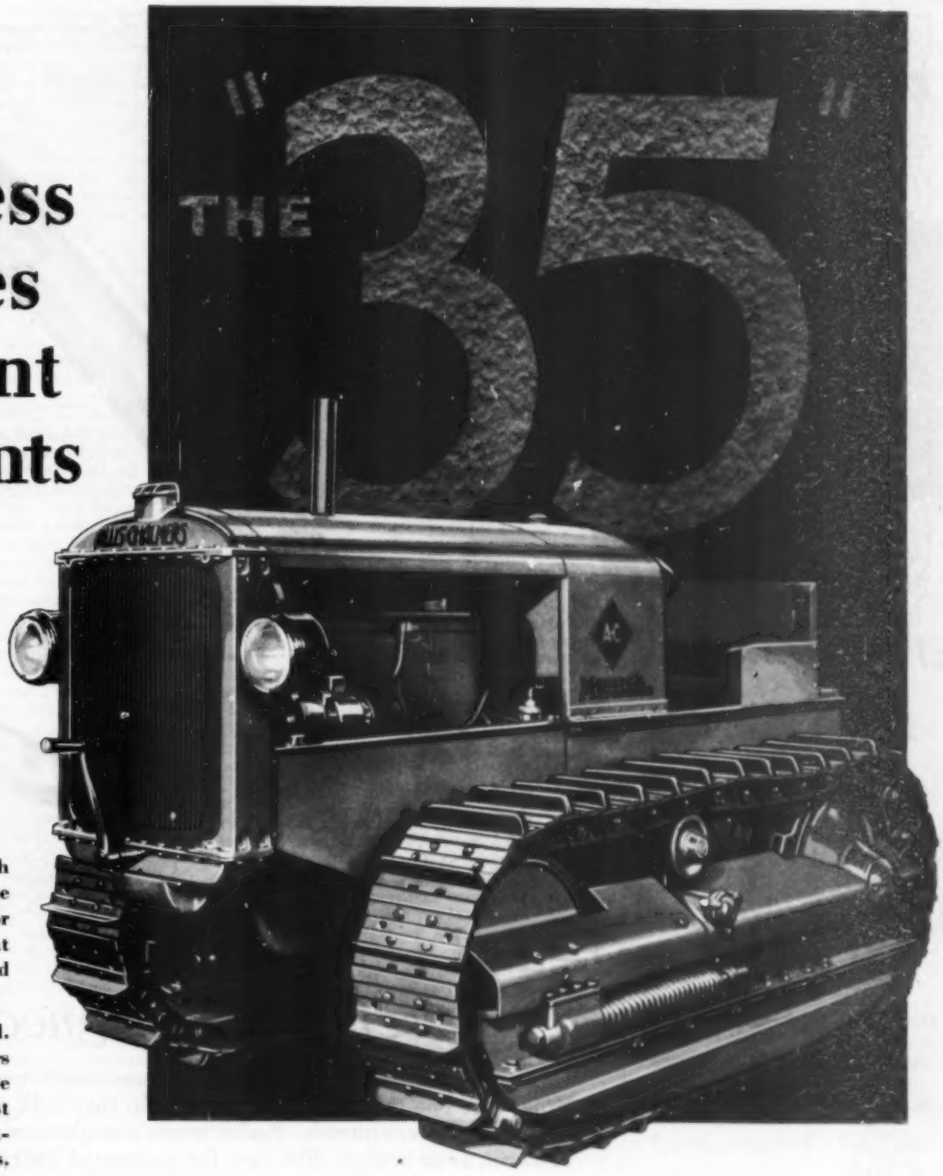
Again Mr. Spung jerked the fraction of a nod.

"With cash?" asked Jeff.

Another nod.

(Continued on Page 141)

A New Success in a Series of Brilliant Achievements



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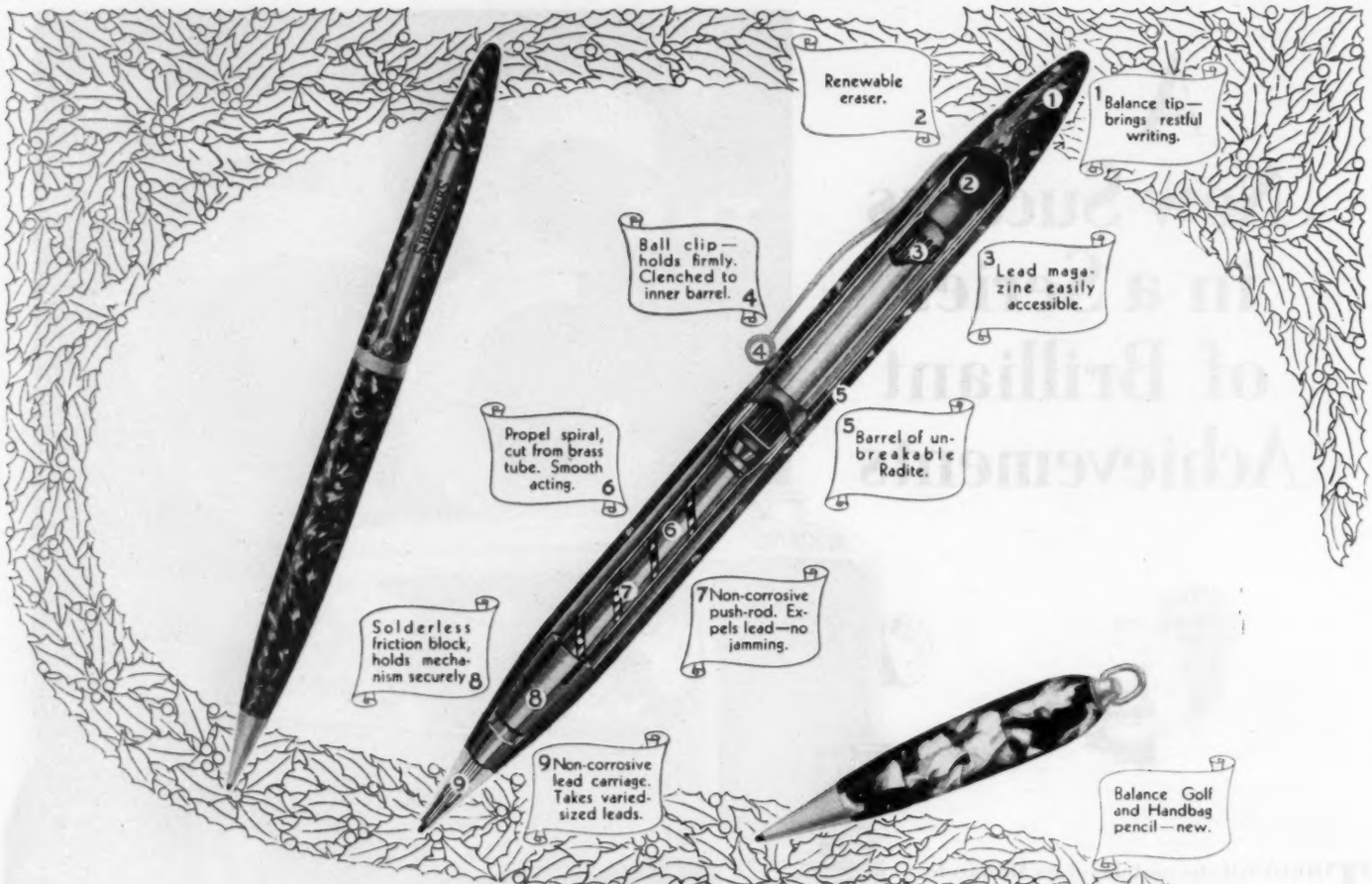
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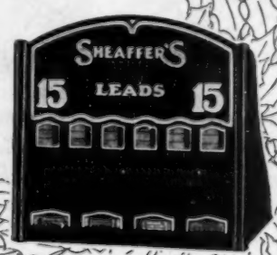


Buy fresh, long-lived Blue Cap leads from this case at dealers'.

(Continued from Page 138)

"If the town will try to buy off Mr. Dixon, will you postpone your departure?"

"Yes."

"But you yourself will take no part in it?"

"Other towns," said Mr. Spung; and added: "Without pigs."

"How long will you give the town to make the effort?"

Mr. Spung held up two fingers.

"Two days?" asked Jeff, and Mr. Spung snapped another affirmative movement with his head.

"Thank you," said Jeff. "Good morning."

But Mr. Spung was looking out of the window. So Jeff withdrew unnoticed and unsung, and returned to the club, where he made full report of his conversation.

Mr. Vance whistled through his teeth. "The thing's worth a lot to Hampstead. Could we raise money?"

"I think so. But how much?"

"That," said Vance, "seems to be up to Mr. Dixon. First discover if he is to be bought off, and for how much; then we can determine if, how and from whom to raise the fund."

"I am on my way," said Ralston. "You'd better be in the bank, so I can get to you quickly."

"Mr. Dixon will be purchasable," said Jeff, "but he'll come high. You see, he has been put to quite a lot of trouble."

"No," said Ralston, "I think the man really means business."

"He does, indeed," said Jeff, "but not the pig business."

Mr. Dixon, events proved, was purchasable—with difficulty, it is true, and only after long wrangling, but, nevertheless, amenable to the argument of money on the spot. But he was, as Mr. Ralston said bitterly, no piker.

"I'm buyin' this here land cheap," he said. "If I jest bought it and hung on, I'd make me a sweet profit."

"Possibly," agreed Mr. Ralston.

"And the's money in hawgs. I know how much. It's plenty with sich a location. But I hain't unreasonable. I won't ask you folks nothin' but the profit I'd git out of that land in say three-five years. Say fifty thousand."

"What?" roared Mr. Ralston.

"The figger," said Dixon, "was fifty thousand. There it is and there it sets. Fifty thousand and not a cent less. I hain't askin' fur it. I'd prefer my pigs."

Mr. Ralston beat upon the man's stubbornness, but it was not even dented. Take it or leave it was his attitude and remained his attitude, until Ralston, realizing the futility of further talk, arose to go.

"I'll see what can be done," he said.

Which he set about doing. His first call was upon Mr. Vance.

"The darn hoggery," he said petulantly, "not only ruins this new subdivision, it ruins the country club. We're done. Our property is ruined. It goes further than that—it hurts the whole town. I tell you, Vance, it's darn near fatal. We got to meet this robber's demands."

"After all," said Vance, "the man has some right on his side. That property will enhance in value, and he has a right to raise hogs. Somebody must or we would have no hams or bacon. Fifty thousand is a pile of money, but ——"

"Exactly," said Ralston. "And how is it to be raised?"

"Canvas the town."

"Before tomorrow," said Ralston. "Spung gives us twenty-four hours more."

It is never easy to raise a fund of that amount, but Hampstead was a town with deep and abiding self-respect. It might almost be said to be a snob among towns, and appeals to its éliteness and pictures of its future with a hog caller operating at hand and adjoining its country club, brought results. The fund was pledged. Mr. Spung was notified; Mr. Dixon was notified and invited to appear at the bank at ten o'clock to meet with Vance and Ralston, reënforced by their legal representative, to complete the sale of his pig's birthright. He appeared, as also did Mr. Spung, to everybody's surprise.

Agreements were ready for Mr. Dixon's signature, by which he bound himself not to enter the pork business within twenty-five miles of Hampstead, and he was about to sign and to receive his compensation when Mr. McTodd rapped upon the door.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I'm not exactly intruding. I just wanted to see Mr. Spung and Mr. Dixon reunited. A pleasant sight for anybody."

"What was it you wanted?" asked Ralston impatiently.

"I thought you might like to hear that Judge Brown, in a suit brought by a taxpayer, has just issued a restraining order against Mr. Dixon, forbidding him to indulge in pigs."

Mr. Dixon smiled. "'Tain't no good. Anyhow, I could beat it. I kin demand a hearin' on a temp'rary injunction, and I kin bust it."

"Possibly," said Jeff, "but it would take time. I think it would take a couple of weeks, don't you—what with the law's delays, and one thing and another, and a judge friendly to the complainant?"

"It might," said Dixon, "but what of it? We've made a deal."

"To be sure," said Jeff. "To be sure. But your option expires in seven days, and you'd have to take it up, wouldn't you, with some uncertainty in the air?"

"Cal'late I kin git it extended."

"A point to be discussed presently," said Jeff. "By the way, I've been writing some letters and what not. I wrote some pork packers and I wrote the Hog Raisers' Association. It's queer, but neither of them ever heard of a man in their profession by the name of Hannibal Dixon."

"What is the bearing of that?" asked Mr. Ralston.

"I'm wondering," said Jeff. "Also I've written the national real-estate association and various other bodies, and they have no record of a gentleman named Mortimer Spung. In fact, no gentleman by that name ever carried on any considerable project."

"Huh," snorted Mr. Spung.

"I sort of wondered about Mr. Spung from the start," said Jeff, "and he got me to asking myself some answers. And then came Mr. Dixon, and I had to ask some more. The logical conclusion was that there must be some connection between them, because they had so little in common. Do you see? They were so painstakingly different in every possible way. Nature couldn't do it; it required art."

"I must ask you," said Ralston, "to let us get to business."

"Hold up a bit," admonished Mr. Vance. "Let's not be hasty. Go on, Mr. McTodd."

"I started with that, and they drew closer together: Mr. Spung on the Gibbons farm and Mr. Dixon on the Lambert farm. Neighbors, as you might say. So then I asked myself why they should appear here at the same time, and why Mr. Dixon should get so inconveniently in Mr. Spung's way. Well, the answer to that was that what looked inconvenient to us possibly looked very convenient to Messrs. Spung and Dixon. After which I wrote letters."

"What's he gittin' at?" demanded Mr. Dixon.

"I'm merely criticizing your stage effects," said Jeff amiably. "They were admirable. They were artistic. They were too darned artistic. Coincidence is one thing, but perfection is another. Nature works wonders, but when you find a masterpiece you find it based upon study and labor. In short, you can't have art without an artist. Therefore you gentlemen couldn't have just happened. You were the result of a creative brain. Do you follow me?"

"Not me," said Dixon.

"Do the other gentlemen?" asked Jeff.

"You are not precisely clear," said Mr. Vance.

"Very well. I will be explicit. I deduced. Logic informed me that Messrs. Dixon and Spung were really partners. They set the stage. First came the glowing subdivision, next came its ruin. Next came the demand—made not by Mr. Dixon but by Mr. Spung—for subsidies. Therefore, Mr. Spung had conspired with Mr. Dixon to extort money from Hampstead. For Mr. Spung never intended to subdivide, nor did Mr. Dixon ever own a hog. It was, in short, a new version of the ancient and honored gold brick."

"He's jest loony," Mr. Dixon sighed. "Pass over them papers fur me to sign."

"A minute, please. You asked about the option—or indicated it could be renewed. It can't."

"Eh? Why not?"

"Because another gentleman has paid hard money for another option, which commences to run the moment yours expires—and the same to you, Mr. Spung. . . . In other and brief words, you've got to come through with the purchase price within seven days, or you are out of luck. And the court won't let you present us with a pig during that interval. Which closes my part of this entertainment. These gentlemen may give you two fifty thousand dollars if they wish, as a token of esteem and appreciation for your art. But you have nothing else to sell. Get the idea. If, of course, you are unprepared to take up your options. How about it?"

Mr. Dixon sighed. He looked across the table at Mr. Spung, who also sighed. The pair arose slowly to their feet.

"I guess that," said Mr. Spung, "is that."

"When you're licked you're licked," said Mr. Dixon. "Mortimer, let's go look fur a town that hain't got no smart young man in it."

Mr. Spung bowed toward the table. "Good day, gentlemen," he said. "We have enjoyed our stay in your midst; expensive though it has been. Hannibal, it seems we rather overdid ourselves."

"But we was good," said Mr. Dixon. "If I do say it, we bamboozled the most of 'em." He grinned at Jeff. "No hard feelin's, young man. We kin appreciate ability when we see it. Good mornin', all."

There was silence upon their departure. Mr. Vance regarded Mr. Ralston, and Mr. Ralston regarded Mr. Vance. The legal gentleman regarded everybody.

"Now, hold on," said Jeff, "before you shower me with the thanks of the community. I like compliments and I'll admit I deserve all you are going to say, but I'm a business man in off hours. . . . Hasn't Mr. Spung proved a high-class subdivision can be a grand financial success?"

"It would seem so. I may, indeed, say he has demonstrated it," said Mr. Vance.

"And that the Gibbons and Lambert properties are an ideal location for it?"

"He has."

"Then why," asked Jeff, "not form a local syndicate and carry out the project on a better basis than even Mr. Spung's imagination provided?"

"Vance," exclaimed Ralston, "the young man is right. It can be done. It must be done. Count me in."

"But I understand the properties are gone—that another pair of options are out."

"True," said Jeff. "Er—I have them."

Mr. Vance chuckled. "Ralston, we've got to see this through now. We can form a syndicate overnight. We've the nucleus of it right here." He tapped the fifty thousand dollars. "But where do you come in, Mr. McTodd?"

"I sell my land to the syndicate," said Jeff. "I am paid for my foresight. I am obligated to pay a thousand dollars an acre. I ask fifty thousand for my options. Reasonable?"

"In the circumstances," said Mr. Vance, "very."

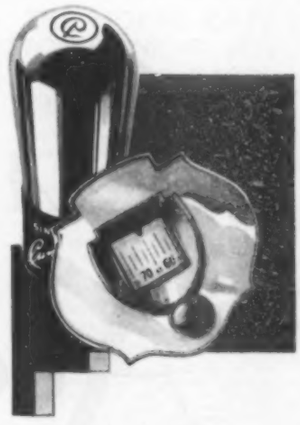
"In which case," said Jeff, "I leave them with you. I've a golf lesson at eleven."

"Isn't this the time to quit being a professional and take a job with us?" asked Ralston.

"Never," said Jeff airily. "I must have my air and exercise."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr. Kelland. The next will appear in an early issue.

Cunningham RADIO TUBES



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THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

WORLD'S OUTSTANDING PRODUCER OF CASH REGISTERS AND ACCOUNTING MACHINES

DAYTON, OHIO

WAR ON THE STREET OF THE PEACE

(Continued from Page 7)

was met with a reproving disquisition on the inelegance of legs. "What we want now is to bring distinction, aristocracy, into clothes," they said.

It made a good story. The American fashion writers went to their desks and wrote it.

Then the Paris dressmakers turned their attention to the home front. That, too, had to be won. But what they told the French reporters had a different tang.

Let us hear M. Jean Patou first of all. His house is one of the great, vital ones which have come up since the war. During the reign of the simple little *robe chemise*, with its modest two-piece sister, M. Patou made dresses which could be described with no other word than "adorable." They were readily and widely copied. He is a great admirer of the American female "figger," and has imported a number of American mannequins to display his wares—lithe, slinky creatures who could have escaped Mr. Ziegfeld only when he was napping.

A Couple of Big Berthas

Speaking to L'Intransigeant, the popular afternoon paper of Paris, M. Patou spoke as follows about the *robe chemise:*

"The creation of an epoch—that of immediately after the war—when the evidences of poverty were all around us, the short straight dress," he said, "was the consequence of an unprosperous social condition—it was not the product of French taste. *Mode Américaine. Voilà.* A mode that one can easily execute wholesale.

"For fifteen years"—he is addressing himself to Frenchwomen now, it must be remembered—"you have been disguised by the Americans, do you realize that? By the Americans with their long legs. With their long legs, do you understand? You Latins, with your short calves, with your wide hips, often too low-slung—corresponding more closely, perhaps, to the canons of antique æsthetics, but less to the modern concept of beauty—you Latins have followed blindly the American women. Result: One can say that since the war there have been no chic women in France!"

Short dresses, M. Patou declared further, were a style for *poules.* Difficult to translate, that word "*poules.*"

"I want a style for ladies," he continued, "created for a happy minority. Every time that the crowd can easily get away with a style, that style is bad. Our industry is a de luxe industry with a de luxe clientele. With the leveling in style brought about by the short dress, French *couture* was headed toward catastrophe. The American buyers could turn out easily in an endless series the too-simple models which it was sufficient for them to see in our salons. We were losing, therefore, important sales. It was high time for a reaction. The sewing trade, formerly an industry essentially French, was languishing, it might just as well be confessed. . . . We have been losing the taste for beautiful materials patiently woven; for dresses whose creation presented great difficulties and which had to be executed by expert workers. We must create dresses now which demand to be made by adroit technicians."

Following M. Patou's *pronunciamiento,* the house of Poiret spoke up. "The short dress, of which the Americans are so fond," said Madame Germaine, the director, "has brought grave prejudice to bear against the high Paris *couture.* If this mode had persisted, if the high *couture* had continued to make dresses with one hole for the head to go through and two for the arms, instead of the French selling clothes to the Americans, it would have been the Americans who would have ended by selling their clothes in France, as they are trying to sell their automobiles. They are, in fact, admirably equipped for the fabrication of all kinds of goods; what they lack is the creative spark. No need of this spark for reproducing the *robe chemise.* We, besides having the spark, have hands—the fairy fingers of our little sewers. The American girl is perfect from the æsthetic point of view, for the race is beautiful, young and vigorous. But she doesn't know how to hold a needle. Why should she, when the sewing machine was invented in her country?"

It is my experience that American girls, nonprofessional needlewomen, sew with better results than do their French sisters who are nonprofessionals; in a word, the homemade American confection is a better job than the homemade French. And as for the professionals, fairy fingers though the *midinettes* may have, many Americans who buy their clothes in Paris may be heard complaining of the sloppy, careless sewing. But try to tell French dressmakers this! They want to think of the American girl as helpless with a needle, and I doubt if an ocular demonstration would convince them of error.

But to return to the *robe chemise.* The words of the Rue de la Paix show clearly the commercial origin of this fashion war, and they show clearly, too, that the only enemy who counts is the American. The opinions of the houses of Patou and Poiret have been seconded by the other great *maisons,* which have rushed into type in L'Intransigeant, but a canvass of them leaves one, nevertheless, with the conviction that great uncertainty and anxiety are prevailing as to the outcome. Many, straddling the fence, emphasize that they are making short as well as long dresses. Evidently, understandably, they all want to make clothes which will foil not only the American manufacturers but the little seamstress in the home who, with a style book in one hand and two and a half meters of cloth in the other, could turn out exceedingly creditable copies of the expensive originals.

A number are not convinced of the wisdom of the frank attack on the Americans. "Strategy," say they, "should be employed when your enemy is strong. Is it the most tactful move in the world," they reason, "to let the Americans know that we have changed the style because we were losing money on something which they themselves can do very well and which is immensely becoming to them? Is it wise to let these children—these barbaric children—realize how important they are to us? Have we not always been the czars of the fashion world? And what happens when an absolute monarch so far forgets himself as to recognize that his power is threatened?" They seem to be afraid of the answer.

The Copy of a Copy of a Copy

An American, having lived in Paris and observed French markets for ten years, is a little amused at the virulence of the attack on her compatriots on the ground of copying. Almost everything, with the possible exception of *sabots* and Roquefort cheese, seems an imitation of something current in America or Germany before its introduction into France. Undoubtedly, American importers do snitch any vagrant sartorial ideas which please their fancy. Certainly when they buy a model, it is frankly for the purpose of imitation or adaptation. The French houses know this, and it is for this reason that even the simplest of the models in the Rue de la Paix and its environs are priced at sums entirely at variance either with the cost of the material or of the workmanship.

A little woolen morning frock, of which the raw materials and work could not cost its creators more than ten dollars—hardly that—is priced at three thousand francs, for this is the minimum price at the openings held for the Americans. . . . I suppose it is known in America that the European buyers appear at another show where prices are considerably lower.

Naturally, this charming little dress with its one hundred and twenty dollar tag is widely reproduced—and in no place more faithfully than in Paris, for the French themselves are the arch copyists of clothes.

A small house where I replenish my wardrobe will, for a thousand francs, make a twin of a model that would cost me three or four thousand in one of the big houses. For two thousand francs I can get an ensemble which would set me back five or six thousand in the Rue de la Paix.

Paris abounds in these secondary houses, and many of them are patronized by American buyers, so that very often what is copied in America is merely the copy of a copy.

The clever little dressmaker, of whom there seem to be a million at least in Paris, will in turn make her copy. This twin is, of course, not quite so indistinguishable from the first-born. But she sells it for a few hundred francs. The cloth, naturally, is not so good, nor the workmanship quite so expert, but it's a recognizable copy. She got the idea either from a fashion journal or from a visit to one of the secondary houses.

The great difference between the French and the American thieving is that the latter is partly paid for. The American importer leaves a wad of money in France. The French copyist seldom even buys his model. Moreover, the American, when he gets back home, proudly advertises that he is offering copies of a genuine French model. In ten years I have never seen any credit given by the French for a purloined idea.

(Continued on Page 145)

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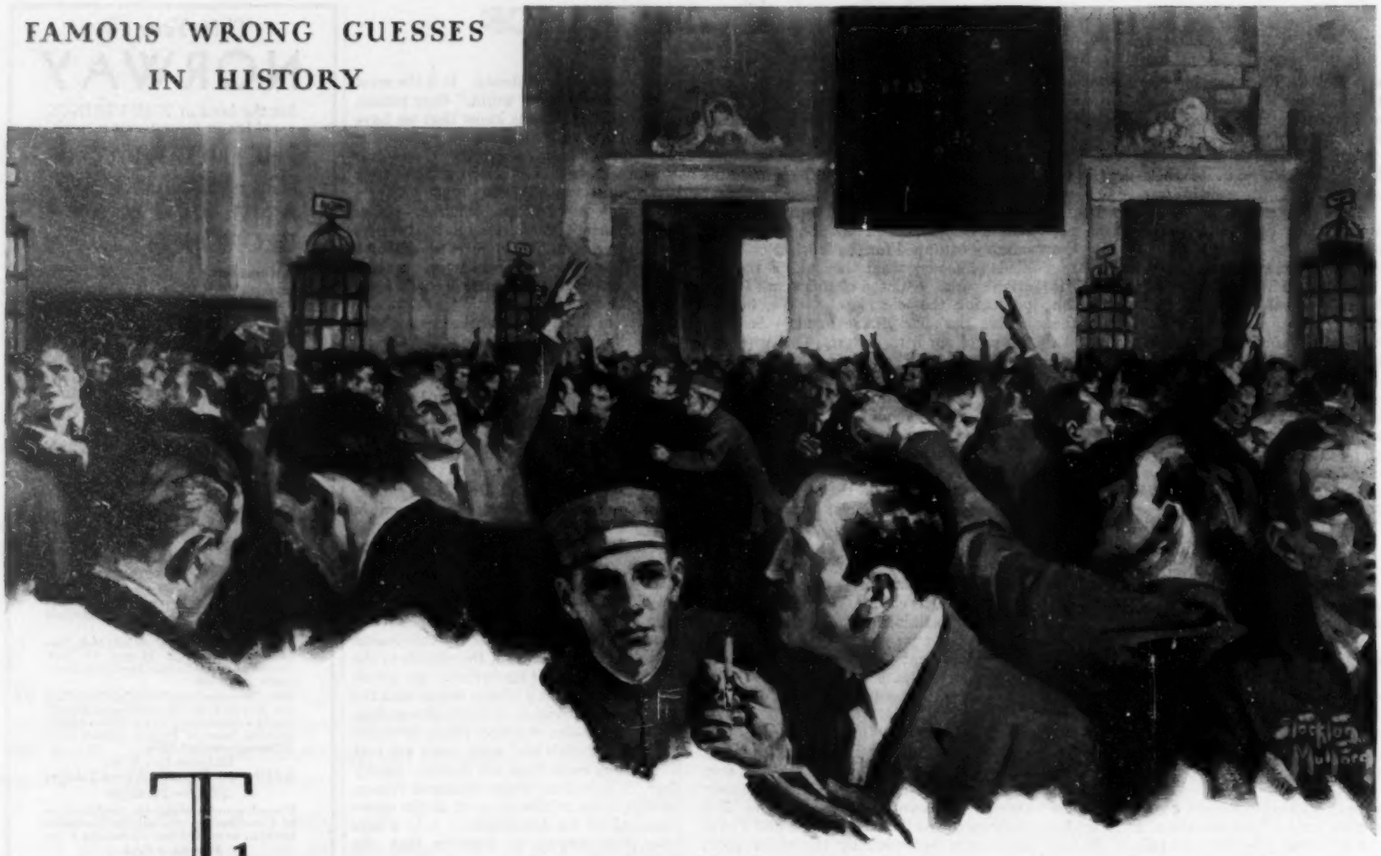

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THE LARGEST STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 143)

Only recently I was in a large dressmaking establishment with a friend just over from America who had with her her five-year-old daughter. The child was very cunningly turned out in an original little dress and bonnet made by her mother, who is an artist. We were looking at a coat when we heard the head of the department whisper sharply to a salesgirl, *"Vite, vite, le dessinateur!"*

The designer, summarily telephoned for, hurried down, pencil and block in hand. The head of the department approached my friend and, with an ingratiating smile, said, indicating the designer and the child, *"Madame, vous permettez?"*

My friend, flattered, permitted as a matter of course. A detailed sketch of the frock and bonnet was made. They will, of course, appear in due time on the French market. And many little American girls, I've no doubt, will be wearing these "imported French models," bought at a fancy price, oblivious of the fact that the mother of a child living a stone's throw from Rittenhouse Square had created the first model.

And why not? Every nation has copied from every other on a wholesale scale at some period in its history. And may not the worth of an idea be evaluated by the extent to which it is emulated? I stress the present French attitude toward the Americans merely because it seems to me indicative of an ostrich-like unwillingness to look at a fact—an attitude amazing in a race famed for its hard-boiled reasoning powers.

Imagine the British, in their endeavor to arrive somewhere on the road to a solution of their threatened naval supremacy, sticking their heads in the mud and denying that their most serious competitor has any navy or any flair for naval affairs! Yet this, in effect, is precisely what the French do to their fashion competitors. You haven't any ideas, and you can't make anything but a rag with three holes in it. *Voilà tout!*

The Efficiency Note in Dress

A psychologist, of course, could, with some pity, put his finger on the exact seat of the trouble. It's hard to be generous to an opponent whom we fear. A woman is catty chiefly to those women who threaten her security—all the others are nice, sweet females.

The failure of the Rue de la Paix to adjust itself to the changes brought about by the World War is evidenced by the very words of M. Patou himself. Salvation for the languishing French *couture* through a happy minority is his solution in a day when real money is made by catering only to the masses.

The lady, in the prewar sense, is finished. The whole world in which she moved has tottered. One can easily comprehend the French yearning for her return, for in the old days all the courts of Europe, with their vast *entourages*, came to the Rue de la Paix to be outfitted.

But this prosperity did not rest on the patronage of the aristocratic ladies alone, it might be well to remind M. Patou. The demimonde, supported by royal and financial potentates of five continents, spent money in the five or six great fashion houses of prewar Paris with Babylonian largesse—as Proust and other chroniclers of those lost days tell us in lively detail.

Now these old houses compete with the new upstart houses with all the tenacity of hagglers in an Oriental bazaar for the unpaid privilege of clothing a queen or a dancer who will advertise their wares in America.

But the World War did more than take away the money from those people who had had the tradition of dress since the Middle Ages. It upset the entire concept of dress. The *haut monde*, which had never heard of Susan Anthony and the Bloomer Brigade, and which had ridiculed those feeble tentatives toward rational clothes made by the early sportswomen, suddenly became unwilling to see the women of the lower classes get all the fun out of the war. And when duchesses went into the snappy khaki of the ambulance driver and the becoming linen of the Red Cross nurse, the doom of the old, elegant restricting clothes was foreshadowed. The minute it became fashionable not only to do something but to succeed tolerably in the doing, the evolution of clothes along efficiency lines became assured. And dress became practical in a way that it had not been since the days of the Roman Republic, when women as well as men seemed to get a lot of fun out of life with two garments only—the tunic for indoors, and the toga for out.

Making Women Dress-Conscious

That mode of dress stayed with the world for a long time. When we consider that the French couturiers are rebelling against a style only fifteen years old, which they appear to regard as an unconscionable age, it is hard to believe that the simple garments of antiquity, with only slight variations, held their ground until the middle of the eleventh century. Kings and queens and the aristocratic gentry could and did show the superiority of their position by the piling on of jewels and by the choice of rich velvets and silks sumptuously embroidered, but the pattern of their clothes remained the same as that of humbler folks—the tubular, baglike slip, greatly resembling the *robe chemise*.

The Greek chiton and chlamys, the Roman tunic and toga, the early Teutonic smock and cloak, the chemises and surplices of the early Middle Ages—all of them closely related—indicate that simplicity and comfort were the first requisites in dress in the beginning of the world's history.

The French changed that. The Crusades gave them their opportunity by throwing together the various peoples of Europe who, since the migration of the nations six hundred years after Christ, had lived their lives separately, isolated from the influence of one another.

A taste for travel and interchange of thought between the people of Western Europe was engendered by the Crusades. And the French were quick to grasp the significance of this—especially their tailors, who, with rare enterprise, bestirred themselves.

At the time they sailed in with needle and scissors, the people of Western Europe were all wearing a wide, comfortable garment known in France as the *cote-hardie*. Though they were later to destroy the male's comfort by getting him out of his *cote-hardie* and into a tight, padded coat with hooks and eyes and skin-tight trousers, the legs of which were often of different colors, the French at first concentrated on the women.

Up until this moment there had been practically no difference between the male and the female costume. Now they took the woman's *cote-hardie* and nipped it in under the bust, putting at the same time a few heavy folds of stuff over the hips. Then they tampered with the sleeves, tightening them considerably at the wrist. These first alterations were slight; if they called forth any protests, history does not record them.

The slight alterations, however, became so numerous that by the beginning of the thirteenth century the female dress for the first time in history had achieved an entirely different character from that of the male. Germany and England, too, accepted the French innovations. Thus the supremacy of Paris had its beginning.

From that time on, the French let themselves go with abandon. The comfortable one-piece garment gave way to the complicated two-piece affair with gored bodice and heavy skirt. Each success further emboldened them. Evidently there was nothing to which women would not submit if properly approached. Bells and tassels, feathers and furs, beads and bugles, buttons and jeweled ornaments, all were hung indiscriminately on dresses. Indeed, there were periods when women resembled overdressed Christmas trees.

The desire for luxury in dress spread among all classes. By the end of the sixteenth century it had reached such a point that Henry IV, who considered it a menace to the social welfare, passed laws forbidding all but the princes and nobles to indulge themselves in the finery of gold and silver laces and jeweled ornaments—laws which seem to have been ignored.

French daring in style creation continued to hold Europe breathless. Apparently there was nothing they couldn't put over. As early as the fifteenth century, dresses which exposed the entire breast were introduced. When the German women recoiled at this, the French answer was to make them a wimple. Carl Köhler, in his book on costume, quotes a chronicler of the day on this subject: "Girls and women wore beautiful wimples, with a broad hem in front, embroidered with silk, pearls or tinsel, and their underclothing, now made necessary, had pouches into which they put their breasts. Nothing like it had ever been seen before."

Later on, when the French revived this style of the exaggerated décolleté, it was the Englishwoman who protested. She was given a fichu. And if Nature had not provided sufficiently generous gifts for holding out the fichu becomingly, the French accompanied it with a cleverly curved frame which the English dubbed "liar"—but which they wore, none the less. Hip pads, bustles, whalebones, corsets were now gracefully accepted as offered.

Not only the French couturiers but the coiffeurs, the milliners, the shoemakers set themselves out to make woman dress-conscious. Marie Antoinette's headdress was built up so high that her proportions displeased her. She demanded of her dressmaker that he give her breadth, and he responded with a farthingale which broadened her so she couldn't reach the curve of her hip line with her finger tips.

A Spanish Style Arbiter

It would require a tome to consider all the innovations, humorous and monstrous, for which the French have been responsible during the long period of their supremacy. And it is interesting to note that throughout this entire time their dominance has been only once so seriously threatened as it is today by the Americans.

That was the Spanish menace in the sixteenth century, when Charles I put his foot down, metaphorically speaking, on the bared bosoms of the French. Skirts, too, already long, went down to the ground at his edict. Thus it was that a careless conversationalist, mentioning the lower extremities of her Spanish Majesty, was severely rebuked with "The Queen of Spain has no legs!"

The immense political and commercial prestige of Spain at this time made the influence of the Spanish court tremendous in the world of fashion. The high stand-up collars and concealing ruffs with which the portraits in the Prado have acquainted us were copied in other countries, and when the Queen of France and her *entourage* adopted them, French couturiers, afraid of the volume of the wave, decided to ride with it, instead of bucking it. Using the high ruff in the back, they gave the French-women the exaggerated front décolleté always dear to them. This costume made a great hit and, presently, Charles I having passed on, even the Spanish women were again baring their necks. But as they had a curious dislike to fullness of the bosom—a dislike obviously not inherited by their present descendants—they slatted themselves in with a corset made of wooden laths, and fastened sheets of lead on the breasts of their young girls to retard their development. This Inquisitorial arrangement necessitated a dress higher in the front than that which the French approved. To compensate, the Spanish wore their shoulders and backs completely nude.

French dressmakers rode this Spanish wave until the end of the seventeenth century, when the accession of Madame de Maintenon to the favor of Louis XIV gave them full command of the situation once more.

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De Maintenon proved to be something radically different in the way of royal mistresses, and she commanded a radically different style of dress. A blue-stocking and a bit of a Puritan, the king's favorite declared against any exposure whatever of the female body. Etiquette at the French Court now exceeded in rigor that of Charles I. Arms, necks, backs and shoulders were completely shielded from view. Corsets became armorial incasements, and skirts so long that their trains had to be carried by pages.

The eighteenth century consolidated the unassailable international position of the French couturiers, for it witnessed the invention of the colored fashion plate. These were sent all over Europe by courier and within a few months of its launching, the latest Paris mode was being studied and copied in cities as far away as Dresden and Vienna. Wigs, masks, patches, silk stockings, gloves, tippets, crinolines, fans, parasols, veils and hats were some of the French inspirations for this period, which was, perhaps, the happiest for the dressmaking and its allied arts that the world has ever seen. It is a period as sumptuous, as frivolous as this which the French would like to revive today.

An especial flair which the French have shown throughout their long reign has been their adroitness in using political mutations for great and profitable fashion upheavals. A bloody revolution to the couturiers meant simply an opportunity to discard the style sponsored by Marie Antoinette and to supplant it with a simplicity more adaptable to a howling bunch of *citoyennes*. The Directoire period and the Second Empire provided further opportunities for gainful change.

To anyone to whom the sheeplike tendencies of the human race are always depressing, the consideration of the docility with which women, since the eleventh century, have allowed themselves to be made into dressmakers' puppets cannot help but be discouraging. And if it were not for the fact that there are brand-new elements in the situation today, one would certainly be justified in basing future prognostications on past performances and hoisting the tricolor without more ado.

But there are definite new elements which have the French frightened today and which are causing them to show signs of caution and hesitation entirely incompatible with the behavior of those conscious of assured victory.

Flaws in the French Fashions

To begin with, there has been no recent political *bouleversement* to give the cue for a style change and to engage the attention of the victim while the subjection was being accomplished. The present attempt at fashion change is reasonless and artificial—motivated by pure pocketbook considerations. And the indiscretion which let the cat out of the bag has not helped the situation.

Moreover, the women who must first be conquered, the Americans, have shown no sign of being bored with the postwar freedom of their lives, which caused the *robe chemise* and the easy sports clothes to be created. There hasn't been the slightest indication that they are tired of the business world, or of the tennis court, or of globe trotting. The temper of America today, as never before, is a kinetic one of progress; the new styles as planned by the French, but not yet fully executed, are admittedly retrogressive and entirely out of keeping with the life and thought of the day.

Intelligence and its exercise are no longer things of which women are ashamed. The dumb-bell very seldom puts it over nowadays on her more cerebral sister, even in the facile field of man capture. The intelligent woman, once a frump, now has a fine regard for her raiment. She insists on chic. But will she allow chic to be translated into something which her common sense tells her is offensively hideous? Will she stand passive while an attempt is made to buckle her into a corset?

This evil contraption has atrophied so completely that an entire generation of women has grown up without ever having known the torture of its restricting slats. And women of forty today who, at sixteen, rushed into stays as an adolescent boy hurries into long trousers, were able, with fashion's full approval, to abandon it at the malleable age of twenty-five, fifteen years ago, and have wallowed in the comfort of the boneless girdle ever since.

Now the Paris shops are well stocked with a new corset, its makers prayerfully hoping that the new frocks will take, thus assuring their business an era of long-deferred prosperity.

Another development which the French did not foresee was the howl of criticism that their styles add from ten to twenty years to the wearer. They seem to have taken too literally certain elderly and ecclesiastical comments on the rambunctiousness of modern flaming youth and to have been too ready to believe that these alarmist utterances represent the feeling of most women of thirty-five or more. Thus they have seriously misjudged the comprehensiveness of the present definition of the word "youth."

Formerly the woman of thirty-five was a settled matron ready for the chimney corner and her knitting; the woman of fifty was ready for the grave. Today there's life and kick in old girls of seventy; it's the flappers who do most of the knitting. And more money is spent fighting age than was ever spent crusading against the devil.

To the woman who has dieted and banted much of her fat away, the short, simple chemise frock, with its adjustable belt line, was enormously becoming and rejuvenating. It is highly improbable that she will even attempt to metamorphose herself into the *grande dame* whom M. Patou is so eager to drape in the voluminous folds of his new creations.

That the French who hoped to have the whole body of middle-aged opinion at their back—the mothers and the grandmothers—have made a serious psychological error and recognize it is plainly discernible from the character of their present propaganda in the French press and elsewhere. Much emphasis is placed now on the assertion that they have been clever enough to combine dignity with youthfulness in the new styles. But the photographs accompanying their interviews do not give verity to the contention.

Another flaw in the *grande-dame* and happy-minority theory is that the little minority is never really happy unless its taste receives the accolade from the majority. "Every time that the crowd can get away easily with a style, that style is bad," says M. Patou. The Greek chiton was not bad—it was, on the contrary, a marvel of simple grace and beauty. Yet every female in the Peloponnesus got away with it. The corset and bustle and whaleboned bodice and dirty, trailing skirt were bad, and every late-Victorian got away with them too.

DRAWN BY J. B. HYDE. FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, AUGUST 3, 1872.

Scene in the Ladies' Parlor of the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, 1872

What M. Patou really meant, I suppose, is bad for the couturiers and bad for the snobs of the happy minority, for when the crowd can beautifully copy the prevailing mode so that the factory girl can almost rival in chic the fashionable debutante, the latter can get no feeling of superiority out of her clothes. Conceivably this is all the happiness that some limited souls have.

But to see the mob copying—copying clumsily and hopelessly—to see nine-tenths of the women of the world in ridiculous caricatures of the intricate creations of the Rue de la Paix—that might give the bored and idle minority a much-needed thrill. It certainly would provide a much-needed *cachet* for the big dressmakers.

The gravest obstacle to French victory, I have, however, kept for the last. Never before in the history of its supremacy has French *couture* met with such determined, such intelligent, such vocal opposition. A vast body of women who do not intend to be frumps and who, nevertheless, do not intend to be puppets, are against the uncomfortable, overdecked clothes the French are trying to put over. These women know that if the long skirt is accepted, they can be reasonably certain that an avalanche of gingerbread insane fashion conceits will follow. *C'est le premier pas qui coute.* And they are howling out loud against this first bold step.

Loud Protests From England

In America, Miss Fannie Hurst was among the first to perceive the danger. As I write now—in the middle of November—the English press is full of protests. The Manchester Guardian is running a symposium of letters received from some of King George's best-known and most influential female subjects.

With a single exception—that of a woman famed for her beauty—the wife of a wealthy and fashionable portrait painter—every one of the Guardian's correspondents has gone on record against the long skirt as an article of general wear. A few feel that it might lend a certain grace to the evening apparel of the woman built for it. Many of them declare that a defensive fight for the threatened physical freedom is as well worth waging as yesterday's fight for political emancipation. Women, young and old, seem ready to wave banners and throw bricks in this new movement.

Miss Maude Royden, whose speeches and writings reach a wide audience, concludes her letter with the following significant paragraph:

> I wish that among your great and intelligent public some woman may be found with leisure enough and good will to organize us into a great movement of protest against the attempt to impose upon us the elaborate untidiness of the fashions with which we are threatened; against their lack of beauty, simplicity and hygiene. Thousands—tens of thousands—would rise up and call her blessed.

Nor have the new styles met with unqualified approval in Paris, although the sewing trade is so widely ramified and touches so many families in France that self-interest may be expected to exert its influence. Nevertheless, the other evening, in a popular cinema holding more than two thousand people, I was surprised at the manifestation of disapproval which ran through the audience when the fashion propaganda was thrown on the screen. Downstairs in the cheap seats the spectators let themselves go in derisive jeers and catcalls. Upstairs a well-dressed crowd rustled a very definite disapproval. The models wore backless, sleeveless evening gowns, with tight-fitting bodices, and panniered, bustled skirts which trailed yards of useless material on the ground. That the use of this cinema propaganda is still considered necessary so many months after the launching of the new styles is in itself a significant fact.

The moment for American designers and garment makers to grab hold of a wabbling situation and stiffen it for their own purposes has never been more opportune. Should they oppose themselves definitely to the new styles and to French dominance, a very unexpected recent development of tremendous importance would aid them vastly. I mean the heavy losses in money sustained by people of all classes in the

(Continued on Page 150)

a turned up collar— won't stop a cough

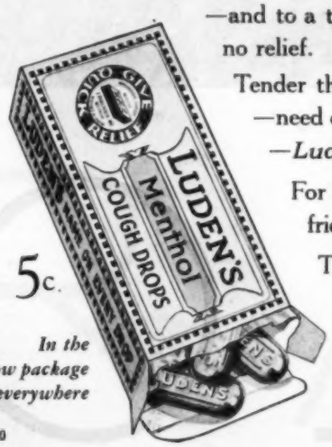
TROUBLED THROATS

Some folks are born with tender throats—some acquire them from the wear and tear of use and abuse—and to a troubled throat a turned-up collar brings no relief.

Tender throats need helpful care—need watching—need encouragement and aid in times of stress—*Luden's.*

For a Luden's to a tender throat is like a real friend—relieves you of your troubles instantly.

Take a Luden's—let it dissolve in your mouth—breathe deep. *Quick relief.* Down your throat—up through your nose—a waft of soothing, refreshing coolness spreads. That's Luden's Menthol Action—exclusive with Luden's.



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In the yellow package —everywhere

You need not hesitate to take Luden's freely—for Luden's contain nothing harmful—nothing to upset the stomach. In fact, Luden's Menthol Action is beneficial, for "Menthol" is a derivative of peppermint—one of the oldest known aids to good digestion.

Lots of imitations of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops—that's natural—but only Luden's are made according to the exclusive Luden formula—tested by years and users.

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Play safe—keep Luden's handy

FOR QUICK RELIEF

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COLORADO CHALLENGES THE WORLD in the grandeur, variety and accessibility of its scenery.

COLORADO CHALLENGES THE WORLD in the joy and comfort of its residential life; its working conditions in farm, mine, factory, store or office; its livable houses, its up-to-date schools, its delightful shops, its friendly people, its great range of amusements.

COLORADO CHALLENGES THE WORLD in the quality of its products* and its vast capacity for further production.

COLORADO CHALLENGES THE WORLD in the delights of its year-around climate; its dry, sparkling air; its freedom from extremes of heat, cold and storms; its floods of brilliant, golden sunshine; the loveliness of its clear, bright moonlight; its inspiring Spring; its cool Summer; its long, warm Autumn; its balmy Winter. A climate never too bad for comfort and never so monotonous as to be tiresome—a climate to LIVE IN!

COLORADO CHALLENGES THE WORLD in healthfulness—a state to regain health in and even more a state to RETAIN health in! Health in the rare, dry air; health in the pure, mountain water; health in the absence of climatic extremes; health in the outdoor life that is so enticing; health in hundreds of hot and cold mineral springs of notable medicinal value; health, if necessary, in splendid, modern sanitariums and sanatoriums.

AND COLORADO CHALLENGES THE WORLD as the Vacationland Supreme! Hundreds of well-managed hotels of all classes, many charming houses, cottages and cabins, thousands of beautiful camping spots await your pleasure. Wide, smooth highways and admirably built railroads cross and recross the Continental Divide over a score of spectacular passes. Every valley, every canyon, every mountain peak adds something to an enormous scenic paradise which offers in abundance whatever kind of recreation you and your family most enjoy.

YES, COLORADO CHALLENGES THE WORLD! Its citizens, enjoying for years the delights it offers them, want you to know of these delights. Ask us about anything that interests you—anywhere in the state. Accurate information will reach you in full detail. Your questions will be carefully and correctly answered.

AND COME UP TO COLORADO! Overnight from half the nation, two nights from almost anywhere, Colorado is the right place for even a SHORT vacation. It will take many vacations to see and enjoy all of the state, so plan your next vacation here as a starter.

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COLO

RFUL

Fair Glacier, Hell Hole Region

Hagerman Peak from Snowmass Lake

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(Continued from Page 146)

recent Wall Street debacle. The *robe chemise*, M. Patou believes, was for poor times; the new styles were created for rich times. Somebody upset the gravy.

A woman with a reduced dress allowance will look more than once before she buys one of these costly, gingerbread creations from Paris, or a poor copy of it. Her salvation will lie in that simple chic which the American designer understands to a *t*. Will he be ready for her?

The analogy between sixteenth-century Spain, sitting on the top of the world, and present-day America leaps to the mind. Then the edict of an outraged king shook the French supremacy. Today thousands of uneasy women, in need of a leader, want clothes which the French are withholding from them—clothes suited to their bodies, their minds, and the circumstances of their present active lives. Few of them, I imagine, will ever make clothes the subject of patriotism. Actually they won't care a fig if it's the French who export clothes to America or vice versa. What matters tremendously is the clothes and the attempt of an old, tradition-bound despot to snap on costly chains.

Meanwhile the despot is showing considerable activity in his old age. And the war wages merrily. Should the French win, they may once more cut the fronts as well as the backs out of our dresses. In which case, the more modest of us—or the less opulently built—could always wear a wimple.

OLD-FASHIONED SAVINGS

(Continued from Page 21)

bank and trust company in the struggle for savings deposits. The old separate savings banks are mostly in the downtown and what are now the central business sections of cities. They were established there many years ago, when cities were small, and they have remained there. Either because of legal restrictions or inertia, they have been slow to open branches in the newer residential neighborhoods. The location of a deposit is largely a matter of convenience to the depositor, and people will not walk or ride far just for a factor of specialized and extra safety.

Meanwhile the large commercial banks and trust companies have embarked on a policy of extensive neighborhood branch banking, or else numerous small neighborhood unit institutions of the commercial variety have sprung up. The old savings banks remain at the centers of business, but not necessarily at the centers of population, whereas the other banks have followed the population.

It is not the downtown or main offices of the great commercial banks and trust companies which have taken on extensive savings deposits but the outlying branches or affiliates. "We have watched ourselves more and more hemmed in by branches of the various trust companies and other banks," says one savings man, "which have gradually taken away from us all the savings of the foreign population and of the outlying territory."

Mutual-Savings Banks

It is a peculiar fact that mutual-savings banks exist in only seventeen of the forty-eight states. But they are more limited, geographically speaking, than even these figures indicate. There are none in the great states of Illinois and Michigan. They are most numerous in Massachusetts—although all the New England States have them—and they are by far and away most powerful in New York. They are an important factor in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland, and are to be found also in Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin and Minnesota, whence they jump to California and the state of Washington, in which latter state several new ones have been formed in comparatively recent years. California has only one mutual-savings bank, whereas the commercial banks there carry enormous savings deposits.

The trustee, or mutual-savings, bank grew naturally in the more thickly settled portions of the country and where industry created a numerous employe class. The fact that westward expansion was until very recently largely agricultural explains in part why so few of these banks have been established outside New England and the Middle Atlantic States. They flourished most in past decades where immigrant classes were congregated in great numbers.

It is unfortunate, I am sure, that public-spirited men have not organized such banks in states which do not have them. There is much talk about coöperation in the West and the South, but here is a tried form of coöperation which is universally admitted to be of unfailing aid to millions of people. I need make no apology for writing in this vein or for what someone might describe as "advertising" the mutual-savings bank. The value of such an institution, as of life insurance, is too obvious to need defense. Nor is its sectional limitation as significant as first appears. The savings-bank laws of New York and Massachusetts set the standard for the whole conservative or trustee aspect of American investment, and therefore possess tremendous importance.

All this rather dry and impersonal narrative leads up to a very delicate but extremely practical question: Are depositors in a mutual-savings bank more secure than those in an institution run with commercial motives?

It is neither wise nor necessary to reply to this question categorically. The essential facts can be brought out otherwise. No one questions that great numbers of commercial banks provide secure depositories for these funds. This is particularly true of the larger institutions in cities whose prosperity rests upon diversified industries. Anyone can name offhand plenty of general banks safe enough for any purpose at any time.

But the public remains incredibly ignorant of financial distinctions; it blurs everything of a banking nature, and I feel that tendencies which add to this fading out of clear distinctions are to be regretted. One almost wishes that the word "savings," about which so much of definite meaning and good will grew up as the result of years of solid achievement, could be patented or copyrighted.

New York is one of the few states which forbid commercial banks to advertise for savings accounts, although they can get around it by using the words "thrift," "interest" or "compound-interest" accounts. Here, as in many other places, the specialized savings banks are able, because of the very nature of their business, and with entire safety, to pay a considerably higher rate of interest than the commercial banks. Then, too, in New York City, mutual-savings banks of great size, and as impregnable as any human institution can be, abound. Despite all these facts, no less than 13,347 out of 19,936 depositors in the City Trust Company, which failed about a year ago, had what were in reality savings accounts. Of $6,500,000 on deposit, $5,000,000 were in thrift or savings accounts.

Massachusetts has a law permitting trust companies to accept savings accounts, but under the same restrictions as mutual-savings banks. They cannot, however, use the word "savings" in the official titles of their banks. Yet a college graduate in a Massachusetts town—a man who had been a professor of mathematics—went to an officer of the savings bank soon after it had declared a somewhat higher rate of interest on deposits than had customarily been the case, and asked if the bank did not pay still larger dividends on its stock, and how could he, a depositor, get some of the stock. When told that there were no stockholders and that he, as a depositor, was one of the owners, he expressed unbounded surprise, although the bank had been operating that way for seventy-five or a hundred years.

A few states have segregation—that is, the commercial banks are required to invest their savings deposits separately and in suitable security. But generally speaking, this is not the case. All deposits go into one pot, and the savings depositor has no preference over any other—which is hardly fair. This is the case also with national banks. All assets go to liquidate liabilities equally.

Banks generally are lukewarm to the idea of segregation, and there are technical difficulties. Many of the large deposits in commercial banks, which take the form of time or savings accounts, are not personal or family savings at all, but the resources of large business concerns. Then, too, the commercial banker has sought savings accounts not primarily to protect persons of moderate means, as have the mutual banks, but to gather in more money for general purposes. He does not wish to tie up funds which he may need for the good of the whole pot in tight times.

Not Eager to Branch Out

This is very plain speaking, indeed, but the facts are as stated. It is no reflection upon the general banker; the question is one of wise public or social policy. A commissioner appointed by the governor of New York to investigate the failure of the City Trust Company says: "There can be no good reason why a savings bank should be subject to peculiarly stringent rules, while another bank around the corner invites and maintains exactly similar accounts without any special restrictions."

More and more the savings bankers are awakening to the desirability of branches or deposit stations to reach the people where they live. There are states in which such privileges are very limited. In New York the ordinary banks can have an almost unlimited number of branches within city boundaries but savings banks can have only one apiece. Yet the savings banks have been chary and timid in exercising even the privileges which they possess. Only about five of those in New York City have opened the one branch permitted to them, although in several cases a large increase in deposits has resulted.

Among the objections urged against savings-bank branches is that of expense, although a fully equipped branch should cost less than the establishment of a new bank. But it seems as if some less costly form of deposit agency or station might be devised. One suggestion is that an authorized representative might accept deposits and give a legal receipt even in a chain store. Besides, there are savings banks now which operate branches successfully. One in Baltimore has fifteen branches, and while relatively new and small, as large city savings banks go, it shows excellent growth.

The Philadelphia Saving Fund Society has five suboffices or branches, and I am informed by one of the officials that "we are entirely satisfied with the results obtained at the branches, as they have enabled us to do what we wanted to do—namely, make our service convenient to our depositors living far away from the main office." This is one of the oldest two savings banks in the country; it is one of the largest in the amount of deposits and has the largest number of accounts.

But there is another more powerful if less openly expressed objection which lies in the fear of the smaller savings banks that the large ones might grow even greater if city-wide branches should become the vogue. Generally, the smaller or less aggressive

(Continued on Page 153)

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Automatically . . . and every slice perfect

IF YOU haven't a Toastmaster, you can't know what completely automatic toasting means—

In speedier toasting, in easier toasting, in better toast.

Toast at the amazing speed of a slice each minute—every slice browned to perfection—and absolutely without watching, turning or burning.

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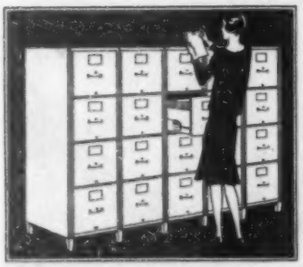

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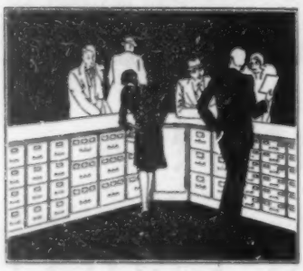

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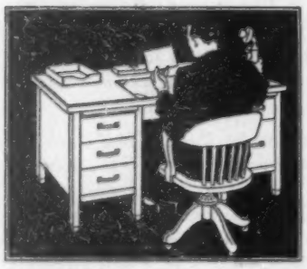

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DO YOU KNOW THIS "Y and E" MAN?

He typifies hundreds of them from coast to coast. His knowledge of office needs is at your command. He can bring you a greater efficiency . . . a saving of precious space . . . and a better planned office. His services are free. There is a "Y and E" man in your vicinity . . . do you know him?

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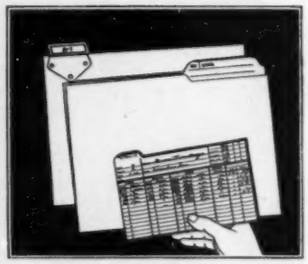

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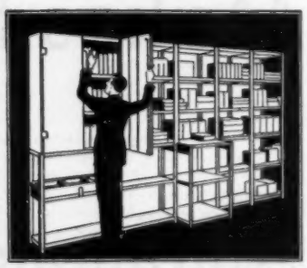

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Slovenly offices are no longer necessary, for "Y and E" Steel Storage Cabinets provide a place for everything. There is a type and model for every business, as well as for school or home use. Optional interior fittings and auto-type door locks.

(Continued from Page 150)

banks are not especially ambitious to open branches. But they fear that the larger and particularly well-known institutions might invade their neighborhood.

An unfortunate belief has developed that there is a fixed total available savings fund which must be parceled out among these banks, and, consequently, that one bank cannot grow except at the expense of another. Although there is an abundance of proof that they can thrive in close proximity to one another, there has developed a theory that the mutual-savings bank must be restricted to some territorial limit. Each bank has feared to open branches in another neighborhood for fear its own locality might be invaded. All this has tended to the idea that there should be no competition, although a business without competition has hard work to keep alive. Says a committee of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks:

"The result, of course, is too familiar to need repetition. While, in order to respect what have been regarded as the rights and prerogatives of some savings banks, others have been denied the privilege of branch banking, the commercial banks, both state and national, have made way with the business. Not more than a third of the savings business of the country is done by the mutual-savings banks."

Savings and Insurance

"A man should not find it difficult to open a savings-bank account. He should find it almost impossible to escape from its clutches, as most of us have found it impossible to escape from the clutches of the life-insurance solicitor. There is every social desideratum in having at least a savings receiving station on almost every street corner."

Yet the mutual principle is no more applicable to the promotion of thrift and future financial provision in the form of life-insurance policies than in the form of savings accounts. In both cases it is well adapted to the purpose. Perhaps personal solicitation and salesmanship cannot be applied to a savings account so effectively as to life insurance, and yet are we quite sure that this is so? Surely the fact that the great mutual philanthropic life-insurance companies are privileged to maintain branch offices and agencies with little or no geographical or numerical restriction while mutual-savings banks are generally tied to one locality, has some connection with the result. Competition has had full sway in the life-insurance field, and with beneficent results.

Savings accounts would grow faster relatively to life insurance, I believe, if it were not for the tradition that the savings bank is only for the poor. Life insurance, of course, is sold in any amount to anyone, and is bought by rich and poor alike. Restrictions, either legal or self-imposed, upon the amount which any one individual may place in any one bank, are derived from the early history and traditions of the savings banks. It is true that the function of the savings bank would be abused if business men were permitted to deposit $50,000 or $100,000 at from 4 per cent to 5 per cent interest in times of general dullness and low interest rates in their own business, only to withdraw the money a few months later, when they can make more with it themselves.

In the same way, objections are expressed, especially by smaller banks in rural communities, to accepting deposits in large amounts from outside their own territory. They say their purpose is to serve their own communities or localities, and that the acceptance of large sums from outsiders might, if these sums were suddenly withdrawn, jeopardize their investment program. But on the whole the demand from savings bankers is for the removal of legal and traditional restrictions upon the amount which may be accepted. Numbers of the large city banks, including the largest one in the country, gladly accept deposits by mail from any place and pay interest from the day of deposit to the day of withdrawal.

An Ideal Savings Account

It is extremely inconsistent for savings banks to complain of competition and then refuse the very money which they are trying to protect. No other class of bank refuses money at any time. As a matter of fact, the New York law now permits $7500 in a single account in a single bank, not counting accumulated interest. But more than one member of a family may open an account, and there is nothing to prevent a person from having an account in more than one bank.

In another state where there are no legal restrictions, but severe traditional ones, the largest savings bank winked at its own rules when a widow with $35,000 and no knowledge of investments sought to leave the money there.

In the same city a retired bank president worth $150,000 keeps $60,000 divided among a number of savings banks because of his excessive caution.

The truth is that customers of mutual-savings banks are no longer the provident poor, or entirely of immigrant stock, although many persons born in other countries or whose parents were born there are among the depositors. Depositors, speaking generally, are now a fair cross section of the customers of any business. But regardless of occupation or national origins, the average rate at which people accumulate savings is much faster than in earlier days, and the savings institutions must adapt themselves to this fact.

The questions whether mutual-savings banks should provide checking accounts and also perform the services of trust companies—that is, act as administrator, executor, guardian and trustee—are being hotly debated these days. These banks are organized already as virtual trusts. They are familiar with the laws governing trust investments, and the character and known integrity of the men who act as officers and trustees would seem to qualify them. Their relation to depositors is as sacred as it would be to a dead testator.

As for checking accounts, it is argued that in this age, when their use is so nearly universal, it is illogical for savings banks to withstand the trend. Naturally, a lower rate of interest would be paid on the checking account. A very few mutual-savings banks provide this service now, and have found it safe enough. But both the assumption of trust functions and checking accounts are opposed by those who insist that the very inflexibility of the mutual-savings bank, its separateness, its standing aloof from the department-store urge and its being in a class by itself, have established its character and insured its safety.

"There is a favorable psychology in doing one thing," an old-fashioned savings banker told me. "It is so easy to withdraw money if you can check it out, but if you have to come all the way downtown, stand in line and go through a lot of red tape, you will think twice. Checking will make for extravagance and prevent saving for old age. The ideal savings account is that of an old Jewish woman I know. She brings in one or two dollars a week and never withdraws a penny. She needed money recently because her son was ill, and so she borrowed rather than draw on her $1600 deposit. She explained that by borrowing she would be forced to repay, while if she withdrew she might never put the money back. She did not want to break her interest or disturb her balance."

With this viewpoint, the various committees of the mutual-savings banks appointed to study their own problems have no sympathy. They believe that the mutuals should be equipped to serve every need of individuals and families in their personal and domestic banking business. In other words, the savings bank should be a personal-service institution as distinguished from those caring for commercial and corporate needs. But within its personal-service field it should make itself effective all along the line.

It would serve no useful purpose to pursue this discussion further. Suffice it to say the mutual-savings bank is the prototype of a very essential and very modern institution—that for intermediate investment. In other words, indirect type of investment must increase in importance with the growing variety of stocks and bonds. The individual whose primary personal interest is elsewhere has a strong incentive to use an intermediate institution, placed between him and the seller of the security, which can perform the task of analysis and which is formed for the specific purpose of investing other people's money.

The Factor of Security

Willis and Bogen in their book on investment banking refer to three "basically different types" of such institutions. First of all, there is the savings bank, which accepts deposits and invests them. The second type issues its own securities and invests the proceeds, and might be called a security-substitution company. Such are investment trusts, mortgage banks, land banks, building-and-loan societies and others loosely called finance companies. The third type is the trust company, which manages the funds of each individual separately, both in life and death, and gives a specialized type of service, more generally to the larger customers.

I do not wish to make comparisons except to say that the savings bank is probably the simplest of these institutions and that none has been tested more carefully. Certainly, in comparison, the investment trust is not only more speculative but is on a less secure basis as yet. I have had no purpose in this article except to show that old-fashioned savings have a place. Even in Great Britain, where banking centralization has gone much further than here, the specialized savings bank organized for the sole purpose of providing safety for small and moderate sums has persisted.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The third will appear in an early number.

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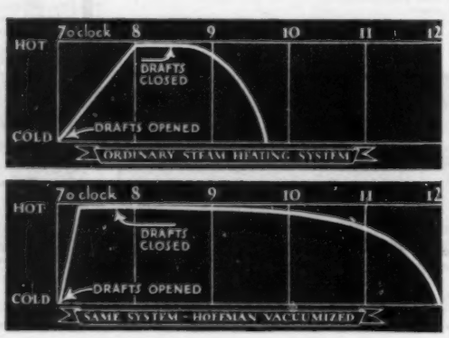

Note the duration of radiator "hot-periods" after drafts are closed, in an ordinary steam heating system, as compared with the same system after being Hoffman vacuum-ized. Is it any wonder thousands no longer tolerate old-fashioned steam heating systems, when such a simple change wipes out all its defects; makes it, over night, a modern vacuum system.

EXPLORING THE MAYA WITH LINDBERGH

(Continued from Page 43)

taking his notes. The radio was still. In the cockpit the two Lindberghs gazed straight ahead to the distant horizon. For an instant the universe seemed to stop.

But appetites, very much of the world, broke the spell and demanded satisfaction. Breakfast had been so long ago it could scarcely be remembered. Constant scanning of a difficult, moving map, alert for the smallest mark in foliage or stone, is tedious labor.

Like a magician spiriting rabbits out of a hat, Mrs. Lindbergh brought forth a four-course luncheon from a little cardboard box. The choice was entirely up to the individual; one could have hard-boiled eggs, English crackers, raisins or bananas. Later the hostess brought out two large cakes of sweet chocolate for dessert.

As the last crumbs of luncheon disappeared Lindbergh sighted an irregular hill, hardly more than a bump on the eastern horizon. After scanning it a few minutes he nodded encouragingly. The unnatural shape indicated the possibility of a ruin. At last a great, jungle-clad pyramid stood out distinctly. Two temples faced each other across its broad top. The location was not charted on the maps, but later, taking a mean of several charts, Ricketson identified it as Rio Bec, a city discovered in 1912 by an expedition from the Peabody Museum of Harvard. About this city could be seen a number of other hills which, when silhouetted, appeared as probable ruins. Lindbergh scouted widely over this region, swooping down, rising for altitude and diving again. None of the mounds compared in size to Rio Bec, however, and no masonry, if it were present, rose high enough above the trees to be distinguished.

Merida, Gem of the Tropics

About one hundred and thirty-five miles from Uaxactun, and well into Mexico, *milpas,* the first signs of human habitation, began to appear. Small open patches of light green foliage, these represent spots where the Indians have cleared the bush one year, burned it the second, and then tilled the soil only two consecutive seasons, until it has been exhausted and must lie fallow for seven years. This ancient method of farming, known to the Mayas, is still practiced by the natives of the Central American jungle. *Cenotes,* or natural wells formed by water breaking through the surface from underground rivers, became more frequent, each indicating a possible site for settlement. In the broad plain of Yucatan these are the only sources of water. At rare intervals could be seen a lone brush hut set in the center of a small clearing. Then chicle camps—two or three thatch-roofed dwellings grouped close together, as if for protection.

Approaching the southern border of Yucatan, the plane passed over Indian villages of stone-built houses, each grouped about its one principal edifice, an early Spanish church. Startled at the roar of the motors—a terrible sound in this wilderness where only an occasional bird call or the chatter of a monkey ever shatters the primordial silence—the half-civilized inhabitants would stand in awe until the plane approached, and then scatter into the bush. For just one brief moment could they be seen. Then, in the flash of an eye, the village would be deserted. Although several of these communities were quite large, neither Lindbergh nor Ricketson could find any of them on the maps.

With the passing of the first *milpas* the explorers had crossed the border into the world of realities. Almost mile by mile the evolution of civilization progressed, from jungle to *milpas,* to aboriginal huts. Then organized villages definitely laid out along short narrow streets. Later these grew larger, more modern in appearance and centered around a steepled church. Thereafter the country became more thickly populated, and by three o'clock Lindbergh had penetrated to the northern center of Yucatan and had turned directly west for Merida. Larger cleared areas and several cities, prosperous-looking and well kept, marked the course.

Lindbergh's radio inquiry to the field manager, requesting the location and condition of the airport, had served ample warning, and as he arrived over the city many people ran into the streets to wave a greeting to the flyer. A picture city of straight, clean streets and well-kept homes with broad, palm-bordered boulevards connecting spacious parks, Merida is the gem of the American tropics. A large crowd had assembled at the field and, when the plane taxied to a halt, they sent out an enthusiastic, cheering welcome to the colonel and his bride.

A Very Informal Dinner

No one had anticipated anything like this. Even an official reception committee was on hand to extend greetings from the government and the city. Lindbergh remained in the cockpit until the propellers had stopped, completed and signed his log of the day's flight, and left instructions for adjustments to be made in preparing the plane for the next day's flight. Every few minutes he would look over the crowd carefully, but everything was in order, well policed, and a special guard surrounded the plane.

Smiling that personable, good-natured smile, he smoothed out his collar, put on a tie, slipped into his coat and ran a hand through his curly hair to make himself as presentable as possible. Mrs. Lindbergh removed the silk scarf from her hair, patted it into order and put on her light tweed coat.

This was the first Lindbergh reception for the expedition and some of the members felt a bit helpless for a moment. Taking their cue from Lindbergh, however, they found the only thing required was to be perfectly natural. He shook hands cordially, had a pleasant and sincere word of greeting for everyone, presented Mrs. Lindbergh simply and saw that the rest were made acquainted.

They hardly stepped out of the plane when the question of those spare clothes came up. Señor Torre Diaz, governor of the state of Yucatan, had prepared a dinner for the party that evening.

"Clothes? But who cares about clothes?" they assured the explorers. The whole affair would be most informal, then. And it was, certainly. The entire expedition was there, boots, knickers and all.

Another enthusiastic crowd was at the airport to bid the party *adios,* and, over the city, Lindbergh dipped the wings in salute.

Hardly beyond sight of Merida the jungle took up its monotonous march again, and Lindbergh immediately reduced the air speed. Coming down within two hundred feet of the ground, he scouted widely back and forth. In this general northern section the Mayas made their last stand. Here they erected their last cities, spreading far out over the Yucatan plain, where a race of millions of people once lived. The land is blanketed over today, with no clearing for miles large enough for a tent.

The flight lay directly southeast to Chichen-Itza, which was to form the northern bearing. Bathed in golden morning sunshine, the first glimpse of this most widely known of all Mayan cities was magnificent—stately temples, crowning massive pyramids. The Spanish, in their conquest of Mexico, had found Chichen still occupied by the race that built it, although the city was then well past its prime. The Mayas had occupied this capital for more than a thousand years before the Conquistadores,

(Continued on Page 157)

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(Continued from Page 154)

finding a people who had never known destructive war little match for Spanish cannon and metal armor, set the emblazoned banners of Spain in that great public square. The Carnegie Institution has excavated the pure white Temple of the Warriors, with its numberless columns reaching into the sky. Here, too, the Mexican Government has done one of its greatest archæological works in reconstructing the huge Temple of the Feathered Serpent, which crowns a gigantic pyramid one hundred and fifty feet in height. Although the fact is little known, the government of Mexico appropriates a greater amount of money for archæological research than any other country in the world.

Spending only time enough for Mrs. Lindbergh to make photographic records, other ruin mounds that are scattered about the heart of the city were explored. Basing a line at Chichen-Itza, Lindbergh laid his course into the second unknown area. To chart the country by compass readings and locate any landmarks that might be discovered, Ricketson moved to the cockpit and Mrs. Lindbergh climbed over the back of the seat into the cabin.

Under the laxity of masculine housekeeping, the cabin of the plane had become quite littered. Even though there were few things along, these were widely scattered and one could move about only with difficulty. Mrs. Lindbergh separated the lunch from the maps, collected various coats, stacked up the camera cases and made everything shipshape. The cabin was suddenly comfortable again, and Mrs. Lindbergh was at her post near one of the rear windows, from which the glass had been removed for the cameras.

A solid carpet of heavy jungle lay ahead. As far as anyone knew, no white man had ever looked upon this country before. What secrets it held, no one could guess. Even the colorful legends of the Indians, instantly voluble for almost any section of the Mayan country, had little to say about this western strip of Quintana Roo.

Over No Man's Land

Nor was it at all certain that the Mayas lived here. Somewhere in this northern country they had spent four hundred years between the time they first entered Yucatan on their great exodus from the south until they were next heard from, several centuries later, at Chichen-Itza. Where they lived, what they did, and why they moved, are a few of the questions that remain unanswered today. Theories differ, according to various scientists, on this question of northern migration. Little has been found to establish any of the claims definitely. There is some country in which man cannot live.

A deep river, winding like some giant serpent, was the first suggestion that human life was at all possible in this region. For this area the charts gave no information. Yet the size of the stream, had anyone lived in this country, would most certainly have made it a prime transportation route. We swung from one side of the river to the other, scouting over the adjacent areas. Not a clearing was seen, however, and no living thing along its banks. Not even a mound that might signify man had, in some distant age, lived along these shores. The prospect was fascinating enough, as though we had suddenly come upon a deserted highway, beginning and ending nowhere.

A few minutes later Lindbergh picked out a body of water far off to the west. After several minutes a series of lakes appeared. They were linked together—one of them rather large. On the maps only one lake was shown in this general section, but it corresponded neither in size, shape nor locality with any of these lakes by any possible stretch of the imagination. Not far inland from the banks of the largest lake were several low mounds which we approached as closely as possible. Certainly here was an ideal spot for a city, if one had ever existed in this deserted region.

Studying the lake carefully, drifting down within a few feet of the surface, and then soaring upward again, Lindbergh decided he could make a safe landing that the party might explore the hills from the ground. Everyone was immediately tense at the prospect of setting foot in the heart of this pathless dominion. One final arc, the motors were cut and the lake came rushing up to meet the ship. A flood of rich blue water, gorgeous, transparent, raced past the windows for an instant; the plane glided smoothly over the calm surface and came to a stop.

Climbing out of the cockpit under the motors, Lindbergh brought the anchor from the front hold and dropped it over that side. Next came a rubber boat, to be inflated, and Ricketson lent a hand with this, while the rear hatch was opened in the roof of the cabin. Camera first, Mrs. Lindbergh drew herself up through the opening and came out into the sunshine. There had been a ladder for the cabin exit originally, but that was one of the first of the unnecessary weights to be cut off the list at Belize.

As an Oarsman a Good Aviator

Pumped up, the boat was just big enough to accommodate two people, provided only that they sat in the right place. Lindbergh tried it out first, then came back for Ricketson, and they rowed out into the lake, one holding the radio antenna so the operator could report the landing. For a brief minute the expedition was in touch with Miami, thousands of years away. "Landed on lake. Going ashore." Like a voice from another world, growing fainter and fainter, the operator at the base clicked off "O. K." and the explorers were alone again.

Machetes, a compass and firearms were loaded into the boat, and Ricketson was rowed ashore first to look over the ground, while Lindbergh returned for the rest of the party, one passenger at a time. Uncontested pilot of the rubber boat, most of the heavy oar work fell to him. On those occasions, when such a natural opportunity presents itself to vary the seriousness of tedious work, one is never quite safe with Lindbergh, who manages to get the most fun out of the situation. These inflated craft are not the largest, nor the easiest to keep dry, but as a source of merriment they are the finest that ever put to sea. And, proving a much better pilot of flying machines than a navigator of rubber boats, the head oarsman saw that everyone, including himself, got a touch of water before they reached land.

The hill was not so easily distinguished from the ground as it had been from the air. A high wall of brush grew within a few feet of the shore and towered far overhead. Fortunately, the foliage was not so densely matted between the tree trunks and good progress was made in clearing a path with the machetes; Ricketson leading, Lindbergh following immediately, and Mrs. Lindbergh just one step behind. Up the side of the hill the undergrowth was less intricate and the top of the rise was fairly clear. Even the intense heat from the sun, beating directly down, failed to burn out our natural enthusiasm, and every foot of the hilltop was carefully explored.

Bits of gray which, from the air, suggested possible masonry worked loose from some decaying wall, turned out to be only moss rocks, and not a sign of ruin was found. The flight over the country indicated that this land was not now inhabited. The lake shores for some distance were carefully scanned, but no sign of ancient life was disclosed.

By the time everyone was aboard the plane again, landing equipment stored away and the anchor raised, two hours had been spent on the surface.

Then for another hour Lindbergh coursed back and forth across the broad plain, exploring every change in color and formation that might suggest the presence of data valuable to scientific study.

Man made his first appearance, after hours of solitude, in a cluster of little Indian huts, palm-thatched and built of grass and vines, clinging to the banks of a muddy

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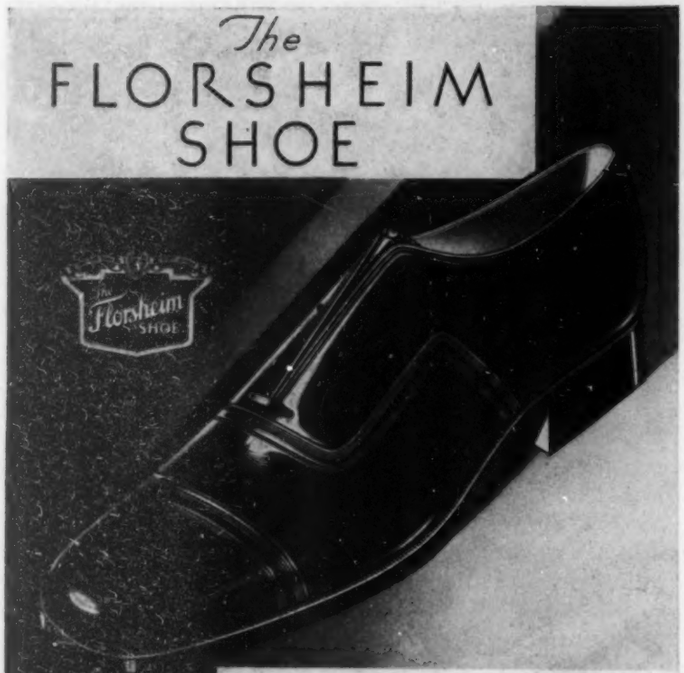

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river. Douglas, so the map read in bold letters which, if importance were judged by the size of type, would indicate nothing less than the capital of a province or a principal port. There were fourteen dwellings altogether. But taking a census was not so simple, since the entire population had deserted the town by the time the plane was near enough to cast a shadow. Two bush mules, whom only dynamite could startle into a trotting pace, were left alone in the main street. That community passed for an accredited sign of civilization. With a few more minutes spent in exploring as far as the coast, the quest of the unknown was over for the day.

The first day had been an extraordinary strain not only because of the desolation of the country but in the continual anxiety to take full advantage of an opportunity to study an unknown land in a few brief hours. This second day had been much easier, although the distance covered was approximately as great. Landing at the lake had added a new and definite interest, whose possibilities appealed to everyone, establishing the theory first advanced by Lindbergh—that a thorough reconnaissance of the unexplored country, in addition to supplying valuable scientific data, might also show that sufficient landing areas might be charted so that planes could be operated into the interior as a means of transport for survey parties.

Lindbergh did not relax his constant vigilance until he was well down the coast and across the border into British Honduras. With the receipt of radio messages from Belize reporting that weather was fair ahead, he leaned back in the cabin to ask if his companions could stand one more scientific demonstration. Everyone was immediately interested, although recognizing that grin to mean that there was a probable catch to this proffered science.

Had they ever seen a penny rise into the air and stay there all by itself? No one ever had. The tempting prospect of such a feat of magic threw even Mrs. Lindbergh off her usual guard. Ricketson, elected the official observer, climbed through the big window into the cabin, to be close at hand. The radio operator placed a copper penny on the floor, and the apparatus was in order for the experiment. Lindbergh, after the magician's best manner, requested complete attention.

Skeptical eyes centered on the penny; the coin slowly began to rise until, ten inches from the floor, it hung in mid-air. Then, slowly, it dropped again! There was no doubt about it—the audience had all seen the same thing. All right, if they wou!d all move to the rear of the cabin, the experiment would be repeated. Instead of only the penny rising this time, everything in the cabin left the floor—passengers, coats and camera boxes. Only bolts held the seats down. But the trick was solved—the subjects saw the floor coming back to pick them up. The mechanics of the eerie deception are: The pilot brings the tail of the plane up gradually and then, by pulling the flippers back short, drops it sharply, catapulting the object into the air. Before the enforced inertia of the object is counteracted by the pull of gravity, he brings the tail back up to the level of the object again, and there you have it. Pilots have been known to lift passengers into the air and then bring the seat up to them again. Try it yourself the next time you have your family up.

Before the laughter had subsided, Belize was in sight. Eight hundred miles of exploration behind, a little tired and more than a little sunburned, the party was returning with a bulky cargo of scientific data, maps with many new signs and symbols, and an enthusiasm for the work that still lay ahead. Motionless as a painting, the toylike sailboats lined the keys offshore. On the lawn that borders the beach a small crowd had assembled; lights began to twinkle here and there, and the rich warm colors of the tropic evening, creeping in from the sea, were changing the bright green foliage into myriad shades of blue and rose. The plane raced the last rays of the sunset into the bay.

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WHERE'S VAUDEVILLE AT?

(Continued from Page 46)

Being a singer, he could and would change his routine of songs before he played those theaters. What, after all, was one day of gluey inconvenience compared with months of increased earnings?

Chic Sale was one of the first vaudevillians to note increased drawing power in localities where his films had been shown. As well known as are the Two Black Crows, there are still thousands of laugh lovers whose desire to see Moran and Mack will not be gratified until the talkie they have just completed is exhibited. And what then will be the measure of their increased drawing power when they return to the stage—provided Mr. Mack ever pries himself loose from his newly built Beverly mansion with its six connecting swimming pools, the realization of a dream first visioned when he was wandering around little vaudeville houses vainly looking for enough water to wash the burnt cork off his face.

Vaudeville can give much of real value to pictures. Remember Harry Green—George Washington Cohen—in the cherry-tree act he played for years in this country and England? Harry was cast in Close Harmony and nearly ruined it for the other actors. Audiences howled at his funnyisms, not realizing that he was giving them the result of his years of experience and his priceless knowledge of timing. His performance brought him a long-term contract to star in talkies.

That knowledge of timing, or lack of it, has been a source of terrific worry to heretofore silent actors and directors. It gave the edge to stage-trained actors. Many a line, many a scene, lost its effectiveness through faulty timing and rhythm. It is nothing that can be picked up in a day, but its vital value may be guessed from the remark George Cohan made to a company he was rehearsing in one of his plays:

"Don't play this scene so slow; don't read a single line of it slowly. If we give the audience a chance to think, they'll get on to us."

Cohan was staging a farce where the tempo must be fast; but proper timing is as necessary to slower-moving dramatic forms.

In spite of the money offered, many stage stars do not like the talkie game. Accustomed to regular hours of performance, a day's work on a movie set wears them out even more thoroughly than a protracted rehearsal—which a day's shooting strongly resembles, in that there is no interested audience to coax forth a stream of freely flowing emotion. But the ladies of the ensemble, perhaps better known as chorus girls, are publicly declaring their belief in Santa Claus.

Little dancing demons and stately show girls who were running around New York with runs in their stockings a year ago, lately have been running around Hollywood in runabouts with long-term contracts calling for salaries running as high as one hundred and fifty dollars a week, and a clause that guarantees them forty dollars for each and every week during which they do absolutely no work at all.

The artist used to his applause misses it when it ain't. He must be roused to concert pitch in some other manner. An insight into the heart of a star was vouchsafed the day an operatic star came to the studio to make a short talkie. He had an agreement, if you must know, that called for emolument to him at the rate of some thousands of dollars per diem. The singer showed up with an interpreter. The star,

(Continued on Page 161)

You never know what the other fellow will do

It takes two careful drivers to avoid an accident on winter's icy thoroughfares. *You* will drive cautiously. But recklessness, inexperience, or chainless tires may send the other car hurtling toward you—crushing power on a rampage.

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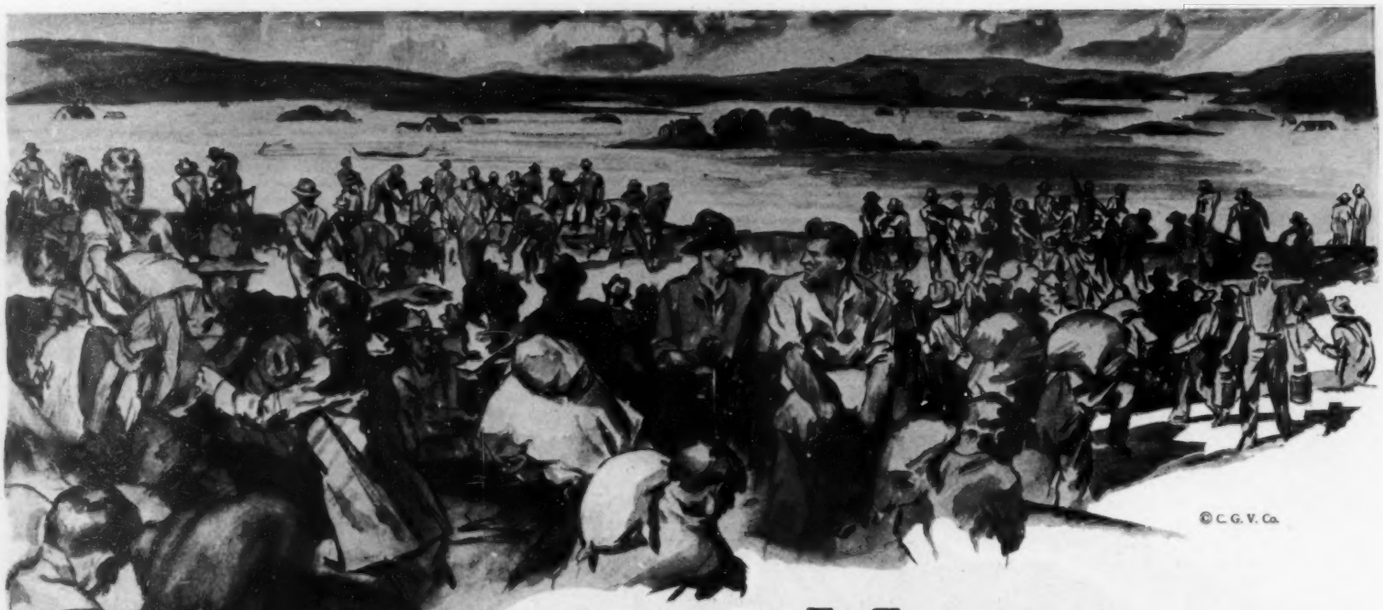

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FOR miles and miles the levee stretches its protecting length. City and village and farm lie snug and safe behind it . . . but suppose that the searching, lapping water finds *one spot* where even a tiny trickle might pass through, how long before an army of men is fighting a raging torrent?

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(Continued from Page 158)

the interpreter explained, had no English to speak of or with. That was going to make it nice for me, assigned to direct the distinguished foreigner. However, the interpreter smilingly insisted that everything was going to be perfectly lovely; I could speak to him freely.

The first delicacy of situation arose from the star's habit of clearing his throat immediately before attacking the opening note of a song. Several records were spoiled before the interpreter could make clear my point that the studio was not paying anybody ten thousand dollars a day to cough into its microphones. Also, that it was my firm conviction that even his public would never become enamored of his throat clearings. After much palaver and several applications of soft-palate spray, we succeeded in getting a take that promised to be satisfactory both pictorially and vocally.

But no director dares depend on merely one take. On the other hand, the singer had been on the set all morning and part of the afternoon, rehearsing and submitting to the various tests and delays a picture of importance necessitates. So the confidence in my smile was not present in my heart when I told the interpreter to inform the singer that it would have to be done all over again, thank you. When this was translated, the operatic star shook his head vehemently. A volley of Latin syllables rushed past his expensive tonsils.

The Star Was Tired

The star, I was duly informed, was tired. He was unaccustomed to singing the same song so many times in succession. The absence of uplifting applause had exhausted him. He suggested that somebody blow a whistle, ending the day's labor. Invigorated and inspired after a night's sleep and a spaghetti massage of his vocal cords, he would return to complete the recording the next day.

I saw immediately my position with the studio if I should permit him to duck out. Not only added expense and time but also the upsetting of our schedule; the following morning I was expected to shoot a troupe of Australian cockatoos.

So, while the singer regarded me with somber eyes, I begged the interpreter to convey to the great artist my sympathy. I advised that the singer return to his dressing room to assume a recumbent position upon the couch there; that nutriment and liquid sustenance be administered to him; and that, after a period of complete relaxation, he return to the set and record once again his famous golden tones.

Whatever the interpreter relayed was abruptly dismissed by the maestro.

"His voice is tired," the interpreter said. "It would not be good."

"Tell him," I said with profound emphasis, "that when he sings his worst, it is still better than anyone else in the world singing his best!"

The Interpreter's Fadeout

Hardly were the words out of my mouth when the star brushed past his interpreter and pounced upon me.

"Signor," he shouted, grabbing both my hands and continuing to speak—in English, "you have paid me the greatest compliment of my career! My philosophy has changed! I will sing for you as long as you ask!"

I glanced around for the interpreter. He had gone to lunch.

In another year, perhaps less, the stars of the talkies will be in great measure actors already famous on the silent screen—with the addition of a few others whose recruitment from the stage has resulted happily. The experiment of producing talking films with casts unknown to picture-theater patrons has not been financially encouraging. The millions of movie fans want their idols, preferring their own stars' stammerings to the authoritative glibness of unknowns.

Among those remaining to win their share of favor and fame when the Great Gold Rush of '29 is over will be not a few vaudevillians, kidding through the day's work, looking for the breaks—and a joint where the coffee is good—wondering sadly if vaudeville, the neatest, cleanest, most independence-giving, businesslike branch of show business, will ever regain the glory that once was hers.

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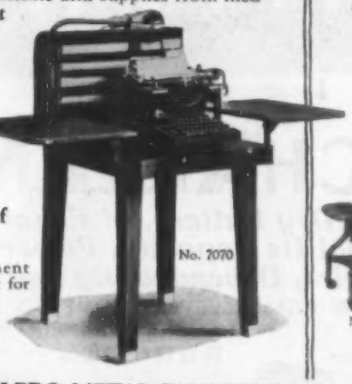
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THERE IS A TIDE—

(Continued from Page 35)

stock-market decline. Commonly it is said that the masses of people, particularly those with small amounts of savings, are tempted by speculative fever and that they ought to know better. But what shall be said of the many hundreds of active business men who found themselves infected by the contagion which the speculative era of the last two years brought? And yet there were many thousands who recognized the dangers of continued speculation and got out early enough to reap handsome gains. The element of luck was as conspicuous in the one case as in the other. For fundamentally the last two years have furnished convincing evidence that the average man in business pays very little attention either to investments or to securities. The brokers, the bankers and all those who have been dealing with the millions of shares of stock that have changed hands in recent months will testify that the amount of accurate knowledge was limited to relatively few people. The tendency has been to follow leaders—to follow the mob. If somebody left for Europe and announced that the business outlook was great and that certain stocks were bound to rise, this was promptly flashed on the tickers throughout the country and a buying movement would set in. Rumors of pending investigations in Washington or court decisions unfavorably affecting a particular industry all had their effect in sending up or down the enthusiasms of the speculative element in America. And yet even after the crash there is just as much ignorance of fundamental values as there was in the heyday of the stock-market boom. If a company with a stock which originally sold at $100 par value splits into four parts that same stock and offers each at $25, that fact is soon forgotten and the buying movement starts on the theory that something which is offered at $25 must eventually go to the proverbial $100.

There has been a notable increase in the last few years in the number of agencies and services which analyze securities for the public; but the dangers of speculation have not been materially diminished, notwithstanding the preachments of conservative institutions and individuals. The difficulty lies in the fact that fundamentals are too frequently ignored. The momentum of an increasing production is frequently mistaken for a sound earning value. It was with a feeling of helplessness that the investment bankers of the country, accustomed to the sale of bonds based upon tangible assets and physical property, saw the era of stocks capture the imagination. And many of them thought that the tide had turned completely and that the day of the old-fashioned bond had vanished, never to recur.

Nor was this incertitude confined to the spectators in the world of finance—those who are not ordinarily abreast of developments in the security markets but who take the word of others when they make their plunges. There has been a speculative fever among the higher-ups in finance in New York and Chicago for several months. This was what confused the thousands of followers in interior cities, who felt that those at the seat of the big business activity of the country could hardly be wrong.

Two schools of thought have kept New York City's financial leaders almost in two opposing camps. One group essaying to leadership saw no end to the country's prosperity and felt that the time had come to give the average individual a participation in the ownership of the equities of the important companies. Stocks of new companies were easily floated. In an effort to diversify the risk, investment trusts were established. All these phenomena gave an impression of novelty which perplexed the older generation in the banking world.

Then there was the other group, the conservatives, who felt the force of the old adage that "What goes up must come down," and who steadfastly refused to be drawn into the maelstrom. And yet they found themselves powerless to stay out altogether. For it was early apparent that the average yield for bonds was low, that it could not compare with the speculative return for stocks. Some of the older financial institutions, while refusing to be drawn in, counseled their big industrial clients that if the public was insisting on buying common stocks it might be a good time to get rid of permanent debt. So bonds were retired and common stocks sold in the refinancing operations of many an important company. The passing of a dividend, it was argued, was hardly as fatal as the failure to pay interest on bonds.

But while the battle between opposing groups in the investment banking field went on, the commercial bankers had their troubles too. Some banks did not hesitate to affiliate themselves with stock enterprises. A number of institutions reluctantly accepted the Federal Reserve warning and slowly yielded to the policy of cutting down collateral loans.

Now, looking back over it all after more than two years of speculation, there is many a leader in the banking world who wishes he had not conformed to the psychology of the mass, just as there is many a leader who is congratulating himself that he adhered steadfastly to the old principle of basing loans on actual earnings rather than future possibilities.

Innumerable decisions were made by banking institutions and leaders in finance in the last two years which could not have been made except by defying fundamentals. There were big moments in recent months when old-fashioned bankers bore the brunt of savage criticism that they were "behind the times," "too conservative," or else out of touch with the new era in banking and finance in America. But most of them nowadays are sleeping nights, whereas their brethren are carrying the furrowed brows of troubled minds.

Ten days before the stock-market crash the president of the Investment Bankers' Association of America, Rollin A. Wilbur, was telling the annual convention of the bankers at Quebec something which seemed at the moment trite and orthodox. He had no more knowledge of what was coming than anybody in the gallery. Yet his words are illustrative of the way the conservative minds in the banking world were working and how their words fell on deaf ears in many instances.

"There is no reason to doubt," he said, "that henceforth common stocks will occupy a much more important position in the investment field than they did four or five years ago or previously, when investment was so intensely committed to senior securities. There is, however, reason to believe that common stocks as a whole, in their swift rush toward recognition and public popularity, have overrun their mark, just as the ebb in the bond business has carried senior securities below their proper level. And, after all, is there anything strange or unusual in this? It is common to all great movements, economic and otherwise, that they often gain a greater momentum than was foreseen and that this momentum carries them for a time beyond

(Continued on Page 166)

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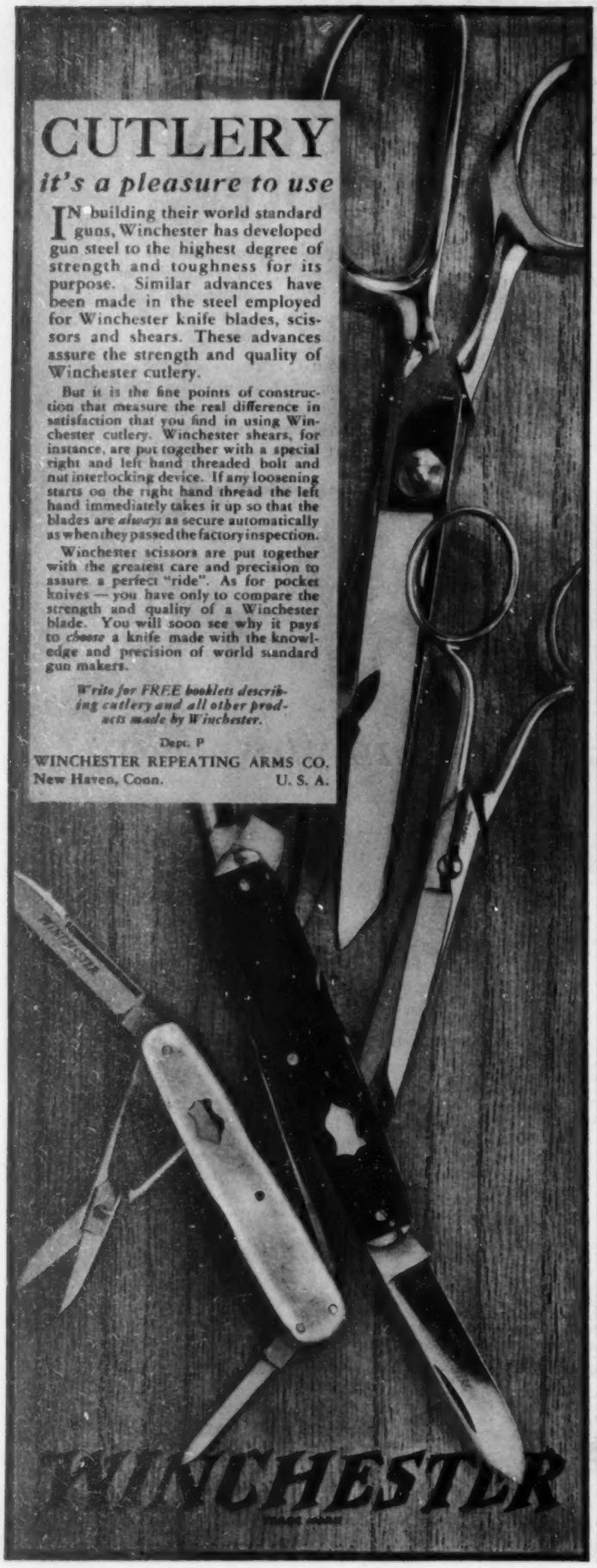
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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Stay out of Income Tax Swamp this year

WILL the dawn of March fifteenth find you still wading through a noisome swamp of figures, perhaps bogged down and forced to call for an extension of the time limit for filing your income tax report?

Many businesses, large and small, are traveling directly to the goal along the Monroe trail which runs on solid ground of speed and accuracy.

And it's a simple trail—one your clerks can follow easily, without fear of mis-steps and with no delays, for Monroe figure methods and Monroe short-cuts applied by the Monroe machine produce first-time, checked-as-you-go results.

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HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR
The Machine for Every Desk

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MONROE ADDING-CALCULATOR
with full automatic division

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MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE CO., INC.
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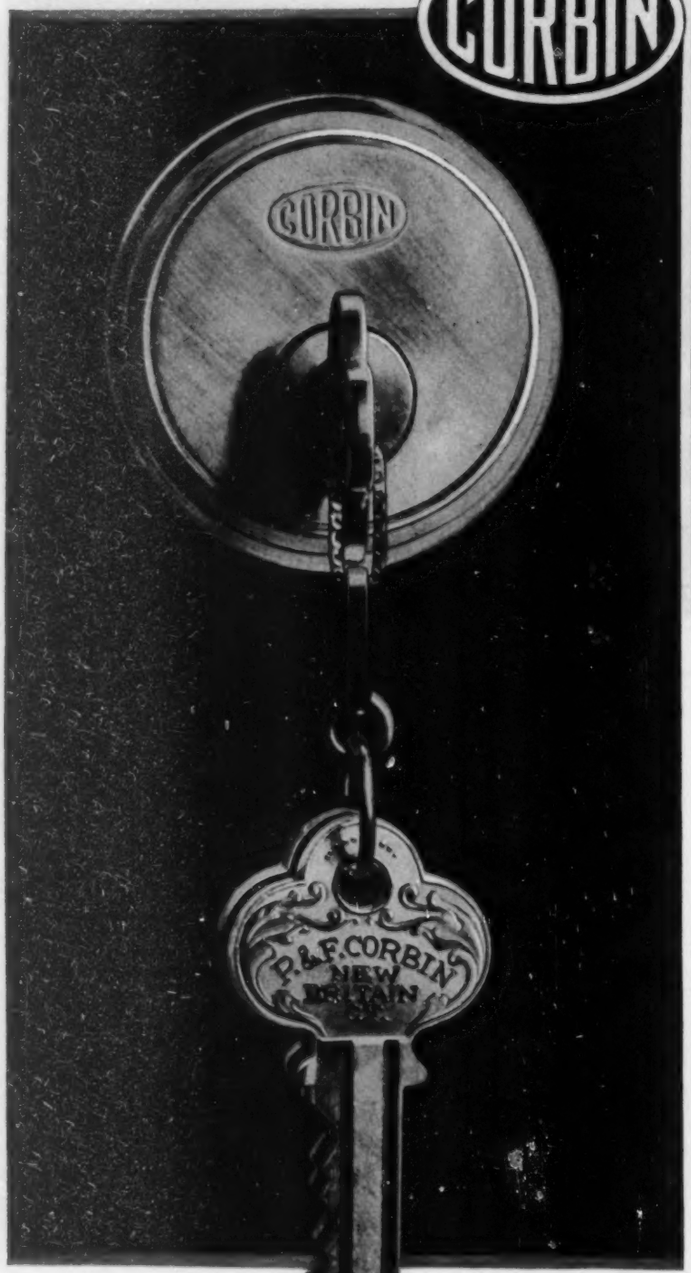
CORBIN



SUPREME SECURITY

TO fasten and secure doors. To keep out those not entitled to enter. That is what locks are meant to do.

To do what locks are meant to do and do it quietly and supremely well over long periods of time. That is what Corbin cylinder locks—the product of 80 years' experience in lock-making—will do.

And they do more. For if you would like to be able to open all your locks with one key and still have individual keys for each lock, Corbin master-keyed cylinder locks will enable you to do so.

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Cylinder locks are but one of many Corbin items. All come in many styles and designs. All are Good Hardware-Corbin.

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P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

The American Hardware Corp., Successor

New York Chicago Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 162)

the predicted boundaries. The question is not to restore the old order and the historically recognized regions, but to determine the proper place and use of junior financing and senior securities in a more stable and economic scheme. And the point to the question is when will this adjustment be forthcoming? Realization of a greater demand for and use of senior securities seems to me to be certain, but as to the exact time required for its development, for the tide to turn, while no one can answer, it is my personal opinion that the time is near."

What Mr. Wilbur said next might have been taken to heart by the whole country. Yet in the news of the day his remarks were lost in the columns of murders and scandals, crimes and what not, that fill the press. Here was a moment of counsel from a man who ought to know.

"Speculation in its proper sense," he said, "is a laudable and necessary function. It is a creative force that aids in producing and distributing wealth, in creating, maintaining and stabilizing real values. That is its purpose and its justification. It, like anything else, however, can be carried too far. I venture to say that much of the whole difficulty, in so far as credit for financing security operations is concerned, lies in a fundamentally uneconomic and unwise attitude on the part of many individuals, namely, speculation on borrowed money by the average individual. By this I do not mean that it is uneconomic or unwise for any individual to buy stocks of merit with his own money or with his credit for sound, well-considered investment. However, I do mean that it is uneconomic and unwise for the average individual, uninformed as to security values and wholly unskilled in interpreting security prices and their fluctuations, to engage in speculation, especially with borrowed money. Is it not really an excess of this type of speculative activity which is at the root of our credit difficulties? Must it not be recognized that we are fundamentally dealing with what may be described by that hackneyed term, mass psychology?"

It did not take long for the answer to be given and now all the world knows that the ways of easy money are no different today from what they were a year ago and that there is a difference between sound investment and the valor of speculative ignorance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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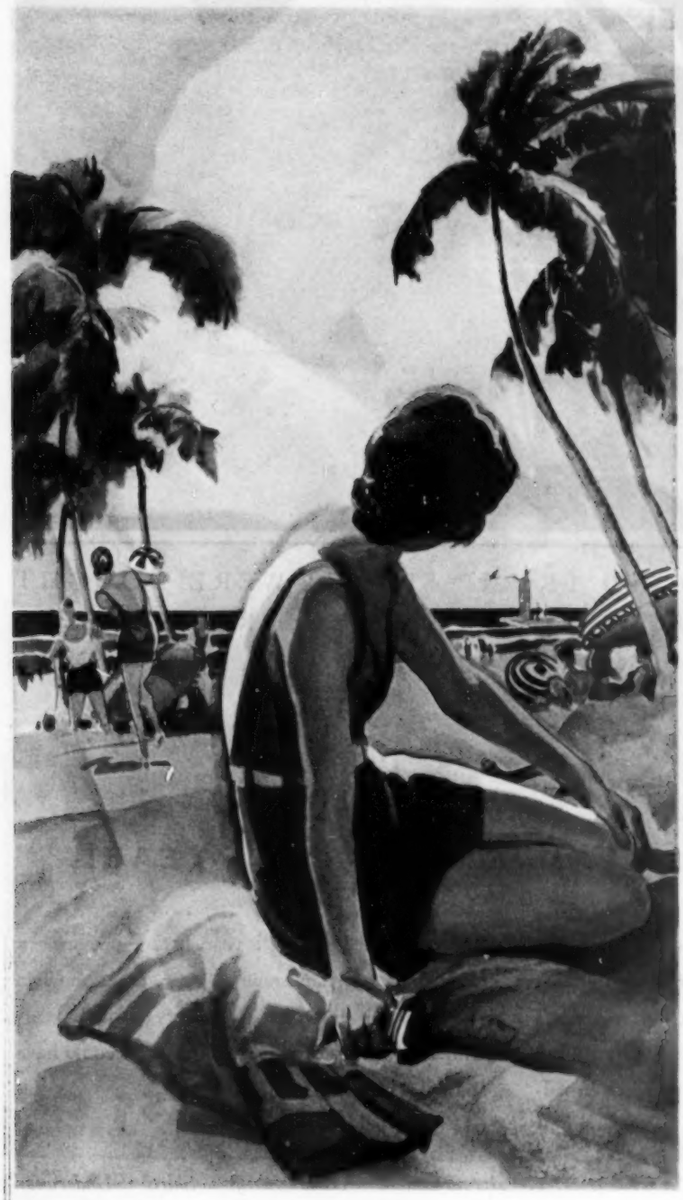
EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Yes, they're both PALM BEACH

"Sun-starved" people! What if you *can't* go to the beach for a sun-bath these winter days! Beach sunshine...glorious, vitamin-laden sunshine...can come to *you*. Right in your home! *Any* weather. *Any* hour, day or night. *Any* season. *Any*where. At the mere touch of a handy lever on the Graybar Sunshine Health Lamp.

It's one of the great discoveries of the decade! The story? Below . . .



$49.50

Slightly higher West of Rockies

About the Graybar Sunshine Health Lamp

It does for you what natural sunshine does. And what's more . . . just imagine getting those stimulating healthful rays *all* over your body . . . with *no* clothes to interfere!

Convenient? Use it on any table! . . . Safe? To prevent over-exposure the current goes off automatically after 7 minutes . . . Pleasant? Oh, what soothing, relaxing warmth! . . . Quality? Backed by Graybar, the oldest electrical distributor . . . Price? Reasonable! Coupon below. Mail it.

(Note: This lamp is not offered as a "cure-all." In case of any specific ailment, consult your doctor.)

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC COMPANY,
Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Tell me all about the Sunshine Lamp.

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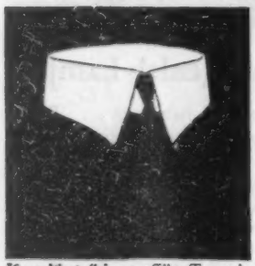
Tune in on "Mr. and Mrs." . . Graybar hour, 9 to 9:30, E. S. T., every Saturday night . . . Columbia Broadcasting System.

ARROW SHIRTS

Only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars

IN THE 365 DAYS OF 1929, OVER 1,500,000 TRUMP SHIRTS WERE BOUGHT —NOT ONLY BECAUSE TRUMP IS THE BEST $1.95 WHITE BROADCLOTH, BUT ALSO BECAUSE IT HAS THE GENUINE ARROW COLLAR ON IT



If you like to "change off" to Trump in the neckband styles, as most business men do, you'll like DUNCAN, *the most popular of Arrow starched collars. Moderate points, and a comfortable height. 25 cents, one dozen for $2.75.*

TRUMP—SALE VALUE 365 DAYS A YEAR!

There are excellent values at the January shirt sales your outfitters are offering. You'll probably find that the best value of all is their leading shirt—Arrow's Trump—*at its regular price of $1.95.* It isn't marked down, because $1.95 for this lustrous white broadcloth, with a genuine Arrow Collar tailored on it, is full sale *value* 365 days a year. It *fits*—it *wears*—it looks amazingly handsome on every occasion when white is good—and white is good every day in the year. Only the foremost American shirtmakers could have tailored Trump of such excellent fabric at so low a year-round price. **$1.95**

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y. *Arrow Collars · Handkerchiefs · Shirts · Underwear*

For 1930 ....
Think of the most delicious piece of candy you ever imagined .... multiply it by 22—and you have—the new Johnston's Choice Box. Candy styles change—and these MODERNE tidbits, in this glorious new pack, are the latest in candy delight. The same high Johnston quality .... the same prestige. In sizes from one to ten pounds at a dollar-fifty the pound .... There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods.
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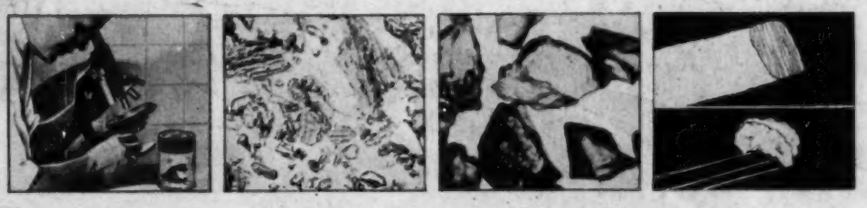
Chocolates and other
Johnston's
CHOICE BOX

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Old Dutch is safe – *doesn't scratch*



"Old Dutch Doesn't Scratch" . . . that is one of the reasons why millions of women use this PERFECT CLEANSER for all household cleaning.

The above illustrations show exactly why Old Dutch doesn't scratch and why it is so perfectly adapted for cleaning modern colored, as well as snow white porcelain and enamel, painted and metal surfaces so much in evidence in the homes of today.

When you look at Old Dutch through the microscope, you see tiny, flaky, flat-shaped particles with fine feathery edges as illustrated in the second square. The particles possess natural and distinctive detergent energy. They effectively remove dangerous invisible impurities, as well as visible dirt, and that is why Old Dutch assures Healthful Cleanliness.

Avoid scratchy grit, pictured in the third square; it cuts into and ruins the surface. Old Dutch is devoid of sand and grit and contains no caustic or acid.

The upper section of the last illustration indicates how Old Dutch wipes away the dirt with a clean, smooth sweep. In the lower section of the same illustration is a drawing of a highly magnified particle which shows the destructive action of grit.

Old Dutch is absolutely safe. It not only keeps surfaces spotless and lustrous, but also PRESERVES the original beauty.

Old Dutch accomplishes remarkable cleaning results, and is a marvelous time and work saver . . . keeps every nook and corner spick and span, and protected with Healthful Cleanliness.

Old Dutch is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. Use it for all cleaning throughout the home.

Safeguards the Home with Healthful Cleanliness

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